COLLIER'S

ESSAYS

ESSAYS

ON THE

PROGRESS OF THE VITAL PRINCIPLE

FROM THE

VEGETABLE TO THE ANIMAL KINGDOMS

AND THE

SOUL OF MAN,

INTRODUCTORY

TO CONTEMPLATIONS ON

DEITY.

BY JOHN COLLIER,

Author of Eſſays on the Jewiſh Hiſtory, 1791 ; and Familiar Eſſays on the Scriptures of the New Teſtament, 1797.

" Oh! Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works.
———Through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way———
Thruſt blooming thence the Vegetable World;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem more complex
Of Animals; and higher ſtill the mind;
The varied ſcenes of quick compounding thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift.
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!"

AKENSIDE.

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1800.

TO

EDMUND CALAMY, ESQ.

OF LINCOLN'S INN.

SIR,

NO one is more thoroughly perſuaded of the Duty and Importance of employing the Mind, and of the neceſſity of cultivating and improving it than yourſelf; and no one has ever ſet a higher value on the exerciſes of Devotion and the habits of early Piety.

You are no ſtranger to my manner of Life, and well know my leiſure hours have, of late years, been devoted to the Intereſts of my Young Friends.

To them I addreſſed my former Labours.

Hitherto my Eſſays, honoured with your approbation, have been reſpectfully noticed by your Sons. I therefore dedicate my preſent very humble Attempt to you, Sir, and to them; and avail myſelf hereby of an opportunity, which might not again occur, of bearing a public Teſtimony to a Friendſhip never once interrupted through a long exiſtence, now in its wane and about to cloſe; and, Sir, I with zeal and earneſtneſs aſſure you of the very ſincere, grateful, and affectionate regards of

THE AUTHOR.

Homerton, 1800.

PREFACE.

MY former Eſſays were addreſſed to my Young Friends.

The Seaſon of Youth is a Seaſon of Diſcipline. Lively, ſincere, modeſt and reſpectful. The Mind, unprejudiced, is open to conviction; and, while on the enquiry, it is all on the liſten to improve.

I frankly renew the Confeſſion I at firſt made, that in the moſt unreſerved manner, I have availed myſelf of ſuch ſources of Information as my ſituation afforded me, that I have freely borrowed from Books, and ſought materials for my Eſſays from Obſervation

and Authors, from Lectures and Converſation.

The Vital Principle in the Plant (be its gifts of Intelligence what it may) whether Prudence, Foreſight, Inſtinct. The Proviſion made for all its wants. Nutrition—Growth. Its Luxuriancy, Succeſſion, Profuſion of Waſte in Bloſſom and Seed. The eaſy Tranſition connecting the "Lifeleſs and Vegetable—the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms." The Laws of Nature, thoſe which follow from Divine Appointment, whereby the Safety of the Plant is ſecured, its Vitality and Figure preſerved, its regular advances made, and its Body ſtrengthened throughout all its Stages, are the Subjects of my Firſt Eſſay.

The Second Eſſay exhibits the Analogy ſtill further betwixt Vegetable Life and Animal. Intellect (ſo little diſcerned in the former) is ſeen here to riſe far higher, and throughout

Animal

Animal Life to be given on a larger Scale. In many inſtances, Senſe and Knowledge are ſo wonderfully diſplayed in the Brute, that oft-times, in the ſuperior Claſſes, they are cloſely allied to Reaſon in Man, and differ from it only in degree. Intellectual Faculties, which beſpeak a Union, at leaſt, and, indeed, ſeem nearly to connect the Animal World with the Rational. Their Paſſions and Affections, Love of order, wit and cunning, mimicry and imitation, place the Brute, in that part of the chain of Nature, where material Subſtances are linked to immaterial, where Matter unites with Spirit, for ſurely it bears a very cloſe reſemblance to both.

The ſtill higher gifts of Intelligence, the definition of which is aimed at in Eſſay the Third, I am well aware calls loudly for the Inveſtigation of my Reader as well as myſelf; and I requeſt his Patience, and claim all his Candour, while he reads this feeble and very humble attempt of mine. Reſpecting Man's

Intelligence, who of us could ever make the Search throughout all its wonders? How inadequate the Efforts of every one of us muſt appear, when we ſet about deſcribing

" The varied Scenes of quick-compounding Thought,
And where the mixing Paſſions endleſs ſhift!"

The Soul of Man! Myſterious! How Sublime! A ray of Divinity, and from the pureſt Source of Light, of Perfection and of Knowledge.

The Attempt I review with the profoundeſt Reverence, Self-abaſement and Anxiety: but I am encouraged to venture on, and purſue my firſt Plan, becauſe it leads me to what I chiefly, if not wholly, had in view when I ſet down to write my Eſſays; namely—to point out the Harmony, Uniformity and eſtabliſhed Laws of Nature to my Young Friends, in order to impreſs on their, yet unprejudiced, Minds, rational and reverential Ideas of the

" Great

"Great God." An habitual Senſe of his Goodneſs—Juſt, devout and worthy Conceptions of the Author of Nature—the "Almighty Parent" of the Univerſe.

"Hail Source of Being! Univerſal Soul!
Of Heaven and Earth! Eſſential Preſence—hail!
To Thee I bend the knee! To Thee my Thoughts
Aſpire!"

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Light my blind way———
Thruſt blooming thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing Syſtem more complex,
Of Animals; and higher ſtill, the Mind.

ESSAY

ESSAY III.

ON THE SOUL OF MAN.

"With what aſtoniſhment and veneration do we look into our Souls? An employ ſo becoming! Thoughts, how tranſporting! Where elſe our reſemblance to God?"

"The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and Nature ſink in years,
But THOU ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth
Unhurt!"

ESSAY IV.

CONTEMPLATIONS
ON
THE SUPREME BEING.

Although our Faculties, by ſuch Meditations, ſeem only to point out to us the Concerns and Intereſts of a Future Life, yet they aſſuredly do conſtitute the trueſt Enjoyment and higheſt Felicity of this—nor are they barren of Praiſe to Him who made us.

ERRATA.

Page 8, line 21, *for* are *read* were.
29, line 1, *for* it *read* its.
78, line 1, *read* death of Plants.
137, laſt line, *for* hour-glaſs *read* weather-glaſs.
195, laſt line but two, *read* Pronaque.
205, line 12, *for* thinge *read* things.
268, the firſt note belongs to folio 268.
271, line 20, *for* ſwarm *read* Swan.
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ESSAYS

ON

LIFE, ANIMATION AND INTELLECT.

I. *ON VEGETABLE LIFE.*

II. *ON ANIMAL LIFE.*

III. *ON THE SOUL OF MAN.*

IV. *CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE SUPREME BEING.*

ESSAYS

ON

ANIMATION AND INTELLECT.

ESSAY I.

ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

——— "From her lap,
Earth pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
Fruits and flowers.
Hence Summer has her riches—Autumn hence,
And hence, e'en Winter fills his withered hands
With bluſhing fruits and plenty—not his own."
———"The ſight is pleaſed,
The ſcent regal'd, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks you with its ſweets."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

SECT. I.

Beauties of Nature—Vegetable Kingdom—Its Contraſt and Similarity with the Animal—Nutrition.

THE Beauties of Nature lead us (as it were by inſtinct) to the contemplation of Deity. A thouſand tongues announce his preſence, and, grateful for exiſtence, in ſilent praiſe or loudly, ſpeak, each in its own voice, of his perfections and agency. To indigent man, a knowledge how con-

ſoling and important! The ſentiment of Deity ("the light which lighteth every man") hence becomes natural to him, grows with his growth and ſtrengthens. From ſuch an impulſe man is compelled to admire the magnificence he beholds, the contrivance, benevolent deſigns, and maſterly execution of the great Author of nature, exhibited throughout his works of creation and of providence.

A THEOLOGY, by all admitted, becauſe by all intelligible.

Yet notwithſtanding (howſoever rarely) the Roman Poet has remarked—

"The Sun and Moon, with all the ſtarry train,
And the ſucceſſive Seaſons of the year,
There are who view, untouch'd with fear or wonder."*

Amidſt the changes and vaſt variety of the works of nature, how raviſhing are the beauties which delight our ſenſes, ſight and hearing, our feeling, ſmell, and taſte!

The ſeaſons ſlowly glide, they walk hand in hand, and as they ſhift they charm us.

* "Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent."———

HORACE, Epiſt. vi.

Winter by her awful ſcenery invites to ſober thought, and, by its rigid inclemency itſelf, enſures us health, vivacity, and ſtrength.

——— " in wintry froſts
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere and binds
Our ſtrengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, thro' the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter"———

Then comes Spring, clad in a thouſand charms, and attended by the Graces. Joy in her boſom, love in her eye, muſic in her voice. The glory of the Summer months—her golden ſheaves they follow, and fruit-bearing Autumn mellowing all things. Nature, in her two grand repoſitories, Earth and Sky, hoards her beſt bleſſings, and from their fulneſs ſtores the atmoſphere around us—ſource of genial warmth, and foſtering dews and ſhowers. The all-refining hand of Nature has wrought them up of tempered ſun, of water, earth and air.

With what improvement and delight we inveſtigate every part of Nature!

The Vegetable World, a pictureſque beauty, throws its verdant mantle over all the ſurface,

cloathing all the ſcene. Vegetation, while it gives a freſhneſs and vigour to the air we breathe, it perfumes it with its fragrancy and ſweetneſs. Happy ſhrubs and flowers!

> "Peaceful and lowly in their native ſoil,
> They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
> Yet, with confeſs'd magnificence, deride
> Our mean attire and impotence of pride."

On the day-ſpring from on high, all nature ſmiles. What life and animation! The voice of melody inſpires you. A ſucceſſion of grateful odours, how cheering! The cattle, in what wanton wiles they welcome in "the dawn of twilight, —that ſweet hour of prime"—the riſing ſun, and new-come morn!

At a period ſo gaily illuminated, what a wonderful improvement of dead matter is exhibited by vegetation? A luxuriancy over-abounding, which amply preſents to man and beaſt, to inſect on the wing, and thoſe that creep, a full ſupply of ſalutary food. Innumerable tribes you now diſcover browſing and fattening on the bounty of their one common Lord. By filling their hearts with food and gladneſs, "He ſatisfieth the deſire of every living thing."

The

The bottom of the ſea, as well as the ſurface of the earth—ſubterraneous paſſages—each nook and vacant ſpot—almoſt every tile, or ſtone, or thatch, is furniſhed with its vegetating plant. How few and ſolitary are the paths where no green ſod appears unaſſailed by light, or ſun, or cheering day! In the frozen regions of the north, and alſo in eaſtern climes, the hotteſt, where God appears in all his terrors, flowers, they bloſſom innumerable, and ſcent the air with fragrance. Alas! how oft they bluſh unſeen and waſte all their ſweetneſs!*

Breathing this ſultry air, and underneath the torrid zone, not only have you to admire the taſte and elegance of vegetable life, here arrayed in ſo much ſweetneſs; but what of beauty is exhibited in animals, in thoſe which creep, or walk, or fly—natives of this ſunny clime! Their cloathing, how accommodated! The matchleſs down and beauty of their ſkins—their colouring and ſpots. See alſo the inſect tribe—flies, lizards, ſnakes. For theſe Nature reſerves her choiceſt tints, her delicate

* A ſpecies of aloes, whoſe large and beautiful flower (during its expanſion only) exhales a fragrancy and ſtrong odour, blows at five o'clock in the evening, in the month of July, when it opens its petals, expands them, after which they fade and die, totally withered by ten o'clock the ſame night.

There are many which blow only in the night, and ſhut up in the morning.

ſtrokes mathematically pencilled, and her cloth of gold. How provident is ſhe for the health and happineſs of its inhabitants, thoſe more highly gifted. What contrivance and ſuitability to man. His food is ready prepared and adapted to the clime. The cure of his diſeaſes is at hand, awaiting only to be cropt. Fruits, ſalutary herbs, and thoſe medicinal. Such as moſt oppoſe the feveriſh languor, enſuing from its ſultry heat, here thrive luxuriant. Here too all nature feels refreſhing breezes. Fruits which flouriſh moſt abundant are here the wholeſome and nutritious; nor do they want their luxuries. The pine ſhe groweth wild in its woods. Spices are natives of iſlands where ſuch ſtimulants are neceſſary. Bark is the cure for fevers in the climate where it grows. Has not Nature every where (in many inſtances) compenſated for the rigour, inclemency, and inconveniences of the ſpot? Has ſhe not qualified the temperature of the elements themſelves, heats and cold, damps or dry, by oppoſing contrary qualities in vegetables—there in plenty and abounding? What œconomy you ſee throughout Nature! under her ſage plans, nothing is deſtroyed but what, by her own workings, is again reſtored, again repaired—throughout vegetable life and animal. See her ſupply of coats, new barks, branches, and leaves to the plant, and no leſs her wiſe proviſion for animals—the balmy blood itſelf, how healing, and the growth

growth of granulated fleſh in every wound of man and beaſt! What a pleaſing analogy ſubſiſts throughout Nature? Search into all her works, the more her plans are ſtudied, the more we muſt admire her prudence, taſte and judgment. A perfect uniſon ſimplifies her deſigns. The handy work of ONE ALMIGHTY FORMER. See his goodneſs alſo, as exhibited in what pleaſing, in what infinite variety! Without diminiſhing his ample ſtores, *how bounteous is he unto all!*

Plants, indeed, appear a new ſpecies of animals, and like them, each has its organized body and its vital principle, which we may call its ſoul.

Plants are compoſed of ſolids and fluids, to their general ſtructure, ſome ſenſe, ſome feeling, is imparted, give it what name you will—"Prudence or Foreſight." It approaches, indeed, very nearly to inſtinct in the brute, and conduces (ſome how or other) to regulate its growth—ſpontaneous life its preſervation, ſucceſſion and activity.

That principle in the plant by which it lives and thrives, ſecures itſelf from blaſts, and wet, and putrefaction, which contrives for its future ſubſiſtence, for that of its offſpring and their perpetuity, do you not juſtly call it inſtinct, ſenſe, its vegetative ſoul?

Each plant is produced from its own ſeed, is compoſed of a like texture of fibres, attracts and imbibes ſimilar juices, ſprings up and grows, and is nouriſhed by them. Each family wears its own livery, and chooſes its own colour for bud, or leaf, or flower, or fruit, be it deleterious or nutritious, and breathes out its own peculiar ſmell and eſſence. The plant obſerves its ſeaſons, has its office or trade appointed it, and from their manufactory, food and cloathing, houſes and accommodations, are procured for the wants of man and beaſt.*

Dendronatomy, or the diſſection of a plant, exhibits to the curious eye a wonderful mechaniſm throughout all its parts; in root, and barks, and pith, flower, fruit, and leaves. By injecting a coloured fluid into the two latter, you diſcover innumerable diſtributions of veſſels—a free and copious circulation, a beautiful branching out—ramifications of arteries, veins, nerves, air-pipes and veſſels conveying ſap. In the root you trace others for nouriſhment, called, from their ſimilar actions in the animal, the lacteals of the plant.

* The Lamas Ticunas (a South American plant), its inſpiſſated juice is uſed by the Indians to poiſon their arrows. Its effects on animals is inſtant death—ſoon after the arrow has punctured the ſkin and fleſh, the animal is ſeen to drop down dead.

The

The elegant colourings and figures of plants embelliſh the library, and are ſights we much admire. The "Hortus-ſiccus" of the botaniſt is the laboured produce of ſcience, and from every clime. The ſkeleton of a plant, what a highly finiſhed picture of nature?

In their growth and nouriſhment, plants and animals mutually accord with one another. The law by which animal life is regulated, is equally impreſſive on vegetation—one and the ſame œconomy ſubſiſts in them both.

The ancients, obſerving the progreſs and good government of the vegetable world, together with the ſtately figure and growth of the plant, were ſo much ſtruck with the reſemblance it bore to animal life, that, without any ſcruple, they attributed to the plant a ſentient principle, and called it a ſoul. To ſo great a height did their veneration riſe, as at length to become the ſad ſource of miſguided enthuſiaſm, much ſuperſtition, and idolatry. Plants are honoured with a place in their temples. Plants they reverentially worſhipped as Gods.

For no abominations were the Iſraelites ſo ſeverely reproved by their prophets, as for their invincible propenſity to perform their religious worſhip

ſhip in the groves, a part of the idolatry of the Pagan (be it what it may) the Jew moſt obſtinately retained. A ſuperſtition correſponding with the Heathen nations, ſo long perſiſted in by them, and ſo ſtrikingly oppoſed in the Hebrew canon, muſt, in ſome way have miſled the unenlightened Jew, and interfered with the purity of his worſhip to the one only living and ſupreme JEHOVAH.

A ſimilar plan you ſee impoſed on animal life and vegetable; the two ſyſtems proceed in a manner ſo ſimilar to one another. The Author of Nature, as he has decreed, ſo he preſides over and governs both. You will ſee veſſels repleniſhed with not diſſimilar fluids—furniſhed with glands for their ſeparation and diſtribution, like deſires and appetites in both to preſerve life, take in food, reſtore loſt vigour, and live in perpetuity. Seeing then they proceed in a manner ſo like one another, regulated by fixed methods, keeping in the ſame general tract, muſt they not be governed by the ſame laws?

The eſtabliſhed rules then affixed on animal life and vegetable, are laws equally binding on them both, preſcribe to each plant the preciſe period of its propagation, like as in the brute. They adapt to each plant its birth, ſpring ſhoot, enlargement,

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its figure and growth—riſe of its ſap, its buds, and leaves, and flower, and in this laſt, ſweetly providing for its ſucceſſion, and how amply? They limit its duration, the time of caſting off its firſt coverings, its cloathing of defence, its natural barks and ſkins. They appoint alſo its hour of drooping, decompoſition, and decay, providing for every ſtage and period throughout which it paſſes, and not for the plant itſelf alone, but in great abundance for a ſeedling race, in regular advancement and for ever.

As vegetable life and animal are ſubjects of the ſelf-ſame government, ſo in a vaſt variety of other inſtances they claim a kindred alliance.

The ſimple fibre of the body of the animal, and the fibrous ſtructure of the plant, croſſed and interwove, form the teguments, ſkins, ſacks, coats, veſſels, and membranes in each.

The ſaps riſe, and its circulation reſembles that of the blood in animals. The veſſels in both perform the offices of veins and arteries. Vital heat and irritability (by producing a ſimilar effect) anſwer in the plant to the functions of the heart and its beating in animals. The rinds and barks are its natural ſkins, the true ſkin and the ſcarf, and the

the perſpiration through them is ſo copious, it becomes the delicate outlet for all its ſuperfluities.*

Many plants caſt off their barks, juſt as ſnakes do their ſkins.

The roes, ſpawn of fiſh, and eggs of inſects, bear ſo near a reſemblance to the ſeed of plants, they are ſcarcely to be diſtinguiſhed the one from the other. Cabbage ſeed and the ſpawn of a lobſter, how eaſily miſtaken!

Plants, like animals, are of both ſexes, male and female. The plant is amphibious, lives altogether in, or out of, water—like as many fiſh and ſome brutes. There are marine plants, and thoſe in freſh water. You will ſee a part of their foliage raiſing itſelf towards the ſkies, and another part ſpreading

* Suo tempore dat tranſitum excrementis.

A ſun-flower, weighing three pounds, in twenty-four hours perſpires twenty-two ounces. *Hale's Statics.*

A tree perſpires, during the day, one pound. A plant of India wheat, ſeven ounces. A plant of ſea-cabbage, twenty-three, and the Heliotropium twenty-four ounces.

Now, allow to each plant a perſpiration of eighteen ounces only, an acre of land planted with them, one foot diſtance from another, would become a lake of water, provided no means were uſed to diſperſe, collect, or abſorb it.

its

its leaves, as well in the water as on the ground. The ſeed of amphibious plants are provided with wings to fly, or (like the willow) are ſo conſtructed as to ſwim.

The feathers of birds have a vegetative life, they are all of them "annuals" and probably ſhoot out from ſeed. What a great reſemblance ſubſiſts between the colouring of feathers and flowers. Some of one colour only, while others, of all the colours in the rainbow.

The growth of the horns in animals equals the quickeſt growth of vegetation. A ſtag's horns are renewed and branched out in three months. Horns are alſo annuals. In like manner you witneſs the growth of hair, hoofs, nails and talons.

The bodies of vipers, eels, waſps and bees, when cut in pieces, and alſo the heads of fiſh,* retain life and motion; but the ſlips and cuttings of plants, ſeparated from the trunk or ſtalk, retain verdure and ſtill more of life, inſomuch, that it is a very uſual way of propagating them—ſuch ſlips and cuttings live and grow.

* Captain Wilſon informs us, when ſailing in the Duff off Otaheite, the ſharks' heads, when cut from their bodies, jumped about deck a conſiderable time. After executions, the human heart has been ſeen to bound an amazing height.

Salamanders

Salamanders * reproduce their limbs when they have been cut off; and the claw of a lobſter, when broken off, is renewed, in like manner, as the branch of a tree.

The prickles of a nettle act juſt as the ſting of an inſect; the briſtles are hollow tubes, which convey a poiſon, each from its ſeparate ſac, venomous and inflaming.

Like animals, the plant is oviparous and viviparous. In infancy they are nouriſhed after one and the ſame manner. The mealy portion of the ſeed, when mixed with the ſucculent juices it imbibes from the ſoil, makes a pure milk, and ſupplies the embryo of the plant with the ſofteſt balmy nouriſhment, and not diſſimilar to the contents of the egg.

In a philoſophic view, the analogy between the plant and the animal ſtrikes you with a reſemblance no leſs wonderful.

A learned and ingenious botanic writer † has very lately favoured us with a table, exhibiting at one view the many points of likeneſs the one bears

* C. Latreille.

† Dr. Robert Hooper, of Pembroke College, Oxford.

to

to the other. In two parallel columns, he has drawn them out with ſuch preciſion, that a ſuperficial obſerver would not be able to diſtinguiſh the object he is defining, whether it were the plant or the animal, provided ſenſibility and the locomotive faculty could be admitted as qualities pertaining to them both. The line of demarcation, between animal life and vegetable, is indeed ſo ſlightly marked, that it remains to this day a doubt, whether ſome of the marine plants, as well as the Tremellæ and ſelf-moving* plants, are not to be conſidered as ſubjects of the animal rather than the vegetable kingdom.

Soon as a ſeed is ſown in the earth its vegetating powers begin their operations. A uniform ſteady perſevering proceſs brings about its ſucceſſive movements of growth, figure, and ſtatelineſs. How admirable! Throughout all its workings it illuſtrates the wiſdom of the great Author of Nature in the laws he has eſtabliſhed, and ſurely no leſs his power and the inexhauſtible ſources of his bounty!

As in the hidden proceſs from which animal life commences, ſo, in like manner, throughout the burſt and opening of the ſeed all is done as it were

* Hedyſarum motitans.

in

in ſecret. Nature, ſilent and ſlow, progreſſively advances; but, compare her works with the contrivances and ſkill, and laboured workmanſhip of man. The inimitable gildings, fringes and embroidery in the plant, with the poliſhed point of a needle or a lancet, which appears a rugged bar of iron from the forge. Thus Nature contraſts her ſuperior ſkill with the imbecility of our labours—her perpetuity and perfection with our ſhort-lived vanity. Nature uniformly acting, and from one principle, what a variety of effects are produced? What a diſplay of wiſdom? See but her maſterly ſtrokes and the touches of her pencil! How ſuperior a finiſh embelliſhes her operations! What deliberation, mildneſs and caution, does ſhe make uſe of throughout all her workings. And is this her wiſdom to be overlooked? Are we not hence taught to be gentle and deliberate ourſelves—to give reaſon and reflection time to come forward to our aid—to check a guſh of paſſion while it riſes, and a haſty word ere it gains an utterance.

Leſſons from Nature, of what infinite uſe, and how worthy our attention! In mechanics, copying from her, we employ the jack, the lever, and the wedge; ſeeing, by their ſlow and gentle operations, we can ſo eaſily perform, what no ſtrength of ours could ever have brought about without them. Although complicated in its parts, yet, how

how ſimple is nature in all her workings! Watching her induſtry and perſeverance, the prying eye is led on, ſtep by ſtep, to explore her hidden path and trace her ſagacity in all her operations. Hence we extend our empire over matter under all its bulky forms and infinite combinations.

ARCHIMEDES demonſtrated, that, with a certain given power, any weight whatſoever might be moved, inſomuch, that were there another world, on which he could fix his lever, he at pleaſure could remove this world. By ſuch leſſons we, with advantage, learn how beſt to oppoſe our weaker powers to the ſuperior ſtrength and reſiſtance of animals; by what means to hold them under ſubjection, make them managable, teachable, uſeful.

Left to herſelf, by unperceived advances, and in her own never-varying courſe, cloſely adhering to her eſtabliſhed laws, vegetation, with patient foreſight, day by day, arrives at her maturity and acquires perfection—whereas by heat and forcing, from unnatural and too haſty ſtrides, weakneſs enſues, loſs of colour, a tottering height, pining ſickneſs, premature decay, and oft a ſudden and untimely death.

Whenever you oppoſe the tendency of nature, and ſhe is made to decline from her courſe, what a weak flower and colourleſs? What a taſteleſs and inſipid ſalad you unpalatably cut?

The plant poſſeſſes a ſpontaneous motion, and courting what it likes, turns to face the ſun and pay it homage. Fond of light, it creeps through a crevice or a ſhutter for to get it. In a ſoft air, and to a ſerene ſky, it expands its leaves and expoſes all its beauty; but at night her prudent foreſight is a leſſon to us all. She cloſes ſnug, and ſhuts herſelf up ſpontaneouſly. Again, when foreſeeing a ſhower, ſhe hangs down her head juſt as if ſhe were aſleep. So tenacious is a plant of life, it opens a thouſand mouths to blow up the dying ſpark, encreaſe its vigour, and ſweeten life's poſſeſſion.

Beſides its leaves (its natural lungs), a plant has air-pipes through which it draws new ſtrength, new life—and other veſſels like lacteals, imbibing chime and chyle, and nouriſhment. From the general maſs of Mother Earth, each plant attracts its own appropriate juice, and the flavour of its choice.

——"Behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.

See

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend;
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

The numbers of ſucculent pores in the plant are incalculable. One hundred aud ſeventy-two thouſand have been reckoned up in a ſingle leaf of box.

Be the ſources and mode of nutrition whatever it may, a ſupply of juices adapted to the peculiarity of every plant is attracted from the ſoil, or imbibed from the atmoſphere in which it lives. In a column of air, azote bears the proportion of ſeventy-one to one hundred—carbone, or fixed air, only one—and oxygene twenty-eight. It is obſervable that mild temperatures are the moſt favourable to vegetation; thoſe ſeaſons when the cold is blended with heat, as in Spring and Autumn. You ſee at thoſe times the riſe of two different ſaps, which the ſtrongeſt heat of Summer never produces; and that in plants the quickeſt growth takes place in the night. Azote is the nutritious part of our air moſt favourable thereto. Did we not conſtantly ſee it, we ſhould think it ſtrange, that vegetables, ſo widely differing from one another, and all of them differing from the rugged and ſtony ſoil in which they grow, ſhould, by ſome chymical proceſs, taught them by Nature, acquire, each one for itſelf, its own ſcent and

taſte, and ſubſtance, hardneſs or ſoftneſs, its oily particles, or reſinous—gummy, watery, or combuſtible.

This nutritious fluid, differing greatly in every ſpecies of plants, paſſes through veſſels of various diameters, and by innumerable meanders conveys animation and vigour to every part—be it root, or ſtem, or branch—bud, leaf, or ſhoot. Its nutritious juices are hence acquired, and hence they are conſtantly repleniſhed and in great abundance. How ſuitably adapted are all its powers of attraction—the ramifications and diameter of its inhaling veſſels—the mechaniſm of its ſtrainers, pipes and tubes, cloſely adhering to the laws and principles at firſt impreſſed on vegetable life. Its veins and arteries, ſap-veſſels and tubes, turgid and overſwelled, the exhaling ſuperfluity becomes ſo ample as to ameliorate the air we breathe, give it freſhneſs and vigour, intermixing with the atmoſphere around us.

How ſimple the means employed! Her eſtabliſhed laws implicitly obeyed, Nature leaves not her work unfiniſhed, fully competent to all ſhe brings about. By varying her proceſs only, ſhe from the ſelf-ſame ſun mellows the peach, gives it beauty, colour, down *without*, while ſhe at the ſame time is hardening the ſtone *within*, and ſecuring, in a

fort

fort impregnable to inſects, its ſucceſſion in the kernel. To the firſt ſhe gives her ſweetneſs alſo, and conveys the uſeful bitter through the rugged ſhell. But ſee her hand how it miniſters to the contrarieties and changes of her fancy throughout the cocoa. The ſun hardens firſt its ſhell *without*, a reſervoir for milk *within*, pure and delicious.

By Nature's wiſe inſtructions only, her children of the vegetable world, adepts in ſcience, from earth and earth alone, the grand elaboratory of Nature's ſtores, each plant (by a proceſs how unerring), for itſelf ſelects her own appropriate juice, and combines it to her choice. Such ſhe adopts throughout the ſpecies, and ſuch retains for ever. A love of ſcent, or fragrant with a rich perfume, or fœtid—a flavour, whether bitter, ſweet, or ſour.

The cocoa nut yields milk in ſuch abundance, the thirſty Indian drinks his draught. Milk oozes from the luſcious fig. 'Tis oil from the olive—'Tis reſinous in the pine, and gummy in the plumb. 'Tis green in the lilly and yellow in the cellendine —opium in the poppy—a balſam in how many, although a fiery cauſtic in the ſpurge.*

* For a table of the elementary particles, the various juices, alkaline, acid, and ſaline parts of vegetables, and for the mode of diſcovering and ſeparating them, ſee the very accurate claſſes and arrangement of Profeſſor Hermbſtaedt, of Vienna.

" By Nature's all-refining art prepar'd,
Of temper'd ſun, of water, earth and air,
In ever changing compoſition mixt."

See every plant thus gratified to the full, and for ever and for ever, with the food of its own taſte, the ſcent and flavour of its firſt love and earlieſt choice. Of what infinite utility to man! Happy we! who, ſubject to ten thouſand ills, can cull a ſimple from vegetable life, and heal every ſore!

——— Hail Mighty Being!
By thee diſpoſed into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant and ſucks and ſwells
The juicy tide; a twining maſs of tubes.
At thy command, the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap———
Whence lively fermentation———

Although one way only is allotted us of coming into life, numerous and beyond all calculation are the ways and means of going out. Is it not prudent, and our bounden duty to improve the ſcience, acquire a knowledge of the plant, and ſet a watch at every avenue!*

But to follow Nature throughout her workings and her traits of beauty, how delightful! Is ſhe leſs ſkilful in her colourings, and does ſhe there

* Cur moriatur Homo cui ſalvia creſcit in horto?

exhibit

exhibit leſs of taſte? See her rich tints and ſplendid dyes—her ſtores of light and ſhade, and glowing crayons. Whence draws ſhe her materials, *when ſhe paints the opening roſe, and exhibits ſo much beauty?* Are not her colourings admirably choſe, although mixed at home? From the qualities of earth alone, from its ſalts, its air and moiſture, and their happy combinations.

Through an infinity of tranſparent tubes, ſtrainers and pipes, ſhe prepares her colours, with arithmetical precision pencils her delicate ſtrokes, and applies her poliſh. Hence the ornamental ſtripe, hence her lovely dyes, the crimſon bluſh, the poppy's red, the violet's blue, the lily's white. Has ſhe ſhewn her judgment leſs, when ſhe blends her hues, or ſtrikes her ſhades, each in each other loſt?

Are her leſſons in architecture leſs inſtructive, or are they leſs conſpicuous?

When the ſun darts forth his rays, and they are reflected back by a watery cloud, which do you moſt admire—the well-turned arch and magnificence of the bow, or its light and ſhades, and the brilliancy of colour?

——— "Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt

Amid his gay creation hues like her's?
And can he mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And lay them on ſo delicately fine,
And loſe them in each other, as appears,
In every bud that blows?"

Nature's correct taſte and happy foreſight, throughout the proceſs, exhibits beauty, uſefulneſs, ſimplicity.

To ſimplicity Nature conforms in all her workings. See her early ſhoots and peepings, which foretel the approach of Spring, and diſcloſe her hidden operations. See the pearly dew drops of the opening dawn, and the twilight of the evening. Each plant, each ſhrub and flower, each blade of graſs wears Nature's moſt becoming dreſs, ſimplicity.

Nor think you this remark confined alone to vegetable life, it accords, and cloſely, with her proceſs in the animal. Infancy (for inſtance), what a fine and perfect illuſtration of ſimplicity? A ſtate of nature how pure! Its innocence and ſweetneſs how pleaſing! To what voice does it liſten but to Nature's only. The Greeks and Romans preſented their offerings at the altar by the hands of little children, and they were early taught and devotionally employed in chanting hymns on their religious feſtivals. The Gods (ſay they) will be propitious,

pitious, when they view the ſpectacle of infant innocence, their tearful eyes, uplifted hands, and liſten to their cries and ſupplications.

Although unſeen, ſhe ſeems (as it were) ſo hiding her deſigns and what ſhe is about; * yet Nature is conſtant and induſtrious in her labours, and all the time ſhe is carrying on her principal workings, intent upon her proceſs, its perfection and maturity.

——"The ſight is pleaſed,
The ſcent regal'd, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening bloſſom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks you with its ſweets."

She who appoints to the flower its ſeaſons, its progreſs, and all its ſweetneſs, and attends to all its wants, will ſhe leave unnoticed our's? See her allotment to the plant of all that pertains to vegetable œconomy, and can ſhe neglect us? Is ſhe leſs aſſiduous to hide from us her deſigns reſpect-

* Oh! The ſilent workings of Nature throughout! ſay, rather of its God! What they aſcribe to Nature (ſays Boyle), I aſcribe to the wiſdom of God in the creation, and to his contrivance and his eſtabliſhed laws throughout the univerſe. By theſe eſtabliſhed laws of Nature, we mean ſuch laws as are deduced from that ſeries of events, which, by divine appointment, follow each other in the phyſical and moral world.

ing

ing animal life, than her ſecret workings in the vegetable? She gives to man a proſpect of a long enjoyment of the delights of life; and ſhe conceals from him its termination and diſſolution with a thoughtful tenderneſs ſo truly motherly.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Further thoughts on Nutrition. Art of Phyſic. Its Riſe. Circulation and Juices of the Plant. Its Soul. Advantages from the Vegetable Kingdom. Beauties of Nature. Her profuſion of Waſte.

IN the vegetable kingdom, from its early ſhoot, throughout the life and growth, the varied dreſs and ſtately figure of the plant, which do you moſt admire? The prudence, regularity, and perſeverance of Nature—the ſymmetry hereby produced, and her well-adapted balance—or, the ample ſupply from her elaborate proceſs of ſalubrious juices—pure, diſtinct, unmixed—the food for myriads of created beings—an infinity of tribes, gratified, and to the full—and of what abundant uſe to man alſo in all his exigences!

The philoſophy of the Eaſt attributed Generation and Nutrition to the influences of the Sun and Moon. To theſe two grand ſources of light, and life, and joy, the ancients aſcribed all the bleſſings they poſſeſſed. The Sun and Moon were the Gods of Egypt, to whom they gave the names of *Oſiris* and *Iſis*. There were other parts of Nature alſo

alſo to which the Egyptian paid his adoration. Spirit they called Jupiter; to Fire they aſſigned the name of Vulcan; to Earth, Ceres; Air, Minerva; and, in gratitude to their fruitful Nile, Oceanus (or moiſture) ranked among the Eaſtern Deities.

Be the cauſes of nutrition in the plant, or be its mode of growth and ſupply whatever it may, the qualities and virtues of the juices with which it abounds, be they howſoever attained, its choice is wholly made from earth.

The conſtituent parts of earth, when decompoſed and analyſed, are—"Nitre, water, air, and fire." A combination of infinite advantage to the plant. To her ſkilful ſelection of more or leſs of theſe, to the prudence of its greater or leſſer choice of either, it owes all its virtues, figure, beauty, growth, and ſtatelineſs. The uniting and proportioning of theſe elementary particles alone determine its nature, its properties, and quality throughout. What a proficient in the art of chemiſtry, and how ſkilful a naturaliſt is the plant! From how few materials ſhe ſelects, imbibes, and attracts a full ſupply, and for all her wants! In the texture of its pipes and tubes, its pith and ſap, in its dreſs, and form, and figure, there is a wonderful diſplay of mechaniſm! and yet, how ſimple? Hereby, however, the plant is nouriſhed, grows, unfolds its

it leaves, and buds, and flowers, acquires its taſte and ſmell, and its perfection, whether its juices be ſour or bitter, milk or oil, waxy, ſaccharine or ſaponaceous.*

Year after year, in perpetual rotation, the vegetable world affords to man and beaſt a full ſatiety of wholeſome food, while ſhe refreſhes every eye, and gladdens every heart. By her elegance, beauty and uſefulneſs, ſhe harmonizes our very ſoul. Who ſees not with delight the waving corn and golden ſheaves courting the reaper's hand !—ſource of our plenty—ſtaff of our life when well, and our beſt friend when ſick.

Corn ſupplies how many wants!—With ſtraw the labourer thatches his cot—a bed for man, a bed for beaſt. It feeds his ſheep, his cow, his horſe. With its grain he ſpreads his table; of grain he makes his drink—liquors of every flavour. While man in early ages travelled the earth attended by his flocks and herds, he laid under contribution all the vegetable kingdom. A requiſition paid without a murmur.

* The elementary parts of a plant are—" Heat, light, electric fire, ſulphur, metal, earth, and air."

The juices of a plant conſiſt of " Water, oil, mealy milk, gum, wax, ſugar, ſoap, and ſalt."

" But

" But who its virtues can declare? who pierce
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health and life and joy? The food of man,
While yet he lived in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit and diſeaſe.

In patriarchal ages the days of ſweet ſimplicity and innocence—while Nature dictated, and her law was love, ere ſyſtems yet were formed, and ſciences and arts allayed life's ſufferings, its ſickneſs, and its pains, the couches of diſeaſe were ſtationed on the highways, at the ſick-man's door, or in the ſtreets; where the paſſer by explored the object, and liſtened to the ſtory told by woe. He, whom ſympathy and tenderneſs arreſted, heaved a ſigh in uniſon, ſought out the healing herb, wiped the tearful eye of miſery, and ſoothed all its pains.

The highly favoured Egypt claims the origin of phyſic as a ſcience, and the wiſdom of Eſculapius reduced it to a ſyſtem. The God of Phyſic is ſcientifically deſcribed, holding in his hand a knotted ſtick, and in company with a ſerpent and a cock, emblems of vigilance and cunning, together with the knotty points and intricacies of his art.

Heathen mythology aſſures us, Iſis, the Goddeſs of Health, handed it down from Heaven, and endowed

dowed her ſon Apollo with a knowledge of its myſteries. Hence too he became the patron of the fine arts, the God of light, and the poet's friend. His well known practice in the healing art ſtands divinely recorded among the earlieſt objects of our faith, and emblazoned for ever and for ever, in the annals of heraldry.

Long after phyſic was taught as a ſcience, the "Materia Medica" was ſtill wholly furniſhed from the vegetable kingdom.

The Royal Teacher thence acquired his knowledge of botany, and attained to high pre-eminence in the nature, uſes, and qualities of every herb that grew—"from the tall Cedar, waving majeſtic on Mount Lebanon, to the humble hyſop on his garden-wall."

At this its early dawn, the ſtudents in medicine, each one for himſelf, ſelected his diſtinct and ſeparate branch. The eye became the ſtudy of one, and another the diſtempers of the ear. The limbs, the cheſt, the bowels, and the head, each had its own practitioner, and became the one and only ſubject of his anatomical enquiry and laborious practice, unſkilled in all beſides.

During

During this unenlightened æra, phyſic, in an Egyptian ſoil (clinging cloſe to their philoſophy), borrowed its myſteries and powerful aid from magic, divination and aſtrology.

From the public coffers the doctor's fee was paid, and by ſuch wiſe allotment, each claſs and rank, the poor and rich, the ſtranger and the army, were viſited alike, and met their cure.*

An Egyptian, notwithſtanding it was the cuſtom of the country to embalm the remains of the richer dead, he, with ſacrilegious horror, undertook the taſk, and ſhuddered at the touch. The State, however (undiſmayed as a body), had endowed an Anatomical Theatre, and they furniſhed themſelves the ſubjects;† yet, ſuch and ſo many were

* The ancient Welch laws alſo aſſigned to phyſicians the twelfth place of dignity at court, and certain cures and operations were paid for by Government. The ſurgeon, who cured a freſh wound, claimed the garments of his patient, and 180 pence from the State. When he applied the red ointment his fee was twelve pence; but, on his uſe of common dreſſings only fourpence.

† The Ptolemies, ſucceſſors of Alexander in the African diviſion of his conqueſts, were the firſt patrons of anatomy. They firſt granted permiſſion, and iſſued out orders for diſſecting human bodies and ſurrendering up living malefactors as fit objects of experimental examination and anatomical diſſections.

the

the prejudices of that early age, the more frequent diſſections ſtill were made from brutes.

So expert and ſkilful (even under theſe diſcouragements), were ſome few, in the ſcience of anatomy, that one of their diſſectors has deſcribed a nerve, and traced it through all its windings and meanders, from the heart quite to the finger's end. In honour of which diſcovery, an Egyptian practitioner, ever after, wore a ring upon his little finger.*

The proficient in the art of healing had (at a period not far diſtant), gained ſo high a reputation, he was now looked up to as a God, and the practice of phyſic was ever after accounted the moſt ſublime employ of humanity.

When once the ſcience had reached "Rome," and it became the dignity of a Roman citizen to practiſe himſelf the art: when Antoninus, and the

* Unhappily on its firſt onſet the ſyſtem met with a ſevere check.

A law was enacted by Government, that all Phyſicians were to practiſe alike—no one ſhould deviate from eſtabliſhed rules, without incurring the penalty of death, provided his deviation proved unſucceſsful. At "Athens," females and ſlaves were forbade to practiſe phyſic, and a capital puniſhment was inflicted by the "Locrians" on the patient, for diſobedience to the advice and orders of his phyſician.

Emperors, his ſucceſſors, had witneſſed its powers, and experienced its ſalutary aid on themſelves, their children, their tribunes and the citizens of Rome, the ſcience flouriſhed in its pride and glory. The ſovereigns of the firſt empire in the world, condeſcended to become its patrons, and in perſon ſuperintended its practice, preſided themſelves in the elaboratory (a ſolemn ſanction), at the mixing of its divine and celebrated compoſitions. Then, it was, a Roman phyſician paraded in pomp the ſtreets of the capital, viſiting his patients, followed by a hundred pupils and aſſiſtants, with herbs, (their roots, and ſeed, and leaves, and flower), with chriſms, balſams, ſanative oils, cataplaſms, treacles, and medicated wines.

A ſum equal to a thouſand pounds has been demanded for a ſingle preſcription. Such was the high rank its practitioners maintained, while their names are recorded, and thereby immortalized amongſt theſe the moſt heroic ages of the world.

At *Epidaurus* (a city of Argos famous for its vintage), ſtood the magnificent temple of *Eſculapius*, reſorted to, as a phyſical college, by a principal part of Europe, as well as of all Aſia. Another temple, and of equal ſplendour, was erected at the iſland of *Cos*, many hundred years before the Chriſtian æra, and dedicated to the honour of the ſelf

ſame

ſame God. The walls of its ſpacious hall were covered with the hiſtory of diſeaſes. The caſes of thoſe who recovered, were, in full view, here hung up on a tablet, recording the ſymptoms, deſcribing the malady, together with its cure.

What a uſeful ſchool to a medical ſtudent? From copying theſe tablets *Hippocrates** is ſaid to have learnt his firſt leſſons in the art of phyſic.

To the hall of Eſculapius many an invalid could himſelf repair, and with prying eye and ſtudious brow, examine the ſuſpended tablets, compare his own ſymptoms, and acquire his remedy; for, with deſcriptive energy, "a monſtrous crew—all maladies were here recorded," the ſad epitome of human ills, together with the ſalutary herbs their cure.

Would you contraſt the pomp and parade of Italy (when Rome was in all its glory), with the leſs oſtentatious ſhew of Britiſh ſimplicity, viſit the cottage of the School-miſtreſs, a wiſe experienced dame, ſhe, in days of yore and phyſic's early dawn, ſought out her plants, culled her ſimples, gathered the uſeful, whether it be bud, or leaf, or root, or flower, and houſed her ſeed, applied with

* In the eightieth Olympiad, A. M. 3540, he was the 18th lineal deſcendant from Eſculapius.

lighteſt touch the healing balm, and thus reſtored "health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain."

"Herbs too ſhe knew, and well of each could ſpeak
That in her garden ſip't the ſilvery dew;
Where no vain flower diſcloſed a gaudy ſtreak,
But herbs for uſe and phyſic not a few."

Homer tells us, in his days, botany was the ſcience of the ladies, and has immortalized Agamede, the ſpouſe of Prince Augias—

She that all ſimples' healing virtues knew,
And every herb that drinks the morning dew.

Soon as ſhe feels the genial warmth of all-enlivening Spring, earth unlocks her ſtores; and the invigorating air, by its elaſticity and rarifying warmth, ſets afloat its nutritious juices and ſalubrious ſalts, whence burſts of animation throughout the natural world, and vegetable life, teeming with vital heat and renewed vigour, ſwells and expands in every grain.

How cloſe an analogy ſubſiſts between the ſeed of a plant and an impregnated egg? In both the embryo is ſecurely lodged, and both amply provided for with its mealy milk and firſt nouriſhment!

* Homer's Iliad, lib. xi. verſe 877.

A few

A few days after throwing the ſeed into the earth, the rudiments of the young plant appear. Each part exiſts in miniature, and, by ſelecting and imbibing, every moment, its own ſubtile and appropriate juice, ſoon it peeps, and puſhes forward, and expands.

Too reſtleſs for confinement, the infant plant ſtrikes her firſt ſhoots upwards, fond of ſun, and courting light. But, ſeeing it tender, coy and timid, Nature has wiſely wrapt it in ſwaddling cloaths, or ſheathed it in a tight ſurtout. Thus, by her prudence, ſhe preſerves its early ſhoot from froſt and chill, and every ruder blaſt. When ſtout and bold, and bigger grown, ſhe tears her jacket, throws it open, and at length ſhe caſts it off.

Provident Nature thus ſends out, and two by two, her buds, and leaves, and nuts, and flowers.

Soon the ſeedling envelopes her foliage—ſhe ſpreads, expands, and diſcloſes much of beauty and of ſweets. Inſpirited and gay, by gentle puſhes and ſlow advance, each plant purſues its deſtined happineſs, and acquires perfection.

How tenderly thoughtful is Nature of her infant charge! See her early habits of caution, in-

duſtry, and perſeverance—her firſt ſhoot, ſpring-leaf, and ſwelling bud. Hence you preſage vigour, growth, perfection. How diligently ſhe performs her taſk! Nature, ſhe makes us alſo her pupils, teaches us how to improve and enrich the ſoil—what ſeed, what culture, what principles to imbibe, what early habits to purſue. In our boyiſh days theſe give a tincture to youthful prime and our maturity, nor do they quit us in old age. A diſtinction and character viſible throughout life. Of what infinite value then, how ſacred, and of what importance are our early habits!

The body of the tree is its trunk, in like manner the ſtem forms the body of the plant, and from the ſupport they give, each of them bears a reſemblance to legs and bones in animals. Each trunk conſiſts alſo of capillary tubes, ſimilar to fibres, nerves, aerial pipes, and to veins and arteries. The ſame functions as are allotted to the ſtomach and bowels, are altogether performed, and with ſimilar eaſe, by the veſſels (the natural bowels), of the plant.

A congeries of tranſparent globules, not unlike to bubbles of froth, called pith, are ſeen in the centre of the plant, and ſerve as a reſervoir for the ſap. Its root, compoſed of abſorbents, is buſily employed, (although in ſecret), ſucking and imbibing

bibing a part of its food, from the fertility of mother Earth. The veſſels of the root perform the ſame office as the lacteals in animals, and convey a chyle analogous to new made blood, recruiting and intermixing with the juices of the plant. A plant inhales much of its nouriſhment alſo from the atmoſphere in which it lives—the moiſture in the air yields a full ſupply of bland and genial vapours, which invigorate it. By expiration plants breathe out all ſuch as are ſuperfluous. Every leaf aſſiſts in bringing about a uſeful and copious perſpiration. What a wide extended ſurface is employed in delicately performing (and how profuſely), ſo very ſalutary an office. Her delicacy—of what uſe to man! By ſuch means, and ſuch only, ſhe parts with her over-abundance, and all her ſuperfluities.

The leaves, with what propriety are they called the lungs of the plant, ſince, by their ſimple contrivance, together with the air veſſels they contain, all its functions are performed. That the plant may avail itſelf of their beneficial office and invigorating powers the longer, ſhe poſſeſſes a reverſionary ſtock. Two new pair of lungs are allotted yearly to the plant, for you ſee it cloathed in a freſh foliage every autumn.

The dews, ſo admirably tempered, by their humidity, they chear and invigorate the vegetable world, juſt as ſleep does the animal.

The rinds and barks of the plant are perfect ſkins. The riſe of chyme, and ſap, and flow of chyle, bear a cloſe analogy to the circulation of fluids in animals.

Their reſemblance is ſtill further proved by diſſection, by blowing into its aerial pipes, and from the ramifications of its veſſels, by injecting a coloured fluid into the veſſels of the leaf, and even from its dry and withered ſkeleton.

The philoſopher, after viewing the nutrition and growth of plants, their ſimilarity and ſtructure, and in how many things they agreed with the like functions and appearances in animals, aſſigned to every plant vitality, ſenſibility—a principle of intelligence they called a ſoul, whereby it performed like offices with the animal, and in like manner arrived at perfection and maturity.

The plant, ſprightly and gay, in foliage, flower, and fruit, is at length, in regular ſucceſſion, bleſſed with a numerous race of embryo beauties, now on their road to grace the day-ſpring of the coming year.

There

There are few plants which are not capable of embelliſhing our fields, our roofs, and our walls, beſides the luxuries of a ſhady bower, and a ſoft carpet. However numerous their tribes, approaching even to infinity, yet is there no ſingle ſhrub but what is ſubſervient to the neceſſities of man—ſupplying him ſomehow, and ſomewhere or other, with materials for cloaths, ſhade and ſhelter, food and phyſic, warmth and fire. To inſtance in one principal article, cotton and flax—theſe he acquires from plants. To the fig-leaf, our firſt cloathing, how have arts and manufactures improved our dreſs! The ſhreds of nettles furniſh the Eaſt with filaments and thread, which they weave into excellent cloth. An Egyptian's prayer is for a harveſt-home of nettles. The pattern for nets, either for hunting or fiſhing, is given us by the plant. The ſurface of the whole earth, is it not a phyſic ſtall, where the medicinal herbs (of many virtues) are ſo ſeaſonably diffuſed, and freely offered to our uſe, in order that the inclemencies and the diſeaſes of every country, and of every clime, may meet their cure. Are they ſtrewed over the habitable world by chance, or wiſely planted and ſelected from a foreſight of our wants and maladies?

The principal ſupport, man's main prop, is borne by herbage. What we deem a common neceſſary,

Corn,

Corn, the ſuſtenance of human life—what a ſimple graſs? A food, of which we never tire; the daily bread we daily aſk for. The bleſſings for our fire-ſide,'tis vegetation gives, fewel for our ovens and our hearth. Our beautiful paper and American cloth, as fine as ſilk, is wove from the bark of trees. Some ſhrubs, ſo knotty, ſtubborn and prickly, they form a fence which no wild beaſt will break through; hence to man protection from the vegetable world, defence from animals, and inroads, reptile or inſect. In hotter climates, the full grown aloe, with its ſpikes and leaf of fleſh, forms a vegetable fence, how magnificent and durable, and needing no repair. There are plants which deſtroy your vermin, and entangle your noxious flies. The dionæa catches theſe inſects in its flower, cloſes up and kills them.

The fleabane clears your houſes of that peſt. Like as each claſs of inſects has its food aſſigned it, ſo in like manner it has its vegetable poiſon. But how kind are Nature's precautions throughout her range, in favour of man throughout. The herbage his carpet, the ſhrubbery a ſcaling ladder to his hands, and the tree his paraſol. Has ſhe not alſo compenſated the inconveniences of every clime, by oppoſing to the qualities of the elements, contrary qualities in vegetables? and how often met with in the plant itſelf.

Caſſava

Caſſava roots (for inſtance) of which a wholeſome food is prepared in the Weſt Indies, before they are well dried in the ſun, have a poiſonous quality. The freſh root grubbed up by the hogs, and eaten by them, the animal is well nouriſhed, fattened, and no hurt enſues; but, when waſhed before they are eaten, they are noxious, and the hogs ſwell and ſicken. When you mix with water the earth, in which the roots grew, and give it them to drink, the hogs are cured, the poiſonous quality deſtroyed. This her thoughtfulneſs Nature extends, and ſtill more oſtenſibly in animal poiſons. Some wiſe proviſion is made, by means of which you avoid, you eſcape it. Not unfrequently an antidote is alſo provided, and as in the vegetable, ſo one near at hand is often provided for the poiſon in the animal. The ſting of the bee is cured by the honey. The venom of its bite, how ſpeedily aſſwaged by the fat of the viper. The rattle in the rattleſnake, what a ſeaſonable alarm! But, ſhould he wind his way towards a man aſleep, he is firſt ſeen or heard by the watchful lizard, who tickles his ear by inſerting into it his pointed tail; and when thus rouſed and apprized of his danger, the man haſtily provides for his ſafety. Oh! Nature, how thoughtful, provident and kind!

We

We are indebted to the "Vegetable World" for the wholeſome vigour of the air we breathe, and all its ſweetneſs.

Our woods, the ornaments of our habitations, abound with grandeur and utility.

Timber is the neceſſary article in all our buildings. For ſhips, houſes, temples, cities, we fell our wood. Thus the vegetable world affords us maſts for our navy, timber for our hulks, and (by means of our ſhipping) a ſafe conveyance, and from pole to pole. By her accommodation commerce triumphs, and while we ſit at home we feaſt on the luxuries of every clime.

How impregnable the entrenchment, whoſe rampart is the ſea! Yet, as an iſland, we (under Providence) to the vegetable world owe all our ſecurity. Our walls of wood, the Britiſh glory and guardians of our coaſt.

Amidſt domeſtic ſcenes, the manſions of our nobles, and the rural walk of Engliſh hoſpitality, how our woods delight us! From ſultry heat we court their ſhade, and from ſtormy winds their ſhelter. The graceful and luxuriant branches of one wide ſpreading tree, has afforded a ſafe and cool retreat to an army of ſoldiers.

In

In ſouthern climes the piercing rays, even at noon-day, are warded off with a leafy paraſol, the friendly and not unuſual canopy of a village.

During the violence of a haſty ſhower, who has not ſought a friendly tree? How welcome the ſhelter for man, for beaſt. Grateful and how pleaſant the village paraſol!

We have yet to name the luxuries of honey, from the flower and the droppings of the honey-comb. The vegetable produce from our colonies, foreign ſpirits and ſugars from the luſcious cane.

The early bloſſom on our hedge embelliſhes our fields, while every genial blaſt wafts its fragrancy to regale another of our ſenſes.

Under agonizing torture to the poppy we apply, aſſwage every pain, and lull our ſufferings into mental bliſs.

In ages far remote and much more ſimple, laurel-crowns interwoven with the bay, were honours from the vegetable world, placed on the heads of conquerors as the high reward of valour. The glory of the brave, and the poet's theme.

The

The beauties of Nature, even thoſe which feaſt the eye, are inexhauſtible! The colour of plants how friendly! Earth is yellow, and the Heavens blue—was vegetation more inclined to the yellow would it be ſeen? And were it blue, would it not be confounded with the waters and the ſky—all yellow earth, all water, all ſky. Throughout the magnificent picture of creation, what a happy contraſt with this yellow hue and azure ſky does the ſhades of green afford. The verdure ſmiles, and the flowery carpet, a tread ſo ſoft and pleaſant, a uniform of dreſs which never tires.

So enchanting is the colour of green, its rays of light ſo admirably blended, it refreſhes your ſight on the firſt look. In an exhibition of pictures the painter hangs his rooms with green. Without harſhneſs, it detaches his pictures from the ground, and confuſes the object the leaſt. He avails himſelf alſo of a colour ſo friendly, which gives ſtrength and freſh vigour to his eye, and he hangs it up behind his canvas.

But Nature, throughout the vegetable world, charms us with her elegance in a vaſt variety of forms—every object pleaſes, every object intereſts you, enraptured not only with her bolder ſketches, with the grand and the magnificent; but in all her works,

works, minute and howſoever ſmall, you have to admire the delicate ſhade and the fineſt ſtrokes and touches of her pencil, together with the brighteſt varniſh. What proportions, ſymmetry, and well adapted balance. Her works, when compared with thoſe of the moſt ſkilful artiſt, what ruggedneſs you ſee, what gaps and inequality !

In all this, does not Nature ſhame us by publiſhing the vanity and weakneſs of our ſhort-lived labours, and contraſting them with the ſuperiority and perpetuity of her own ?

So vaſt a profuſion of beauty, contrivance, and deſign, as you ſee exhibited by Nature, multiplies greatly the inlets to knowledge and to happineſs. What a blaze of light burſts in to the enquiring mind reſpecting the Deity, from the perfection of theſe his handy-works ? One proof at leaſt, and how full and ſatisfactory, of the exiſtence, wiſe proviſion, and never-ceaſing agency of a preſiding power—kind and good—ſupreme—Almighty ! admitted by all, becauſe ſeen, and felt, and underſtood by all. O ! Thou great ſource of being, of life, and light, and joy ! !

" Sovereign of Nature, all-directing power !
I, from the world retired, do oft recline,
And trace thy wonder-working hand divine,
And read thy name in every bluſhing flower."

The

The whole of Divinity is indeed comprehended in this book of Nature and the Scriptures. What harmony ſubſiſts? and how viſible in all her procedure and regulation of the animal world—of the vegetable?

But reſpecting ourſelves, do you trace her footſteps leſs in the growth of morals than in the growth of plants? In proportion to the wants of all her children, of animal life and vegetable, how liberally has ſhe endowed each and every one with a ſuitable ſhare of caution, prudence, inſtinct, intelligence. See but her full ſupply alſo, the means and aid ſhe affords to mental attainments, their taſte and caſt, their growth and perfection, as well attended to as is the ſhoot and growth, maturity, figure, and foreſight of the vegetable.

Whenever ſhe intends a production in either, ſhe firſt ſows her ſeed. A preliminary no leſs neceſſary to moral excellence and intellectual, than to vegetation and the ſpringing of a plant. What do we not gain in both from cultivation and improvement of the ſoil? Nature's firſt ornament "ſimplicity" is happily expreſſed in both. As in the ſpiral ſhoot and opening bud, ſo no leſs ſweet and amiable is her morality diſcerned in the bloom and unaffected ſmile of ruſtic innocence, no leſs conſpicuous

conſpicuous in the open countenance, the well-informed and well-meaning mind ?

Hence our riſing virtues, hence ſprings our intellectual happineſs, and ſcience forms her union with our admiration !

Hitherto you have been led only to admire the induſtry and ſilent workings of Nature, ſeen and unſeen ; and before I cloſe the ſection, permit me to remind you of the vaſtneſs and profuſion of waſte we daily ſee throughout animal life and vegetable. The proviſion made by Nature for her numerous offspring appears over-abundant ; can ſhe ever be diſappointed in their ſucceſſion and in her perpetuity ? But while we admit its general utility, are we always ready to give up the fair promiſes ſhe oft-times makes us, and part with ſo large a proſpect and ſo fair a bloom undiſmayed ? Few bloſſoms (although each a ſuckling), arrive at their perfection—nipped by eaſt or northern blaſt, or ſhrewdly bit by froſt or chill, untimely loſt. How many ſeed meet an ungenial ſoil, or no ſoil at all ! Of the ſpawn of fiſh, or eggs of inſects, millions on millions cluſtered, how few burſt into life and peep at day ! Of chryſalis, how many remain entombed, for ever, to one winged butterfly exulting in its plumage gay, and baſking in a ſun-beam ! Nor does the profuſion of waſte leſs affect the hu-

man race—they, no leſs do they eſcape this wreck of Nature. Ere maturity, more than one-half are loſt. Of infants born, what tribes are miſſing! In the natural world, how few acquire perfection; but, in the moral, ſurely fewer ſtill—ſtill fewer hold pre-eminence of manly dignity, ſterling worth, attached to virtuous principles, and habits, only "inflexible to ill, and reſolutely juſt."

SECT. III.

Inſtinct of the Plant. Birth. Quick growth. Its Prudence. Vegetable Life approaching to Animal. Where their Beauty reſides. Arts and Science indebted to the Flower.

IN their ſpontaneous movements, the vegetable tribes obſerve a regularity and foreſight approaching to inſtinct.

Place a plant how you will, it turns for ever to the ſun, courting its genial warmth. To view its early riſing, the Sun-flower, in the morning, faces the eaſt, at noon the ſouth, and weſtward in the evening.

——"The lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray."

The beauty of the plant centres in the flower, and the flower (in a great meaſure) conſtitutes its perfection, importance, and utility. To charm us, moſt "Infinite Goodneſs" has united beauty to what he choſe ſhould be the uſeful. The lodgment

of the ſeed is in the boſom of the flower. There the glad eſpouſals are celebrated, and the embryo plants, a race of future beauties, here (in a train for exiſtence, and here for a time) lie hid.

The contemplation of her ſecret operations, the ſimplicity and regularity of her procedure, ſo admirable throughout all her empire, have in every remoteſt age employed the genius of the thoughtful and philoſophic mind, and they have explored her polity, her prudent management and induſtry. And would it not be a rational employment, agreeable to the pureſt taſte, and compatible with the dignity of a human ſpirit in any ſtate of exaltation.

" Oh! Nature all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
————Through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral ſtrata there;
Thruſt blooming thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals"————

The butter-flower, daiſy, violet, primroſe, cowſlip, and harebell, adorn our fields, while in the garden peeps the ſnowdrop, crocus, daffodil, narciſſus, hyacinth, and jonquil. Now follows, in ſweet ſucceſſion, polyanthus, auricula, anemone, tulip, woodbine, ranunculus, and iris. Pinks, roſes, ſtocks, and the gaudy poppy. Each month, each week

week a diary, ſprucely decked in its own livery. With what delight you con her annual publications. Her almanac preſents you with ſomething always new, endleſs in its variety. Laviſh and ſo taſty is her fancy, while yet ſo conſtant and ſo regular is Nature, furniſhing new beauties to charm us throughout her yearly exhibition.

However ſilent and unſeen, the work of Nature progreſſively goes on. Reſpecting poſterity, ſhe plans the proceſs, and makes proviſion for the future progeny of the plant while in the flower, when arrayed in all its beauty, and when ſhe ſmells the ſweeteſt.

The protruſion of the bud through the barks of a tree, is the birth of a new plant, and is to the vegetable what labour is to animals. Every ſingle ſeed is a rudiment or firſt commencement mathematically placed, and which, under a ſafe covering, lies ſecurely houſed in the centre of every flower. With a ſeeming conſciouſneſs Nature wraps in ſwaddling cloaths the numerous offspring of the mother-plant, aſſigns each infant ſeed a ſeparate dreſs, a cradle, or a bed. (With what elegant preciſion !) where it lies cheriſhed in the boſom of its parent, and conſigned to her care. From a proviſion ſo thoughtful, and from phenomena like

theſe, authors have given to the plant "perception," and there is a difficulty in aſcertaining how it is, that when a ſeed is thrown into the ground, be it juſt after what manner it may, by a principle, a kin ſo nearly to reaſon in a brute, it ſtrikes its root downwards, or branches it out horizontally, ſecuring for itſelf a firm foundation and ſure footing in the ſoil. Its ſtem and leaves are thruſt uniformly upwards, in order that the latter may imbibe all they can get of the rain and the dew. Some trunks are ſtrengthened by knots from ſpace to ſpace. Others, by means of graſping hooks or tendrils, ſecure their aſcent. Gum and prickles form a "cheveux-de-frize," and ſerve as a ſafeguard and defence from inſects. Advancing in its bulk, and growth, and conſequence, it ſhoots out buds on every ſtalk. Each bud is a plant in miniature, burſting, and about to burſt, into foliage, bloom and beauty.

Sprightly and gay in its new attire and encreaſing vigour, by conſtant, though by ſlow advances, a plant is puſhing forward, however imperceptibly, towards perfection and maturity.

According to the learned Dr. Bradley, the heat of May and June is the moſt favourable to the growth of plants.

A gourd

A gourd of two feet in length, and one foot in breadth, takes forty days to bring it to its full growth; its leaf at that time is ten inches over. Notwithſtanding the rapidity of its growth, the beſt glaſſes do not diſcover the circulation of the ſap, although it muſt move quicker than the minute hand of a clock, and without the pauſes and reſts of a clock in motion.

Upon the tread or cruſh of an animal, plants ſhew a ſuffering and a coyneſs, cloſing up or bearing down under every ruder touch. Expoſed to a chilly blaſt, or wind, or rain, a prudent cautious foreſight ſhuts them up. At ſuch ſeaſons there are flowers which bend down their heads and twiſt their bodies quite round, to keep from injury the farina in the petal, leſt it ſhould be blown or waſhed away.

What a variety of very differing movements a careful obſerver ſees amongſt them.

> " Each languid plant revives when twilight's near,
> Lifts its droop'd head, and drinks the genial tear.

They have regular ſeaſons when they ſhut themſelves up, and others, when they open and expand moſt beauteouſly. Some plants expoſe their flower full blown every morning, and ſhut themſelves up as regularly at night. There are others, which

only open at night, and ſhut themſelves up quite cloſe all day.

The jalap of Peru, and a few others, never blow but in the dark. Some flowers appear in their full luſtre in the hotteſt ſun, while others are provided with a ſhelter from its rays.

The crown imperial blows under a ſhade of tufted leaves, and many a flower is furniſhed with its paraſol. Cold, which we have been taught to conſider as a great obſtacle to vegetation, is as neceſſary to the growth of ſome plants as heat is to others. The cedar, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, covered with eternal ſnow, riſes in all its majeſty, waving its branches in full beauty. On the icy mountains of Norway and in Ruſſia, firs arrive at a prodigious ſize. Milton ſought hence his deſcription of a ſpear for Satan—

> " His ſpear, to equal with the talleſt pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
> Of ſome high Admiral, were but a wand
> He walk'd with."———

The ſtimulus and ſenſibility which brings about this infinite variety, acts thus different, exactly fitted and proportioned by its wiſe contriver to the peculiarities of ſhrubs, and trees, and flowers, of every ſpecies, tribe, and claſs.

From

From the very wonderful mechaniſm of the plant, and from its juſtly proportioned irritability, the philoſopher accounts for all we have been reciting, and his ſtimuli are "light, heat, water, air, and electric fire."

The plant is the weather-glaſs of the hermit, and one which never yet deceived him. Hence the immortal Linnæus, from ſelecting plants which opened their flowers at every hour of the day, and of the night, formed his "horologium floræ," his almanac and botanical time-piece.

Every evening after ſunſet, plants put on their night dreſs, and buſily employ themſelves in drinking in and filling their ſap-veſſels with dew and nouriſhment for to-morrow's ſplendour. Thus ſhe eats and drinks, while yet ſhe ſeems to ſleep all night.

——"The light footed dews,
They in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhow'r
Herbs, flowers, and fruits."

How induſtriouſly does Nature employ herſelf in dreſſing out the flower, becauſe the deſtined receptacle for the fruit and depoſit of the ſeed.

The

The Tamarind tree encloſes its flower and embryo fruit in a downy bed of its own leaves, nurſing them with all a mother's fondneſs every night, and ſhe preſents them open to the cheering rays of the morning ſun.

There are leaves which roll up at the touch. The "Humble plant," ſhe bows down to pay you homage.

There is a plant imported from Bengal, which has two pendant lobes, one of which ſhe keeps moving alternately all day long.*

The Senſitive plant, coy, and over-modeſt, exhibits a feeling cloſely allied to animal. In its native clime it is employed as a "fly-catcher," and never parts with its prey alive from its graſp, and an annual amongſt us—"Venus's fly-trap" claſps round the fly, incloſing it in its teeth, and ſqueezing it to death. During this employ, the whole plant reſembles a circular rat-trap.

The Mimoſa viva, the ſmalleſt of the ſenſitive plants covers a large ſpot; and on your running a ſtick over it, it ſo ſhuts itſelf up, that you can write

* Hedyſarum movens, or burum Chandali.

your

your name upon it, which may be read for the ſpace of ten minutes.

A native of the eaſt, one of the "trefoils," called the moving plant, has its leaves in perpetual motion, twirling round and round in a circle. When you cut off a branch, and put the ſtalk into water, its leaves continue their circular twirl briſkly four and twenty hours.

One unbroken chain is lengthened out; and, throughout all Nature, uniting link by link, vegetable life with animal. What analogy, what order, beauty, and ſimplicity!

The qualities of mere matter, "ſolidity, extenſion, gravity," together with the loweſt degree of vegetation, compoſe the ſtone; but the organized body of the plant, its arteries, veins, air-pipes, ſap, and juices, ſo diſtinguiſh it, that it can never claſs with foſſils. The truffle, indeed, comes the neareſt of any vegetable, as it has neither root, leaf, or flower.

The will of the Creator regulates all that is amiable! The breath of Nature, how delicious! To the flower is given an elegance of form and beauty; but, where does it reſide? for it is of every ſize and ſhape, tortured and twiſted into every faſhion, a con-

a configuration diverſified without end. Its very look delights you, and its fragrancy, wafted by every gentle gale, perfumes the atmoſphere ſoon as ever you come near it, regaling thus two of our moſt pleaſurable ſenſes at once.

But do you not witneſs in all this ſtill more of the "utile dulci," the uſeful with what charms you. Utility is no leſs conſulted than beauty. The ſhape of the flower, and ſtill more its colours, are contrived ſo as to reflect heat. The corollæ, divided into petals, are only an aſſemblage of mirrors directed towards one focus. Thus it forms in its centre a warm ſnug bedding for its future offſpring.

A flower loſes much of its ſweetneſs at noon, but in our evening and morning walks, ſhe, with ſeeming conſciouſneſs, reſerves her fragrancy for a ſeaſon we enjoy it moſt.

"The twining jeſſamine, and the bluſhing roſe,
With laviſh grace their morning ſcents diſcloſe;
The ſmelling tub'roſe and jonquil declare,
The ſtronger impulſe of an evening air."

To taſte the air in all its ſweetneſs and full vigour, are you not charmed with its perfection juſt after a refreſhing ſhower?

The

The ſcent, ſo gratefully imparted, is an effluvia exhaling from the plant, and alike in each of the ſame ſpecies, but confined to that alone.

The combination of light and vital air, produces a vaſt variety of ſhade and colour, a deeper or a fainter dye, but chiefly in the bloom.

How much are the arts indebted to the flower! In our gaudieſt attire we take our pattern from its figure. Sculpture adopts it in her ſoſteſt ornaments. Architecture emulates its embelliſhments and grand deſigns, in wreaths, feſtoons and foliage; while painting borrows all her colours from the flower, and enriches the canvas with a lively imitation.

Brutes have no taſte or reliſh for the flower—they neither gaze on its charms nor browze on its ſweets, are not ſmitten with its beauty, or delighted with its ſmell; but (regardleſs of all) they trample on its gayeſt bloom and colouring. The bleſſings of the flower are given to man, and to him alone. No eye but his is raviſhed with its beauty, a finiſh to his hoſpitable board, the ornament of his diſhes, his table, and deſert—a garniſh, how ſightly and delicious! 'Tis the proudeſt ſight in his garden, the ſweet perfume of his chimney, amidſt the dog days and their ſultry heat.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Luxuriancy of the Seed. Diſtribution and Mode of Sowing. Sexes of Plants. Marriage. Winter Fruit raiſed. Budding or Engrafting. Wildlings. Experiments of the Huſbandman and Floriſt. Editions of the Works of Nature.

THE over-abounding luxuriancy of the ſeed of plants almoſt exceeds our comprehenſion. The proviſion of Nature made for their regular ſucceſſion is without limitation. Having iſſued out her grand commiſſion, "Be ye fruitful and multiply," the vegetable world enjoys her encreaſe, and that in perpetuity. Thus is the earth repleniſhed and covered with a freſh profuſion, year after year, from Nature's aſſiduity, from her liberal ſupply, the fertility of the farina, and the kindly warmth, and foſtering care, and cloſe embraces of the Mother plant.

The pollen, or farina, in a ſtate of fecundity, is conveyed in a ſun-beam; and, by a genial breeze, conducted to the boſom of the female plant, while in full flower and in all her glory. Fertility enſues, and ſo numerous do the infant tribe in miniature appear, they are cloſely allied to infinity.

A ſingle

A ſingle poppy-head contains thirty thouſand. The tobacco flower yields forty thouſand. A plant of fern bears a million; and the produce of ſeed collected from one elm tree, amounted to fifteen thouſand eight hundred and forty million. An oak yields three ſacks of acorns, and one ſingle grain of wheat two thouſand.

Reaſon, nay, even imagination, are in a manner loſt and ſwallowed up in the immenſity of calculation. Our Ideas are too few, and they are far too narrow for the infinite foreſight of the "Creator," in the ample ſupply he has given us. Such a prodigious chain of numbers are excitements only of our admiration. The Author of Nature here, more eſpecially, though he has been, as it were, careful to ſtamp on every thing this feature of infinity and character of Deity, he choſe it ſhould reſide but every where!

To this end it is he has provided ſo vaſt a multiplicity of flowers, male and female, that the vitality of the plant and fecundation of the ſeed ſhould never fail.

What various methods are employed in the ſowing and diſtribution of the ſeed of plants.

The

The ſpontaneous fall of it is called its parturition or delivery. Great numbers drop on the ground, and as they ſpring up embelliſh the ſpot around the Mother plant now withered. In order to be ſown at a diſtance, ſome ſeed are furniſhed with wings to aſſiſt their flight. Others are ſo feathered as to be wafted every where.

——"The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and cloathe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeed ſhe wings."

Some light on the fleece of ſheep and the hair of beaſts, and are ſcattered whereſoever they are driven. Mice, hedgehogs, and others, convey the ſeed of plants, and even acorns have been thus ſown on the tops of mountains. Some ſeed are provided with little barks, and ſail along the rivers to ſow themſelves on diſtant ſhores. A vegetable fleet will proceed on in its courſe night and day with the current of the rivulets, and without a pilot. There are pods in a ſunny hour burſt open of themſelves; the little embryo, impatient of reſtraint, ſtarts from its cell with an exploſion.

The pulp of a berry ſwallowed by a bird, its ſeed is returned, undigeſted, with a greater aptitude for vegetation.

The

The naturaliſt has always remarked that moſt birds re-ſow themſelves the vegetables that feeds them.

The ſeed of plants are intermixed with the food and ſwallowed down by other animals, ſuch often remain in a perfect ſtate, are carried to a diſtance, and depoſited ripe and in greater perfection, together with a rich manure.

"With ſuch a liberal hand does Nature fling
Their ſeeds abroad—blow them about in winds,
Innumerous mix them with the nurſing mould,
The moiſtening current and prolific rain."

Swine and moles prepare a fertile ſoil, and delicately light appear their hillocks, the finer earth grubbed up and ſifted forwards a quick growth to many a ſcattered ſeed. But who in every ſeed has placed the plant in ſuch elegant complications for its ſafety?

Plants are of both ſexes, male and female; their differing bloom attracts the gardener's eye, he, ever watchful, brings about a happy union, and by his early marriage, feaſts you in winter with the ſummer's fruit, the offspring of his ſkill and their fecundity.

As you ſee in birds, ſo among plants, the male appears the gaudieſt. He is a ſweetly ſcented beau,

beſprinkled and bepowdered with a light farina, the liberal ſource of his fertility.

By Nature guided, and by her tuition, this fertile embryo duſt, lighting on the boſom of a mother of its own ſpecies, becomes a riſing race of future beauties. But we, indeed, ſtill more are we regaled and gratified, for the over-abounding luxuriancy, wafted by a genial breeze, perfumes the breath of Nature all around us.

A noon-day zephyr, ſoft and gentle, wafts the gay farina, and from plant to plant. The open boſom of the female flower is the marriage bed which now expands to receive the fertilizing duſt, and there it is lodged, and cloathed, and cheriſhed.

Beſides this very uſual mode of conveyance, Nature makes uſe of a vaſt variety of others, intending to ſhew hereby, that a union and ſome intercourſe always takes place between the male and female plants; and ſhe has taken a variety of methods to diſperſe the farina even of thoſe plants in which the male and female are both of them placed under the ſame empalement.

Here Nature finiſhes her firſt elaborate proceſs, and enſures to the plant her ſucceſſion, and in perpetuity.

With

With no leſs induſtry is ſhe now employed in her tuition to the female plant, now a mother grown, how ſhe ſhall nurſe, and feed, and ſafely keep the ſeedling offspring entruſted to her love.

Thus to the vegetable world ſhe gives "exiſtence, ſprightlineſs, utility."

Not a down on any ſhrub, or fruit, or plant—not a colour of leaf—not a cavity, intertexture, or prickle, but what ſhews utility.

Evident proofs of what deſign, of what wiſe proviſion and contrivance? Let us trace the progreſs yet a little further. We have ſeen the farina ſafely conveyed to its deſtined home, ſkilfully attracted, ſelected, and ſhut up in the boſom of the mother; but—who has kept it uncontaminate and pure? The farina of each flower, by itſelf diſtinct from all other, till now lodged in the full blown female flower of its own tribe and ſpecies, ſealed up for her, and conſigned to her alone, by a law which never varies?

The genus thus of every plant, by Nature's thoughtful care and love of order, preſerves its ſcent immaculate, and all its qualities, cloſe kept for its own ſpecies, but for that in perpetuity. How unerring is Nature throughout all her operations.

What precautions ſhe uſes that the ſeveral ſpecies ſhould be propagated out of their own proper ſeed only, without confuſion?

Each flower commences a new plant, and cheriſhes its ſeedling charge, during its embryo exiſtence, until its birth. Then terminate the duties and all the tender offices which belong to the mother plant, reſpecting qualities, and figure, and formation.

This proceſs firſt began in her a little before autumn, and a ſagacious eye, oft at this ſeaſon, has ſurprized Nature buſily employed in thus preparing beds of accommodation, and in cloathing of her future progeny. They may, indeed, be called her own, for after this (the widowed plant herſelf decayed), Nature afreſh takes up her ſeedling charge, a nurſing mother, and leads them, ſtep by ſtep, their caterer and ſupport, throughout life's numerous ſtages to its end.

The genial warmth and fertile breeze which had cheriſhed and wafted the farina, while afloat, conveyed it in a ſun-beam to a neighbouring flower wide open, which then, and not till then, acquired perfection from enjoyment. Henceforward vegetation (as far as it reſpected the ſeed and its fertility), was in its natural progreſs, and ſecure of its ſucceſſion.

But, ſhould ſome few forward plants, houſed or ſheltered in a glaſs or frame, puſh forth an early bloſſom, male and female, and want the ſun-beam and the mild zephyr (its ſummer aid), the watchful gardener, with a ſkilful hand collects the Pollen (called farina), and with the lighteſt touch ſprinkles the embryo duſt amidſt the female tribe, although the buſy bee (quitting its hive every ſunny hour), ſcatters it, and from bloom to bloom, with a far lighter touch than he.

In the kitchen garden, the melon, pumpkin, and cucumber frames, exhibit to the curious eye the diſtinction in the bloſſom, and this whole procedure.

"Plants have their ſexes, and when Summer ſhines
The bee tranſports the fertilizing meal
From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed uſe.
Not ſo—when Winter ſcowls. Aſſiſtant art
Then acts in Nature's office, brings to paſs
The glad eſpouſals, and enſures the crop."

In aquatic plants the marriage ceremony is the moſt extraordinary and curious of them all. When the period of maturity arrives, the virgin plant ſhoots up her ſprightly flower, by a ſlender ſtalk, above the ſurface of the water. At this moment, the flower of the male ſnaps—is broken off and ſwims, aided by the wind, to meet its deſtined

bride; when, and not before, he puffs a full blaſt of pure farina in her open boſom. Fertility enſues, and the ſpiral peduncle, with its ſlender ſtalk, which upheld the female flower, ſilently bends down, hides, cloſes up, and now withdraws quite underneath the water.

The Nymphea extends at its feet a wide ſpread foliage like a verdant platform, with roſes of yellow gold. This and other aquatics, be the water in which they grow ever ſo deep, all of them ſend up their flower-ſtems until they reach the ſurface, when the flowers expand, and the farina is blown amongſt them. The natural hiſtory of the nymphea and aquatic plants in general, has been the ſubject of a lecture lately read in the literary and philoſophic ſociety, inſtituted at Grand Cairo, at which "Buonaparte" ſat as preſident.

Aquatics differ from other plants in their leaves, branches, and configuration of their ſeed; for theſe laſt are often ſeen to perform long voyages. Some float in ſea-water and ſink in freſh (although lighter only by one thirty-ſecond part), ſo nice a balance is preſerved by Nature. Who ſteers theſe vegetable fleets? With the current and the ſtream, without a pilot, they ſail along to unknown regions, and get a footing in their ſoils.

The

The fruit is the perfection of all her proceſs—Nature's ultimate labour, the termination of her productions throughout the vegetable world. What wonderful care has ſhe beſtowed on its formation and preſervation? You may ſee in the plant a variety of envelopes, ſome of which ſurround its leaves, ſome it flowers, and others its intended fruit. What induſtry, care, and wiſe precautions? Nature, when ſhe has formed her encloſure, lines it with down, or caſes it over with glue, or wraps it up in a bag, ſomehow or other ſhe defends it even before its expanſion bud; but after this becomes viſible, ſhe doubles all her precautions by weaving it ſkins, placing it in pith and ſhells, in pods, in capſules, huſks, and even in a caſe of thorns.

Could a cradle be contrived more ſoft and yielding for the embryo fruit, or more exhibit the tenderneſs of a parent's care, her foreſight, or her aſſiduity?

Amongſt fruit trees, might not the farina of one bloſſom be intermixed by ſprinkling it over the bloſſoms of an inferiour tree of the ſame claſs, in order to improve the flavour and quality of its fruit; and a Floriſt, by a like proceſs and intermar-

riage, might he not be gratified with a far ſuperior flower?*

The delicious taſte and excellency of our fruit is acquired from budding or engrafting.

A branch of a young tree, inſerted through the bark into the main trunk of an old one, has been the means of producing plenty of fruit, and of an excellent quality; but the trees made choice of for engrafting, are uſually thoſe which are young, vigorous, and full of ſap.

By chance a bird depoſited ſome ripe fruit in the cleft or chink of a tree—from wet and rotten wood it found a bed, rooted and grew, and in time it

* Juſt before theſe Eſſays were ſent to the preſs, a letter was given in to the Royal Society, deſcribing ſome ſucceſsful trials of this proceſs in eſculent plants. New ſpecies and varieties he obtained hereby. Mr. Knight found it a better means of correcting the defects of ſome ſoils and ſituations, than any yet known. "Improved varieties (ſays he) of every fruit and eſculent plant, may be obtained by this proceſs; and as the variety has hitherto been the produce of accident, it will rarely happen that accident has done all that art would be found able to accompliſh." He concludes, "A ſingle buſhel of improved wheat or peas, may, in ten years, be made to yield ſeed enough to ſupply the whole iſland; and a ſingle fruit tree may, within the ſame time, be extended to every garden in it."

budded.

budded. Straight from the old ſtem roſe up quite a young tree, and bearing a quite different fruit. Such ſingular growth you not unuſually find in gaps of trees. The miſtletoe * often vegetates in clefts and gaps, and ſpreads a pompous buſh full of berries. On ſight of this the huſbandman improved the hint, and a bearing ſhoot of one tree he inſerted into the ſtock or larger branch of another—this he calls budding. From one and the ſame tree he thus raiſed ſeveral ſorts of fruit.

The ſeed, kernel, or ſtone of fruit, when ſown, produces only a wilding, ſour, harſh, and crabbed. By having recourſe to engrafting, the gardener brings about its bearing fruit of excellent flavour.

This new growth and unlooked-for variety in the fruit tree, led the Floriſt to inſert ſprigs of different coloured roſes, on the ſtem of a full grown buſh, whereby he was gratified with the ſight of the white, red, yellow, damaſk, ſtriped, and cabbage roſe, on one and the ſame ſtock.

Of late, gooſeberries and currants have been in a like manner ſeen plentifully bearing their ſeparate fruits on one and the ſame buſh.

* Leaves of miſtletoe are great aſſwagers of thirſt.

Had

Had not chance or accident furniſhed us with the hint, would all our reſearches into the works of Nature have led us to the knowledge of it!

The vegetable world, throughout every genus, tribe, and claſs, attains to full perfection. How are we at once delighted both with its ſameneſs and variety! Every plant, of every ſpecies, is conſtructed on a ſeparate plan. Although each one is alike, yet each one exhibits ſomething new, ſomething of its own characteriſtic and original in lineaments, or air, or habit, attitude or colour. Thus ſhe puts on a new face every day, "a little differing but not much." See but the changes of her fancy—Nature, ſhe never forms two blades of graſs and ſtripes them juſt alike. In a bed of tulips, or a border of pinks, are there any two turned and ſtriped, and coloured juſt alike—ſome nobly bold, and with the richeſt dye, and others faint and delicately pale. The flower, indeed, Nature paints with ſuch ſurpaſſing elegance, and ſhe chuſes for it, with ſo much judgment, guided by a taſte which ever pleaſes, and which never errs. Compared with her manufactures, the moſt admired chints, what are they but the coarſeſt daub and imitation. Thus each day ſhe embelliſhes her works a-new; and the plant, ſo trim and gay in its new dreſs, appears another tree, and plant, and ſhrub, and flower.

flower. Aſſortments and productions, ſo many, and ſo differing, exhibit freſh impreſſions of the works of Nature.

The ſeaſons * are publications of her book in perpetual rotation. At every one, Nature ſhe ſeems to print off quite a new edition of her works. A family face, indeed, is very common among plants, and includes whole genera and even claſſes, as you ſee in the umbelliferous plants, in the wormwoods, and many others. But is this remark confined ſolely to plants and vegetable life?—we ſometimes obſerve in ourſelves the rare and (as it were) the cunning workmanſhip of Nature, admirable as well in making ſo many ſundry countenances, one unlike another, "a little differing, yet not much"† as alſo in ſometimes forming ſome (though it very rarely falls out) wonderfully according and alike. The Seaſons—

"Theſe as they change, *Almighty Father!* theſe,
Are but the varied God."

——"The rolling year
Is full of thee! Forth in the pleaſing Spring,
Thy beauty walks. Thy tenderneſs and love.

* In order to diverſify the year and create a uſeful variety of ſeaſons, the plane of the earth's *equator* interſects that of her orbit.

† —— Facies non omnibus una
Nec diverſa tamen.——

Then

Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months.
A yellow floating pomp, thy bounty ſhines
In Autumn unconfined———
In Winter dreadful *Thou!*
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful, mix'd with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade, unperceived, ſo ſoftning into ſhade,
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole,
That as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill."

Nature ſtrikes you with no leſs beauty in the apple-bloſſom, than in the ripening fruit and mellow. No leſs in the opening bud than in the full-blown roſe. To ſome, indeed, ſhe is ſo laviſh of her favours, as, in ſocial ſweetneſs, all at once to cloathe them with buds and bloſſoms, leaves and fruit, both green and yellow ripe. We are compelled to own, however, that in general (in order to delight us more) ſhe is oft-times frugal of her embelliſhments and ſhining qualities, and, like a judicious painter, who throughout his canvas ſtudies to preſerve ſimplicity, a unity of deſign and colouring—ſo Nature throughout all her works.

I ſhall not be thought tedious in cloſing my beauties of Nature with Cowper's exhibition of his green-houſe.

"All

"All plants, of every leaf, that can endure
The Winter's frown, if ſcreen'd from her ſhrewd bite,
Live here and proſper.———
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and ſnug,
While the winds whiſtle and the ſnows deſcend.
The ſpiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
Shines there and flouriſhes. The golden boaſt
Of Portugal and Weſtern India there,
The ruddier orange and the paler lime,
Peep through their poliſh'd foliage at the ſtorm,
And ſeem to ſmile at what they need not fear.
The amomum there with intermingling flowers,
And cherries hang their twigs. Geranium boaſts
Her crimſon honours, and the ſpangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the Winter long."

SECT.

SECT. V.

Age—Death of the Plants. Their Putrefaction—Its Uſes. Its elementary Particles remain—Wrought up anew. Leſſons from Vegetable Life—Its Perpetuity.

THE preceding Sections have laboured at an attempt (however feeble) to follow Nature in her hidden walk, and view her ſilent workings in the plant. Her expanſion and movements in the opening ſeed, her firſt ſtruggle, early ſhoot, and footing in the ſoil. Its nouriſhment and milky juice, which it ſucks in deliciouſly, and how ſhe ſwells from its luxuriance, meeting a full ſupply. Soon you ſee the opening of the earth and its firſt peep. Eye but her early efforts (modeſt and ſhy) a ſeedling, under Nature's charge, in ſearch of air, and ſun, and foſtering dews.

How cautious doth ſhe enter into life and peep on day! Her dreſs ſo cloſely fitted, and ſo delicately wove! See her prudence, induſtry, and perſeverance. In time more ſtately grown, and bold and comely, her ſtrength ſhe feels and hardineſs.

The plant at length attains perfection and maturity. While thus in ſtately prime, and enjoying life in ſo much ſweetneſs, a hopeful progeny ſhe at

at the ſame time is rearing up and cheriſhing; whence ſhe enſures ſucceſſion, bliſs, and perpetuity.

You have her now, alas! to view a faded beauty. Her powers grown languid, and her body droop'd. Soon, too ſoon, in tattered weeds, a ſpectacle, no more admired, a houſing only to her infant brood, ſhe awaits their ripening, and then (figure unknown, and form forgot), the gardener's hoe and burial.*

* A few lines, yet unprinted, expreſs the idea, in the elegant language of the late much-lamented WILLIAM COWPER.

"THE Poplars are fell'd and adieu to the ſhade,
And the ſoft whiſpering breeze of the cool colonnade,
The winds play no longer, and ſing thro' the leaves,
Nor the ooze on its ſurface their image receives.
Twelve months have elapſed ſince I laſt took a view
Of the fields that I lov'd and the banks where they grew.
Now, behold! on their ſides in the graſs they are laid,
And I ſit on thoſe trees under which I have ſtray'd.
The black bird has ſought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a ſkreen from the heat,
And thoſe ſcenes where his notes have oft charm'd me before,
Will reſound with his ſlow-moving ditty no more.
Thus my fugitive years are all paſſing away,
And I muſt myſelf lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breaſt, and a ſtone at my head,
Ere another ſuch grove has grown up in its ſtead.
The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleaſures we ſee
Have a ſtill ſhorter date and die ſooner than we."

The

The glory of the Summer-months, their fertile ſhowers and foſtering dews, having brought to the vegetable world its fair perfection, and now emptied all her ſtores of plenty and delight.* Autumn by ſlow degrees advances—when

——" The fading many colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over ſhade the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To ſooty dark."

At this ſtill ſeaſon, all tranquillity, and not without its other charms, year after year, the leaf of the fruit-tree and perennial ſhrub arrays itſelf in cloth of gold, a prelude to its fall. Stript of its finery and naked thus, to all appearance, under wintry blaſts, it ſleeps, it dies.

" How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful!"

—While yet, vegetation, ſhe, in truth, is only ſucking in her ſtores abundant, and gathering vigour for the coming year.

" All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter."——

She (a good œconomiſt) employs herſelf (however ſecret), and is fattening with the richeſt ſap;

* ——" Aurea fruges
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu."

for

for, having no expenditure or waſte at this dead period, the plant is hoarding up new ſweets and treaſures for a future bloom. In each ſucceeding ſpring its vital principle reanimates. From Nature's genial warmth, her mild ethereal breath and lengthened light, its vigour is renewed. Relenting Nature! ſhe (as it were) herſelf awakes, as ſtarting from her bed, and from her hoarded ſtores, cloaths it afreſh in buds, and leaves, and ſhoots, and flowers.

The lives of plants are marked, indeed, by periods like our own, and we admire not only its ſpring ſhoot and coming bud, its bloſſom and its fruit; but, its grandeur alſo even in decay. Like ourſelves too, infancy in them is always tender, weak, and helpleſs; but, ſtep by ſtep, advancing and advanced, the plant arrives at its full growth, and much enjoys its youthful prime, its ſtately figure, and its bloom. Soon after this, the buſh and bearing fruit-tree, each is crowned with the rich prize and bleſſings of maturity. When now, as ſeaſons change, it changes, and in age again it droops and ſickens—vital powers and vital heat diminiſh, and at length they ceaſe; enfeebled, faint, and weak, ſhe totters to her laſt and final change. The pride of Lebanon, its ancient cedars have been ſeen to flouriſh two thouſand years and more. The Britiſh oak, our tree of liberty, unmatched our guardian ſtands, and is our longeſt liver here.

The lowly ſhrub and quivering plant arrive at their perfection ſhortly, after which they ſoon appear ſcrubby, faded, and undreſſed; loſe their beauty, dry and wither, and laſt of all corrupt.

The plant and flowering ſhrub, a putrid maſs, tumbles from its ſtatelineſs a heap of ruins, now about to decompoſe into ſuch principles and ſelf-ſame elements, to which it owed its birth and growth, its vital heat and life; for, after parturition and delivery, the mother plant, in tattered weeds, a ſkeleton unſightly and forlorn, her vital principle for ever fled, awaits the dunghill and the gardener's broom, while oft you ſee an infant tribe, innumerable, burſting into being and ſpringing up around her. Daily theſe (a ſturdy race) ſelf-ſown, acquire new ſtrength in root, and ſhoot, and foliage. Dame Nature's tender charge, they ever at her breaſt, and tugging ſweet, imbibe nutrition. Oh! Earth how inexhauſtible thy ſtores throughout thy empire. Oh! Nature, how unwearied thy attention and thy love!

Even the ſubſtance, called the body of the plant, though it may be ſaid to die, it does not wholly periſh—its elementary particles, with reſpect to theſe, they all remain. The ſap, indeed, it flows no more, ſince having no ſupply, no more it riſes, and its organic ſtructure now moulders into duſt; but in the grand elaboratory of Nature, (its

(its vitality, however deſtroyed, and its ſtructure decompoſed) its elements remain, are again attracted and again wrought up in ſure ſucceſſion, and become the generating cauſe of life anew. Each element and particle, ſuch as at firſt had entered into the compoſition of the plant and formed its various parts, being now again ſeparated and decompoſed, they become afreſh obedient to Nature's univerſal law, form new combinations, renew their firſt principles; and, having undergone a vegetable putrefaction, enriches its own ſoil, feeds and invigorates every plant around it.

"See matter new with various life endued,
Preſs to one centre ſtill the general good;
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
And life diſſolving vegetate again!!"

What active powers are given to putrefaction, both vegetable and animal! How provident is Nature, and to how many uſes ſhe converts them!

"The ſtable yields a ſtercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting ſalts,
And potent to reſiſt the freezing blaſt."

Plants enjoy their deſtined happineſs, and in all its glory. What ſcents ſo pleaſing! What taſte and flavour ſo delicious! What dreſs ſo comely, and what tints and colourings are ſo gay! Solomon, in eaſtern majeſty and Arabia's ſweets, was not arrayed like one of them.

For, who ſo gaily trimmed and dreſſed each plant, each flower? Who dyed its colours and perfumed its breath? From the ſelf-ſame glebe who extracted for each bloſſom fair its varying hues, and with ſo juſt a taſte and ſo much beauty?

> "Why does one climate and one ſoil endue
> The bluſhing Poppy with a crimſon hue,
> Yet leave the Lily white, the Violet blue?"

The greateſt of all Maſters drew his leſſons of inſtruction from Nature, becauſe eaſieſt underſtood.

The doctrine of a future exiſtence he taught from vegetable life, the proceſs of the opening ſeed.

A grain of wheat, had it not died, would continue unmultiplied. In the earth it corrupts, burſts, and becomes rotten. Again it is reanimated, lives afreſh and flouriſhes, enjoys anew its riſing ſap, its ſpring-ſhoot, its vernal bloom, and its maturity, the parent of a numerous offspring, a multitude of grain.

Copying his Maſter, Paul (in his anſwer to the Corinthian Deiſt) brings a ſimilar proof alſo of the certainty of that grand event from vegetative life, expatiating on the obvious difference between the body that dies, and that in which it riſes, between the ſeed ſown and the plant it produces, as an alluſion to a ſight ſo familiar, forcibly illuſtrated his

his argument; then (aſſuming the dignity of an inſpired Apoſtle) after this manner, like to the ſpringing of a grain of wheat—"Shall this corruptible put on incorruption, and this mortal body immortality."

Loſs of beauty, form, and colour, follow after full maturity, and the mother plant (emboſomed in a numerous offspring, cloathed, and fenced, and houſed) withers, but to be again reſtored to youthful bloom, or in itſelf or its poſterity.

Thus is the vegetable world perpetuated, and in ſweet ſucceſſion, ſecures to itſelf an IMMORTALITY.

ESSAY II.

ON THE

ANIMAL CREATION. SOUL OF A BRUTE.

"And God ſaid—Let Earth bring forth cattle, and creeping things, and beaſts of the field.

——— Earth obey'd———
Opening her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown———
Among the trees in pairs they roſe—they walk'd.
——The flocks already fleeced and bleating roſe
Like plants———
——— now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts; then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane.—

SECT. I.

Introductory and general Remarks on the Brute Creation—Analogy to Plants. Remarks on their Beauty, Agility, and Uſefulneſs. On the Cow—Ox—Sheep.

THE brute creation make the ſubject of Natural Hiſtory called ZOOLOGY.

Authors have defined the brute an animal * deſtitute of reaſon, while yet, all their actions evidently diſcover intelligence. Should we not rather con-

* The word Animal is derived from "Anima" a ſoul, and denotes a ſomething endued with a ſoul.

ceive of them as ſomething more than mere machines, as of creatures endowed with ſelf-will and choice, who can move where they pleaſe, or lie down at reſt, who act for themſelves from a ſelf-directed principle within, be it inſtinct, reaſon, intellect, or what you will.

In whatever reſpect you view the whole ſpecies, they appear an immenſe bulk of organized matter, an animated and numerous tribe, very curiouſly formed, deſtined to many and various offices, as well of ſelf-enjoyment as of uſefulneſs to man. The wiſeſt proviſion and moſt exact ſkill we ſee applied and conſulted in their equal poiſe, proportion and ſymmetry, with wonderful art adapted to poſture, action, feeding, and ſuited to the element in which they live.

Some walk, ſome creep, ſome fly, ſome ſwim, but each has its body and various organs beſt fitted and diſpoſed for the progreſſion intended it. How demonſtrative of the infinite wiſdom of the Creator and his workmanſhip! No leſs in the Mite than the Elephant, furniſhing the ſmalleſt with muſcles, nerves, veins, arteries, blood, and brains, as complete and as uſeful as in the largeſt.

Throughout the infinity of claſſes, into which both the vegetable and animal creation are divided, individuals

individuals all differ, yet, while ſo differing, they preſerve a very ſtriking beauty.

The Author of Nature has not confined our idea of it to any certain proportion or mathematical line. In vegetable life we find nothing ſo beautiful as flowers; while yet, they are of every ſhape, tortured and twiſted into every faſhion, a configuration diverſified without end; ſo in like manner we ſee it widely differ in almoſt every ſpecies of the brute. The beauty of the Horſe's neck, compared with the ſhort turn of the Cat's, and the neck of the Dog, beauty appears in all. The lengthened neck of the Swan, and the ſhort compaſs of the Peacock's, are not both of them beautiful?

Taking a ſurvey of the animal creation, (among which you ſurely muſt include the human ſpecies) but whether men therefore or quadrupeds, the inhabitants of air or thoſe of water, we are ſtruck with the prodigious variety we ſee, ſo widely differing in faſhion and ſhape, while yet compounded all of them, of fleſh and blood, bones and teguments, numberleſs points in which they all agree, accommodated to ſenſual and animal life, together with its enjoyment. Every claſs of animal life is more or leſs endowed with certain organs of ſenſe, inlets to a knowledge which furniſhes them with prudent

prudent caution, ſentiment, intelligence, and ſagacity.

To provide in the beſt poſſible manner for the ſeveral wants of the brute, and to diſplay the riches of his wiſdom and goodneſs, Providence has varied theſe their outward organs of ſenſe, which in general are not unſimilar to our own. Tied down to no rules, he is infinite in his modes, cauſing them widely to differ in almoſt all the ſpecies. In the eye, particularly, a diverſity (hardly ſhort of infinity) is ſeen in their poſition, ſize, number, acuteneſs, movements, &c. A Mole, for inſtance, has only one humour in its eye, giving her the idea of light only, and even this is made painful to her, that ſhe may haſtily retreat and ſeek her ſafety under ground. In ſome the outward organs of ſight, hearing, ſmell, are exquiſitely acute, and in others how blunt and imperfect.

"What modes of ſight betwixt the wide extreme,
The Mole's dim curtain, and the Sphinx's beam."

A like variety, wiſe proviſion, and cautious procedure runs through all creation, an intelligence which informs the brute of the moſt prudent means whereby it may provide for its ſecurity, enjoyment, and ſubſiſtence. Is not our reaſon oft-times leſs infallible than their inſtinct?

What

What you cannot but admire is, that every change, twiſt, and turn of fibre, or of muſcle, is ſo much more properly adapted to the animal's way of life than any other caſt, or turn, or texture, could have been.

In every varied mode and formation, the object conſulted apparently ſeems to have been utility, convenience, ſuitability, and ſubſiſtence; but, while conforming to all this, the wiſe Author of Nature has by no means been wanting in his allotment of beauty and the graces—circumſcribed by no laws but thoſe of his own wiſdom, his meaſures of allotment and rules for acting, are ample as infinity.

Beaſts are ſuch uſeful ſervants, intelligent, and ſo tractable, that it has always been thought worth our while to attend upon them, and, as a valuable part of our family, to provide for their comfort and ſupport.

Quadrupeds, our fellow inhabitants on earth, not ſoaring in a higher element like birds, they are ſo much about us, and ſo well know their maſter's footſtep and his voice, we may with juſt propriety reſemble them to a ſilent friend, poſſeſſed of much knowledge, although they only expreſs it by geſtures and dumb ſhew.

In

In point of intelligence, animals differ widely from one another; in a ſtate of Nature they ſeem much actuated by appetite; but with reſpect to intellectual faculties, they ſurely differ ſtill more widely from man. Man holds (as it were) a ſovereignty, the dominion of mind over a principle in them at leaſt much leſs exalted and refined from matter. From this our ſuperiority and intellectual powers, do we not ſeem to them to ſtand in the place of God, to act as his vicegerent, and empowered to receive homage from them in his name? and, by the ſelf-ſame tenure, as well as from mutual advantage, together with their good offices, are we not obliged to be their guardians and benefactors. May not the ſentiment be enforced from this conſideration, that as the lives and happineſs of the brute creation are much entruſted to us, and dependent on our wills, we are led reaſonably to ſuppoſe, that our lives and happineſs are in a not diſſimilar way dependent on the wills of beings above us. We may hence conclude alſo, that ſeeing our inability to give life, we ought not wantonly to take it away from the meaneſt inſect. Has it not received life from the ſame benevolent hand as ourſelves, and ſurely therefore it has an equal right to enjoy it?

You cannot but obſerve the gradation varying to an almoſt infinite degree in the organization, powers, and intelligence of animals.

As furtheſt removed from the brute, take Man* for the ſtandard, place him as it were at the head —trace out from thence the weaker rays of intelligence through animal life and vegetation. How gradual the deſcent in their ſubordinate claſſes, while yet they imitate the actions of man. The voice, indeed, and powers of utterance, ſeem confined to the bird. You may purſue the inquiry with advantage through the "ſenſes, ſight, hearing, ſmell, and memory;" but here the boaſted ſuperiority of Man is loſt; the human face muſt be conſidered as poſſeſſing moſt of beauty, and no one will give up the ſuperiority of his intellectual powers; yet, in every thing elſe, the European is the leaſt perfect—the African excels him; and reſpecting his other excellencies, the organs of the brute are by far the moſt perfect of them all.

The bodies of animals, in like manner as the trunks of plants, are made up of veſſels, teguments

* *European.* His head being nobly arched, contains a larger proportion of brain. His face a perpendicular, chin rounded and well ſhaped, noſe prominent, a variety and fulneſs of expreſſion in the features. How graceful the flowing locks and ringlets of a European female, her attitude erect, her gait majeſtic, roſy cheeks, and coral lips; what an elegant bluſh overſpreads and ſoftens the features, emblem of modeſty, of delicate ſenſibility and intelligence. The mild and winning paſſions, how expreſſive in the countenance, a complexion combining ſweetneſs with elegance!

and

and juices; like them, they are endowed with internal motion, receive nouriſhment, grow and expand. Their food taken in by the mouth is forwarded to the inteſtines, whence veſſels called lacteals, analogous to the roots of vegetables, convey the nutriment throughout the body, by a currency not unlike the circulation of ſap in trees and plants.

We are taught by anatomical diſſections, that the various parts which compoſe their bodies, differ widely in their ſtructure throughout every ſpecies. Infinite Wiſdom has appointed to each claſs its well ſuited and appropriate balance, adapting it with exact ſymmetry to the body it has to move and direct, correſponding with its manner of life and the functions to be performed.

The moſt accurate mathematician could not have contrived, nor the moſt ſkilful mechanic execute, a machine ſo advantageous for motion as the legs of animals in general, and the wing of a bird in particular. In the flight of the latter we witneſs the amazing power of mind over the inertneſs of matter, as you ſee in birds of paſſage, as alſo their ſtrength. A carrier Pigeon will fly eighty miles in an hour. A Horſe runs four miles in ſeven minutes. The ſtrength and rapidity of motion in many, even the minuteſt animals, is truly aſtoniſhing.

The Kangaroo leaps to ſo uncommon a height, and to ſo great a diſtance, as to outſtrip the ſwifteſt grey-hound; the Siberian Jerboa,* an animal about the ſize of a large rat, ſprings forward by ſucceſſive leaping ſo nimbly, that it is ſaid to be very difficult for a man well mounted to overtake it: a Flea can leap to the diſtance of at leaſt two hundred times its own length, exceeding any thing which animals of a greater magnitude are capable of; and the motion of a Mite is much quicker than that of the ſwifteſt Race-horſe.

This ſpring and well contrived balance, is as apparent in the limbs and bodies of the largeſt animal as in the ſmalleſt—in the Elephant as in the Mouſe.

How much does the brute conduce to our health, our ſupport, convenience and pleaſures! We owe to them our food and clothing. Our feelings are oft-times hurt, by reflecting how our bodies are ſhielded from cold and our appetites even pampered, at the expence of our beſt regards for ſome of our moſt favourite animals. The Cow forms a part of our riches; "ſhe returneth with

* The Jerboa, or two-legged Rat, has his hind legs five or ſix times longer than two ſmall feet before. This animal ſprings forward only by jumping; but ſo well contrived is its balance, as always to fall on all four of its feet at once.

her

her burthen at the appointed hour"—fills our dairy with milk, cream, butter, cheeſe. We feaſt on her fleſh, and ſalt it and dry it; ſhe ſupplies us with tallow and greaſe and leather; her very breath is a medicine, and her dung what excellent manure! The ſteady labours of the ſturdy Ox, and his perſeverance at the plough, how uſeful! Patient and ever ready, he by his toil clothes the field with all the pomp of harveſt. But amongſt the beautiful variety of animals, with which Divine Providence has ſtored the world for the uſe of Man, the Sheep may juſtly claim a ſuperior degree of regard in reſpect to its general utility. By it, we are not only ſupplied with wholeſome food, but "ſhe lends us her own coat againſt the winter's cold," with much of our raiment; and ſhe ſupplies us alſo with ſkins, parchment, vellum, glue, candles and ſoap; even its horns are uſeful, being wrought into buttons, and many articles of convenience and ornament; the very trotters afford a nouriſhing meal, and from them a valuable oil is alſo extracted: nor does the utility of the animal end here; its bones, by a chemical proceſs, yield a volatile ſpirit and pungent ſalt, and its aſhes form a uſeful and eſſential ingredient in the compoſition of the fineſt artificial ſtone. In ſhort, this animal affords employment for thouſands of various kinds of artificers, and materially tends to the ornament of our houſes and to enrich our commerce.

Diſſections

Diſſections of the brute, as well as obſervation, ſhew us, that in proportion as the animal is formed for ſtrength its ſwiftneſs is leſſened; and, as it is formed for ſwiftneſs its ſtrength is abated. A wiſe proviſion, manifeſt deſign and aptitude for the functions to be performed—how conſpicuous in every varying claſs! The Author of Nature, has he not ſtamped infinity on all his modes of operation?

SECT. II.

Anatomical Views, and further Thoughts on their Faculties and Intelligence.

AMONG the larger claſſes, ſo great is the ſimilarity between the entrails of brutes and thoſe of men, that in the anatomical ſchool, from reſpectful delicacy, the ancients read their public lectures over ſlaughtered animals. Phyſiology in thoſe early periods was always taught, and the action and uſe of the parts explained from diſſections on the brute.

Galen, the firſt learned phyſician at Athens, and highly celebrated profeſſor at Rome was, at a public theatre, converted by his own diſſections, and ever after, Galen reverentially acknowledged a "Supreme Being," and devoutly worſhipped him from ſeeing this part of his "handy-work."

In oſteology, ſo ſimilar are the ſkeletons of ſome of the monkey ſpecies to the human ſkeleton, that none but a ſkilful anatomiſt can diſcover the characteriſtic marks which diſtinguiſh them. And as to figure and action (ſince few diſtinguiſh between thoſe that are genuine and ſuch as are counterfeit) the

the Ape muſt always excite ſurprize and humiliation; for it muſt be ſaid of this animal, that he proves his relationſhip to us, not only by the faſhion of his bones and reſemblance to us in its body, ear, noſe, teeth, and hand, but in that of his mind alſo; inaſmuch as many of them, in common with other brutes, (in an imperfect manner at leaſt) poſſeſs moſt of the eminent paſſions, together with a very ſuperior cunning and mimicry, which laſt is "reflection," and even "thought," or very cloſely indeed allied to them both.

Perhaps there is no one paſſion we know of belonging to human nature, which may not be found in ſome brute creature, and in a conſiderable degree.

In like manner, as a cloſe union ſubſiſts between vegetative life and animal, Man is veſted with the qualities of both, and partakes of them both. He is ſown, vegetates, grows up, expands, comes to maturity, withers, dies, like any of the vegetable tribe.

When we compare Man with the brute creation, we find in them both a ſelf-moving organized body, with diverſe powers and faculties, not unlike in heart and lungs, fleſh and blood, bones and marrow, glands and veſſels, and many other ſtriking

reſemblances. We are compelled therefore to rank Man among the claſs of animals at leaſt. According to Liſter, indeed, (and many other authors) he is as very an animal as any quadruped of them all; and not a few of his actions are reſolvable into inſtinct, notwithſtanding the principles which cuſtom and education have ſuperinduced.

The brain is the organ of ſenſation and motion, the ſource of intelligence in both; like as the pendulum of a clock, the beating of the heart ſets each machine in action; the lungs are of one texture in the human body and the brute, perform like offices, and are nearly of one figure. Air with life, are in both inſeparably connected, the one dependent on the other. Breath and life are ſynonimous terms. "Into the noſtrils of man and beaſt, God is alike ſaid to have breathed the breath of life."

Animals, in general, are endued with ſpontaneous motion, ſelf-determination, and inward activity. The faculties of ſome living creatures are in ſo ſmall a degree above vegetative life, you muſt confine its intelligence to ſenſation only. The humble plant, and the ſenſitive, which bow and ſhut themſelves up at a touch, or a ruder blaſt of air, in ſome inſtances, ſo nearly approach to animal life, that naturaliſts, and not a few, have heſitated under which claſs

claſs to place them; without doubt you acknowledge them the connecting link in the chain of Nature, which unites the vegetative life to animal.

The powers of vegetation progreſſively aſcend through an infinite variety of herbs, plants, flowers, and trees, to a high perfection in the ſenſitive plant, and there joins the loweſt degree of animal life. In the ſhell-fiſh, which adhere to rocks, and differ ſo little from dead matter, you barely diſtinguiſh them from a part of the ſtone; it is difficult, indeed, to diſtinguiſh alſo which has the greater ſhare of intellect—the one ſhews it by ſhrinking from the finger, and the other by opening to receive the water which ſurrounds it. There are others, one ſtep only above theſe, who are endued with taſte and feeling only. One degree higher, poſſeſs hearing; theſe rank in intellect above the Oyſter, which wakes and ſleeps, feels and taſtes only. Another is gratified with ſmell, and a far nobler ſpecies ſtill, with ſight. All theſe, by partaking of animal life, enjoy a ſenſibility above the plant, which, as far as we can trace, poſſeſſes no outward organs of ſenſe whatever.

From dead matter and vegetation, ſtep by ſtep, the world of life advances, through imperceptible degrees and a vaſt variety, before a creature is found completely formed, in the poſſeſſion of all the ſenſes.

Reſpecting minuteneſs, how much we admire the movements of a watch (for inſtance) ſet in a ring like a diamond, and we cry out, what a maſterpiece of art? But how far more curious is this minuteneſs among the inſect tribe, although ſo ſmall as many of them to be diſcoverable by the aid only of a microſcope; yet have they all of them articulations, muſcles, nerves, and covered with ſkins.

The intelligence of animals, in general, appears to us limited, and with reſpect to beings, which are only in their firſt advance, emerging (as it were) from dead matter, and barely diſtinguiſhed from it, it does not ſeem greatly to exceed the powers of mechaniſm, or the growth of plants and vegetable life. In ſuch very inferior claſſes, it is little more than what you would aſcribe to the mere effects of matter and motion, you confine its intellect at leaſt to ſenſe and feeling, pleaſure and pain only, although poſſeſſing theſe, they muſt ſurely be admitted to claim a boaſted ſuperiority over the life and enjoyment of a plant.

This intelligence, and its mode of acting on the minds of brutes in general, is ſo inſtantaneous, no thought or deliberation ſeems to precede it. Their ideas are few, for the moſt part intent on one particular object, by which their faculties ſeem wholly engroſſed;

engroſſed; and though they have a ruling paſſion, it riſes but little higher than ſelf-preſervation, a ſatisfying of the cravings of hunger, and their immediate wants, together with a ſomething irreſiſtible; whereby they are in a manner compelled, in perpetuity, to live again in their offspring; for, the proviſion made by Nature for the ſucceſſion and preſervation of every ſpecies, is truly ſtriking and conſpicuous. Now ſuch uniformity pervades all the actions of the brute, whatſoever object engages, whatſoever purſuit employs them, that ſelf-ſame work is always going on, and in one and the ſame manner.

The not unuſual ſucceſs of this ſteady perſeverance and induſtry in the brute, is an encouragement to us not to be overcome by ſmaller difficulties and ſlight obſtacles. Authors (who have made the greateſt proficiency themſelves) copying from them, direct us in like manner to make choice of ſome one important object, and purſue its improvement throughout life. Such unremitting attention (ſay they) is a genuine and characteriſtic mark of a great mind, and would it not prove of excellent uſe to poſterity?

Attentive obſervers have hence haſtily concluded, that ſuch exertions and ſteady operations in the brute, are the reſult, all of them, of mecha-

nical impulſe; they therefore give to the brute a material ſpirit only, and account thus for the long break between a "thinking being and a mere material one," between intellect and modified matter, oppoſing order and deſign to blind impulſe; reflection and choice to ungovernable appetite. They place Man, however, among the higheſt claſs of animals, exalting him and his intellectual faculties far above their's. While brutes are actuated by appetite only, Man (ſay they) poſſeſſes a brighter luminary, a far ſuperior principle of intellect. A ſavage animal is obedient to Nature, and knows no law but appetite and independence. Man is his lawful ſovereign, and his, the dominion of mind over matter.

A ſtupid Man (they cry) manages with great eaſe an alert and ſagacious animal, governs it and it obeys: all this he brings about, not ſo much by ſtrength and addreſs, as by his ſuperiority of nature, which enables him more effectually to contrive, project, and act.

We do not ſee among the different ſpecies of brutes ſubjection to one another, no ſubordination. Superiority is not maintained, one claſs over another. Servitude is not exacted by any, nor are commands obeyed; or lordlineſs of government aſſumed. The ſtronger devour the weaker, ſelf-preſervation

ſervation and a voracious appetite prompts them. We are hence (they ſay) forced to acknowledge Man's intelligence not only ſuperior, but an illumination quite of a different kind from that of the brute.

Animals you ſee either buſily employed, or in a poſture of perfect eaſe, half aſleep without employment.

One would almoſt fancy ſome of them poſſeſſed a charm whereby they kept a watchful guard, each one for himſelf, aſleep.

So ſtrong is their attachment to life and its ſweeteſt bleſſing ſleep, all their cunning is employed to ſecure and retain the gift. Cranes keep a conſtant watch againſt alarm. One of the flock ſtands on one leg and graſps a ſtone in the other. Should the watch-bird grow ſleepy, the ſtone falls and wakes him. Geeſe adopt the ſame plan—a watchman is elected, and while all the reſt are ſquatted down, he is ſeen above them poſted up on one leg only. A change in the life-guard takes place, each has his turn. From whom does he gain his appointment? Who apprizes the flock of danger—who protects—who provides means for eſcape?

Reſpecting

Reſpecting the inferior claſſes, they feel few intellectual ſufferings or pleaſures, few ideas but what reſult from pain or joy; yet they have their comforts, an ample ſupply is afforded them ſufficient for all their wants, a gratification and full enjoyment. By the provident hand of Nature they are all of them clothed, and lodged, and fed; without ſolicitude they give themſelves up to the indulgence of their paſſions, and finiſh their career without any dread of death, with no preſentiment or fear of hereafter—no regret for the paſt, no anxiety for the future. In general their lives are ſhort. Few animals attain old age. Man alone finiſhes his career of life through all its periods. But of what uſe would grandfires be to any progeny of their's? Soon as ever the young could ſhift for themſeves, they had parted with affection and even with all knowledge of them. On the other hand, what ſupport and aſſiſtance could the decrepid parent find from among children unknowing him, early abandoned, and that as ſoon as ever they had been taught to ſwim, or fly, or walk. Their patient perſeverance, during their ſhort exiſtence, meets however not only a preſent, but a future reward.

The envied change of many a reptile, in its natural progreſs and happy advances through the world of life, to the gay and lively body of a fly, decked

decked in colours of gold and Nature's gaudieſt trim, you trace with admiration and ſurprize. With what delight you gaze on its tranſmutation and ſpirited progreſs in earthly and ſenſual pleaſures, at leaſt—if not in intellectual happineſs.

"Re-animation," this new and happy change in the inſect-tribe, does not, indeed, hold good in all exactly as to time. The metamorphoſis is in ſome almoſt inſtantaneous, in others ſlower; and again in others it requires many months to array them in new ſplendour and perfection, as to dreſs and figure.

The Lanthern Fly* (according to Linnæus) changes its form three times, and for ought we know, many more. During its firſt ſtage of exiſtence, it is a reptile of the ſize of a graſshopper and creeps, it has a long proboſcis, by means of which it ſucks the juice of the pomegranate flower. After a time it throws off its ſkin and appears a large green fly. Its flight is rapid, and the noiſe of its wings reſounds like a cymbal. It undergoes a third tranſmigration, which renders it luminous. From its head iſſues a tranſparent bladder, coloured with red and green ſtreaks, which diffuſes a light ſufficient to read a ſmall print by. The fly is now four inches in length, and its luminous bladder one inch.

* Fulgora Laternaria Linnæi.

The

The Caterpillar iſſues out from his egg on the leaf alloted for its ſuſtenance, and there begins his firſt bite; for the parent fly had, with the yearnings of a mother, placed it there for its ſupport. Its repaſt enjoyed and finiſhed, having filled his fill, unwieldly from indulgence, he, at the cloſe of Summer, ſatiated and diſpoſed to reſt, (preparing for a change he is foreſeeing) weaveth its web and builds its tomb a winter reſidence. Here (for a time) a perfect diſſolution* of its frame takes place. His body and its caſt off ſkins become in the ſhell a cream-like fluid. Yet, from hence, how admirable is the tranſmutation and formation of the nymph, the prelude to the future fly in its new dreſs and plumage.

At the appointed time, and after its ſleep of death, it burſts its ſhell, and again it riſes. With ſprightlineſs and beauty it ranges, and from flower to flower, regaling on the honey and the dew. Baſking at full liberty it varies all its pleaſures, an embelliſhment of Nature, and prophetic of genial warmth and a ſummer's day. A new life is given it, and new powers. Henceforward, in the regions of air (no more a reptile) it aſcends with glory in its wings, and delicately light. With its myriads of eyes all Nature is exhibited, and at once around it. In full ſearch of its delicious ſweets, it extracts

* Swammerdam.

them

them from every flower. New birth then and growth, maturity, perfection, and decline, the Butterfly experiences, and now ſoon ſhe ſpreads forth her eggs innumerable, and covering them with her body and her wings, unrepining and at eaſe ſhe fulfilleth her appointed taſk, and dies upon them.

Should you in all this improved exiſtence deny it reaſon? to inſtinct it reſorts, and there it is ſure to meet a ſafer guide.

Do we not hence prove, and from the light of Nature only, more than a poſſibility of a reſurrection * to ourſelves, and another life?

"† Wilt not thou, O Lord! who raiſeth the dead Caterpillar to life, raiſe us alſo from the duſt of death?"

* Biſhop Pearſon. † King's Eſſays.

SECT.

SECT. III.

Their Intelligence examined in the higher Orders of the Brute—and principally in the Elephant, the Monkey, the Dog, and the Horſe.

AN author ennobled by birth, but by far more honourably diſtinguiſhed as a "Natural Hiſtorian," aſcribes one bright luminary and principle of intelligence to Man, and another very inferior gift to the Brute. The firſt, calm and ſerene, becomes the ſalutary ſource of ſcience, of reaſon, and of wiſdom: the other, altogether "material." An animal principle, the ſole effect of impulſe, or renewed impreſſions and modifications of matter. Man (he ſays) poſſeſſes both; he is guided and acted upon by both. The Brute has given *him* the latter *only*; he is actuated and guided by the material ſpirit *only*. There are others who allot to the animal creation (in a limited degree) certain radiations of ſpiritual and intellectual light, alledging that matter, under every motion, change, or figure, never could produce ſenſation, much leſs the pure and far more exalted principle of intellect. The vital principle of every animal therefore, endued with ſenſe and underſtanding (even in a very ſmall degree of perfection) muſt (in their opinion) be ſpiritual.

As

As to animal life, the Brute draws in the comforts of it with his firſt breath, and reliſhes its enjoyment. See him feaſting, or aſleep, ſtretching and growing, in ſearch of pleaſure, where it is always found. Guided by feelings only, is he ever deceived in his choice? Are not his deſires attainable, and within his reach? adapted to his powers of gratification. He neither anticipates nor diverſifies his enjoyments. He fixes to himſelf a boundary, and this he never exceeds. He is much occupied in the indulgence of his paſſions and the ſupply of his wants; theſe obtained, how perfectly ſatisfied and at eaſe! His thoughts ſeem intent on the one object he is purſuing; his meal he enjoys, devours it greedily, and with ſelf-complacency returns to his ſupineneſs, gratified. What pleaſed him yeſterday pleaſes him to-day, and will pleaſe him to-morrow. A ſmall portion only of jealouſy comes to his lot; it has indeed nothing to do with the object itſelf, he is only jealous of his pleaſures. Day after day, diveſted of care, a ſtranger to fear, at length he finiſhes his appointed courſe, and without a murmur or a groan, he dies. There are thoſe who (all things conſidered) think the life of the Brute, as they reſpect preſent gratifications only, to be far happier than thoſe of the Man.

There is, however, no talent peculiar to Man, which we do not diſcover ſome reſemblance of in the

the Brute. Imitation approaches ſo nearly to reaſon, we muſt very greatly admire it.

In purſuing the inveſtigation, it may be worth our while to examine the faculties and endowments of claſſes a little higher, though the affections in them, nor their powers of reflection, neither of them, altogether appear quite reconcileable with reaſon in Man, if not a different gift, ſomehow differently proportioned.

The grief (for inſtance) with which a mother laments the loſs of her young, does not ſeem proportionate to the tenderneſs with which ſhe careſſes them, the aſſiduity with which ſhe feeds them, or the vehemence with which ſhe defends them. Their regard for their offspring, while helpleſs and expoſed, equals the fondeſt feelings of the human parent; but, when taken away from her, how ſoon is it forgotten; and when brought back, after only a ſhort abſence, if not treated with animoſity, it is ſlighted wholly and diſregarded.

At firſt, however ſtrong the affection of the parent, you ſee it laſt as long only as is neceſſary, for the preſervation of its offspring; ſoon as ever the young can ſhift for themſelves,

——"Then diſſolves parental love
At once now needleſs grown."——

Self-love

Self-love and appetite uſurp the place of fondneſs, and they will ſcratch and fight with their own young, and take from them as eagerly as from any other.

The domeſtic Hen exhibits all this, and the Crow and Raven, ſoon as ever their young can fly, however tender and provident before, expel them their neſts, and drive them quite out of the neighbourhood.* Under this view of the poor baniſhed and forſaken Ravens, how applicable our Saviour's argument—"Conſider the young Ravens, how God feedeth them."

The weakneſs and dependence of the human ſpecies, while young, does it not render the bonds of connection between their parents more ſacred, and far more permanent?

Although we muſt admit, Man is born naked, has no warm fleece, no ſoft plumage, no defenſive armour given him, and ſo little a portion of inſtinct, that were it not for his nurſe's care he would periſh with hunger or cold, or be ſuffocated with heat.

* "Unlaviſh wiſdom never works in vain.
The acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more."

Animals are induſtrious from their birth—Man acquires his induſtry from watching others, attending to their ſkill, and at the expence of time, and thought, and reflection.

In the attainment of intellectual knowledge, as far as it goes, the Brute, indeed, has greatly the advantage over Man. Their knowledge is not like our's, to be painfully ſought after, of ſuch very ſlow growth, acquired by labour, methodized and improved by application and thought. It never leaves them heſitating in the moment of deciſion. Their maturity and full growth of intellect ſeems coeval with their exiſtence, more like that given to our firſt parents, but ever after obtained by ſtudy, deep reſearches, and inveſtigations.

The Brute to this very day arrives at the perfection intended him, as it were at once. The Beaver is an architect from his very birth. The Swallow builds her firſt houſe, and the Sparrow (hatched in the Spring) her firſt neſt, the enſuing ſeaſon, with the ſame materials, and with the ſame art, as in any following year; and the Hen leads about, cheriſhes, and ſhelters her firſt brood of chickens, with the ſame prudence, buſtle, and pomp, that ſhe ever attains.

Thus

Thus the Brute arrives, right early, at its perfection, but it never ſeems to improve upon it. In a ſhort period, indeed, it poſſeſſes ſuch endowments as it is capable of, and were it to live a thouſand years, as to knowledge and capacity, it would be nearly the ſame as it is at preſent. Inſtinct has exerted its whole influence when the creature has arrived at its maturity and brought up young, after which nothing new is to be expected from it. Some intellectual acquiſitions, however, they are ſeen to make from obſervation and imitation.

Among Brutes, the old in general are more cunning, and act far better, according to circumſtances, than the young; but this does not deſtroy the aſſertion founded on obſervation and experience; for the Caſtor of the preſent day builds his houſe with no more art and ſolidity than his progenitors; nor has the Bee, as yet, once altered her hexagon cell, or the Waſp improved on the building of her neſt.

What amiable features and traits of character do we admire in ſome animals, and why? Is it not from their cloſe adherence to Nature, her they implicitly follow, from her eſtabliſhed laws they never vary. Man alone, he deviates from them. Yet, is not her model, the ſtandard by which he

judges of the works of art? How inconſiſtent is Man in oppoſing what he is ſo forcibly compelled to admire!

Notwithſtanding the reſtrictions and limitation above noticed, wonderful is the ſagacity animals ſhew in the choice of both their food and their phyſic, and in the means and vigilance by which they ſeek it out. Some watch and way-lay their prey, others hunt and purſue their's; they ſmell it out at a vaſt diſtance, grope and dig for it under ground.

The Dog induſtriouſly ſearches out his graſs; the wounded Deer her dittany; and the Swallow her cellandine.

The pride and ambition of animals are effects naturally enſuing from courage, ſuperior ſtrength, and agility; hence royalty and princely honours have been aſſigned the Brute. Brutes greatly excel each other, one claſs exceeds another in knowledge and capacity. There are very ſuperior ranks among them. Some are ſo intelligent and ſagacious, we value them as companions, and make friends of them. You cannot but admit theſe to poſſeſs (in a certain degree) the qualities and properties of mind, "underſtanding, imagination, memory, judgment." In ſhort, naturaliſts all allow

low them to be ſuſceptible of every faculty belonging to Man, reaſon only excepted. They are ſurely excellent mimics, and you muſt draw the line in a very delicate manner indeed, betwixt thought and imitation; and you cannot but admit that there are copies which, with great difficulty, you diſtinguiſh from originals.

Among quadrupeds, the Elephant is the largeſt, and a Mouſe the leaſt. In underſtanding, the Elephant* is inferior only to Man. He ſerves him with zeal, intelligence, and fidelity. At all times, men have ſet a high value on their ſervices, and had a veneration for this great, this firſt in the rank of animals; for, of all the various creatures with which the earth is peopled, it is the grandeſt, the moſt intelligent, moſt docile, and capable of being taught. He poſſeſſes feeling and ſmell in an exquiſite degree, and he makes uſe of his trunk for all the purpoſes of a hand. His hiſtorian is laviſh in his praiſes of his gratitude and modeſty, his attachment and faithfulneſs, and he records many ſtories of his courage, ambition, and reſentment; yet, ſo gentle is his nature, a little child may guide him.

* By a ſingular and wonderful contrivance, Nature has, in the moſt convenient manner, ſupplied this animal with a regular ſucceſſion of teeth, until he attains a very advanced period of life; an advantage which, as far as we know, no other quadruped poſſeſſes. *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, 1799.

The Indians, who admit a tranſmigration of ſouls, notice that a body majeſtic like that of the Elephant, muſt be animated by a great man—a King—

To the Elephant naturaliſts attribute the judgment of the Beaver, the dexterity of the Monkey, and the ſentiment of the Dog.

So immenſe his power, he carries a tower on his back with armed warriors, and he ruſhes furiouſly into the midſt of the battle, undaunted at its havock.

The Monkey, the Horſe, and the Dog, are, all of them, apt ſcholars, and the learned Pig has ſhewn an enlarged ſphere of underſtanding. With the advantage of a ſpringineſs in his limbs, the Ape has the hands of a Man; he performs, indeed, ſo many actions like ourſelves, we think him much too near akin. Men and Apes are the only animals that have eyelaſhes on the lower eyelid. Does he not reſemble us in his ear, his noſe, his teeth, and his hand; with this laſt, indeed, he manages things ſo ſimilar to the mechanical actions of Man, he at leaſt appears to be actuated by like ſenſations as their cauſe. One ſpecies, the "Ourang-Outang," is the completeſt mimic of the Man, and ſo intelligent, he might be made a uſeful ſervant, be employed

employed about our perſons, in domeſtic offices, in huſbandry, and occupations of truſt. "The next in rank to human kind," if not in perfect union in animal life, one ſingle link at moſt below him.

From his great ſimilitude, the Ourang-Outang has been uſually called the Wild Man. He walks erect, is from five to ſix feet high, bears arms, attacks his enemies by flinging huge ſtones, and defends his perſon with a club. He has calves to his legs, has arms, hands, fingers, toes, nails, his features and viſage nearly human, in his colour a tawny, and he is covered with no more hair than a man in a ſtate of nature.

A figure ſo like ourſelves, who of us can look on, without feeling fully convinced that his body is not the moſt eſſential part of his nature.

In the province of "Sierra Leone," animals of the Monkey ſpecies, ſtraight and upright, are ſet to work like ſervants, employed by the natives as ſuch—they pound in a mortar, fetch and carry water, make their own bed, and authors do aſſert, that they think, weep, groan, ſhed tears, and want nothing of humanity but ſpeech.

In the engravings of Baptiſta Porta, the features of the Ape and Baboon are contraſted with thoſe of the human ſpecies. Eye, ear, noſe, face, ſkeleton. This celebrated artiſt aſſerts, that thoſe men whoſe features bear the neareſt reſemblance, are very much akin in diſpoſition alſo, grin, and chatter, are miſchievous and malevolent, and imitate humanity ſhockingly.

Beſides the qualities of the Cow, already deſcribed, together with her general uſefulneſs to Man, her ſweet and balmy breath is ſo ſalutary, an unhealthy child muſt ſuck it in with greedineſs, and a ſtated reſidence in a cow-houſe is a well-atteſted cure for our Engliſh malady—Conſumption.

The mild and modeſt countenance of the Aſs is apparent to all; and the nutritious properties and healthy quality of her milk, which is ſo near akin to the mother's milk of the human ſpecies, as to prove the grand reſtorative of exhauſted nature under all her imbecillities.

The Aſs, though a little poſitive, he is patient and faithful, and ſerves you with a ſteady perſeverance—a contraſt to the ſprightly attitude, and wild, though graceful tranſports of the Horſe.

How

How different from the Wild Aſs, whoſe lively figure is ſo happily pourtrayed by the Royal Penman, from his freedom only, and his ſetting all mankind at defiance. "Who hath looſed the bands of the wild Aſs? whoſe houſe I have made the wilderneſs, and the barren land his dwelling. He ſcorneth the multitude, neither regards he the voice of the driver. The range of the mountains is his paſture."

The Dog, in his breed, exhibits a wonderful variety as to ſize, figure, height, and colour. Of all animals he is moſt of all attached to Man; ſo eaſily taught, his underſtanding ſeems ſuſceptible of almoſt every impreſſion. The genius of the Dog is altogether borrowed from him, he looks up to be inſtructed by his maſter, learns his habits, knows his voice, his ſtep, how ſorrowful while abſent! how joyous on his return! All the world over would he ſeek his maſter. Proſtrate at your feet, he conſults, interrogates, beſeeches, awaits your orders, reads them in your eye, every motion and ſign is underſtood. Frankly thus, he offers you his courage, his ſtrength, his talents, all of which you may call your own.

How beautiful and lively are the paſſions diſplayed in the countenance of a Dog! A quickneſs and ſenſibility which charms you. Joyous gales, which

which ſpeak a language ſo eloquent, now winning and perſuaſive, now wild and furious even to madneſs. What fire and what intelligence in his eye!

As a contraſt to the ſavage fierceneſs of the beaſts of prey, Infinite Goodneſs has delineated in the countenance of thoſe about us, the milder tints and colouring of affection and the graces. "Joy, love, attachment, faithfulneſs, and gratitude," whether they be given, or not given, on the ſame principle by which reaſon is eſtabliſhed in Man.

Every action of the Dog intereſts you, his language how pathetic! By a thouſand innocent arts he attracts your notice, and ſilently compells you to cheriſh him—he is not to be repulſed—what warmth of affection! See his firſt notice in the wagging of his tail, his eye on the watch, his body at your feet. What courage in defending you, in his fierce attack and fighting for you! Of all the brute creation, a Dog is indeed the moſt ſocial, affectionate, and amiable. He preferreth his duty to his life—a pattern of fidelity to Man, he ſuffereth not the approach of the robber. Watchful and ſincere; ſportive and affectionate, cheering the very heart of his maſter. We are ſurely much indebted to our faithful friend the Dog, a companion that never tires, nor is he ever tired of you—

a body

a body guard ſo watchful, throughout the darkeſt night, on whom would you ſo much place implicit truſt as on your Maſtiff or Bull-dog? Faithful is the ſhepherd's guard—a ſhepherd without his dog, what a helpleſs animal! To the herdſman he is hands, and feet, and tongue.

Your premiſes over-run with vermin, are cleared by your Tarrier, and without a bidding. The Greyhound, with eyes aloft, fixes on his prey; with incredible ſwiftneſs he overtakes it, for he flies. The Setter, he ſilently ſteals along, and ſquats down on ſight of the game; they cover your table with luxuries, themſelves contented with the coarſeſt morſel. A favourite of the kitchen and the cook is the "Turnſpit;" and although of the mungrel breed, ſhe throws him a dainty bit, the perquiſite of office, and reward of perſeverance.

The moſt enviable of all the ſpecies is the "Lap-dog," and he is the moſt grateful and fondly attached. Authors, they all give him the name of "Comfort."

Throughout Holland and the United Provinces, the Dog is put to labour, harneſſed to a cart or light carriage, and drove about the ſtreets and villages.

The

The three friends, who are never weary of one another's company, are, a Man, a Horſe, and his Dog.

The Cat (however domeſtic) is by nature an animal of prey, and ſhe is wanting neither in ſagacity nor ſentiment, but her attachment is often ſtronger to places than perſons.

But almoſt any animal may be made tame by kindneſs. Cowper ſays—

——"One ſhelter'd hare
Has never heard the ſanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years experience of my care
Has made at laſt familiar; ſhe has loſt
Much of her vigilant inſtinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou may'ſt eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee: Thou may'ſt frolic on the floor
At evening, and at night retire ſecure
To thy ſtraw couch, and ſlumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unſuſpecting gratitude and love."

The nobleſt conqueſt made by Man is the Horſe. He holds up his head and looks his maſter in the face. How patient and unremitting in his ſervices? His diſpoſition gentle and tractable, yet bold and generous is the Horſe!

To

To judge of his figure, ſee him at full liberty turned out to paſture—Or

—" When the pampered ſteed with rein unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall and pours along the ground,
With ample ſtrokes he ruſhes to the flood,
To bathe his ſides and cool his fiery blood.
His head now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies,
His mane diſhevelled o'er his ſhoulder flies,
He ſnuffs the females in the well-known plain,
And ſprings exulting to his fields again."

His form exhibits majeſty, and every attitude is graceful—how much more animated is Nature than Art! Intelligence is in his countenance and beauty. His ſpirit noble, teachable, and friendly. Under what controul he holds his impetuoſity, while ſo obedient he ſeems unmindful of his power and might, ſo eaſily guided, he conſults only the wiſh of his rider. Sooner would he ſink under his labour than decline it; for, he knows no will but the will of his Lord. Add to this, his unparalleled patience and forgiveneſs of injuries. One of his firſt joys is the pleaſure of the chaſe, and his ambition in the field exceeds all the eagerneſs of his maſter. Thus—

——" He ſhares with his Lord
The pleaſure and the pride."——

The managed Horſe is the lofty theme of Virgil and of Homer; but his hiſtorian, the moſt ancient and moſt ſublime of all hiſtorians, leaving unnoticed

ticed " figure, lineaments, and action" (the ornaments of leſſer poets) arreſts your fancy, and fires your imagination with the beauties of the horſe's mind.

You admire the activity, ſpeed, and figure of the Race-horſe, but how much more the action of the War-horſe. His docility and grandeur—inſpired at the claſh of arms, he loves it ! Haughty and furious, ſeeing the danger, he braves it ! Intrepid and bold, he ſwalloweth up the ground with fierceneſs, mocking at fear ! Fire from his eye, and the glory of his noſtrils, how terrible ! He paweth with impatience, and looſes a thouſand ſteps ere he advances one.*

But, in full plumage, when, with affection and ſympathy (a ſolemn mute) he follows, " chief mourner" to the ſilent tomb, the remains of the warrior and the maſter—his impatience, impetuoſity, and fire, under what ſovereign controul ?

* God, in the ſublime language of the Eaſt, himſelf is repreſented as ſpeaking.

" Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder, the glory of his noſtrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, rejoicing in his ſtrength. He goeth out to meet the armed men, mocking at fear. The quiver rattleth againſt him, the glittering ſpear and the ſhield. He ſwalloweth up the ground with fierceneſs. He careth not for the ſound of the trumpet, ſmelling the battle afar off—the thunder of the captains, and the ſhouting."

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Intelligence of the Brute compared with that of Man —Advantages to him from the Intelligence given. Arts and Science firſt taught us by the Brute— Loyalty and good Government by the Bee.

WHILE we delight ourſelves with the many beauties and excellencies of the Brute creation—while we admire the aptitude and fitneſs of all its parts, ſo wiſely proportioned to its purſuits and way of life, whether they are given to the Brute for ſtrength or ſpeed, labour or reſt, as they reſpect its body; or docility, intelligence, fidelity, and attachment, as qualities which reſpect its mind: we cannot but recognize alſo, after what manner, and by what ſuperiority of addreſs and contrivance, we convert them all to our own accommodation and advantage. Utility and convenience to Man we admit to be the grand object conſulted in all, and without any ſcruple think the ſphere of life and happineſs intended them, would ſurely be leſs perfect and complete, were it not for this mutual benefit and accommodation ſo evidently deſigned and manifeſtly afforded to both.

Invaluable are all theſe talents, bodily as well as mental, however, to the Brute; how liberally given, and

and correſponding with the wants of each; yet, how diverſified in all the ſpecies! The workmanſhip of Infinite Wiſdom, which we muſt acknowledge wonderfully diſplayed throughout their whole creation; but contraſt all theſe with his ſtill more bountiful allotments to his creature Man. On what a nobler principle, and far larger ſcale is reaſon and intellectual knowledge given to him!

A ray of divine illumination, and from the ſame inexhauſtible ſource, is imparted to them both; but far more amply diſpenſed, and with a much more beneficent deſign to Man.

Faculties, diſtinct perceptions, and in vaſt abundance; genius, reflection, reaſon, and foreſight, together with a knowledge of his God, and the means of tracing him out, whereby his elevated thoughts improve theſe his admirable talents, and turn them to excellent advantage.

No one animal in the creation partakes with Man in this ſublime exerciſe of his faculties, and in the conſolations which accompany it. It is the peculiar excellency of his reaſonable creatures only. All the reſt, they take no part ſo noble as to be active in their Creator's praiſe.

But,

But, reſpecting Man's intelligence, who of us could make the ſearch throughout all its wonders! Take the ſlighteſt view of his faculties, of the virtues only of his mind—

> "For theſe ſhall live, when others die,
> And ceaſe the heart to warm,
> Prove ſweeter than the ſweeteſt eye,
> And more than beauty charm."

Reaſon (for inſtance) avails itſelf of the ſacred treaſury of the paſt, compares it with the preſent, and judges of its influence on the future. Reaſon ſurveys and connects the ſcattered variety of intellectual knowledge diverſified among the Brute creation, as it were into one whole, the animating ſoul preſiding over all, concentring in itſelf "the ſum of all their powers."

Reaſon in Man is active and fruitful, unreſtrained by place or time, capable of varying and enlarging its attainments. "Perception" and "thought," on every change of circumſtance, come forward to our aid, introduce new ideas, whence new efforts enſue, and a variety which ſhews itſelf at large, ſuited to all occurrences, and accommodated to every change.

Compare this now with the actions and appearances of reaſon in the Brute. The animal creation

ſeem poſſeſſed chiefly, if not ſolely, of ideas which reſult from impreſſions made on their external ſenſes. Brutes think, and will, and remember; but are they capable of making any of theſe objects of reflection? With reſpect, indeed, to the perfection of his outward ſenſes, Man is inferior to the Brute. In what then does his ſuperiority conſiſt? why, in his powers of multiplying, by new combinations, his perceptions of mind, creating thereby reſources of happineſs diſtinct from, and unconnected with, external ſenſation. Brutes hear ſounds as we do, and as far as hearing is concerned, much better. They ſee figures, colours in flowers, in pictures, earth and ſky, but they perceive no harmony or beauty in any. Ideas, therefore, reſulting from reflection and intelligence, ſeem in a great meaſure peculiar to Man alone, from a certain aſſemblage, and by a comparing of his ideas only.

We diſcover in them, indeed, few ideas, confined in a great meaſure to preſent objects, an induſtry and wiſe precaution, an admirable imitation of reaſon, though not general and diffuſive, tending to one point, one invariable purſuit, which urges them on by a regularity of procedure, an impulſe not to be reſiſted, an unremitting energy which nothing diſconcerts. It is a ſomething which takes much of its riſe from a knowledge of its wants, an attachment to thoſe who feed and notice them,

them, from feelings and ſentiments by which they are actuated. Reſpecting ſentiment, how conſtantly do they recur to it, and how much are they guided by it; (to give one inſtance) do you not ſee it in the larger animals, in general, who ſeem to treat with ſlight and ſovereign contempt, even the audacious inſults of the ſmaller?

The Brute creation have a peculiarity of liking and ſentiment which diſtinguiſh them. To that purſuit, and to that only, its body correſponds, and to it its intellectual powers are exactly ſuited. Reſpecting the make and figure, indeed, of all the numerous ſpecies, there is not a twiſt of fibre, or turn of muſcle, no caſt or texture, but you muſt admit wiſely adapted to facility of action, in the variety of functions each individual has to perform. But, put them on any new buſineſs, they are quite at a loſs, appear embarraſſed, untractable; the wiſdom by which they act is not varied by new occurrences, it comes not forward to aid them, alters not with the changes which take place.

Animals in general, however, (as before remarked) from the principles laid down, "although they know their owner and their maſter's crib," remain ignorant of that Being who upholds them, of him who made and cloathed them. What of happineſs, ſatisfaction, and ſecurity, reſults not to us

from ſuch a knowledge, apparently denied the brute! Our better proſpects and ſuperiority of intellect, our dignified nature above him, here ſurpaſſes all deſcription, ſurpaſſes all our underſtanding, and exceeds all the vaſtneſs of our comprehenſion.

But, to return to the Brute, Montainge tells us of the Elephant, that he regularly, night and morning, kneels down devoutly to worſhip his God. Pliny, Ælian, Solinus, and Plutarch agree, in aſcribing ſomething like piety to this king of beaſts, an adoration daily performed, and as it were at ſun-riſe, and in the evening, on the appearance of the Moon. There is not a ſingle genus of animal but what lives in abundance and liberty, the greateſt part without labour, all at peace with their ſpecies, all united to the objects of their choice, and enjoying the felicity of re-perpetuating themſelves by their families.

The Brute muſt be allowed, in many other reſpects alſo, to have greatly the advantage over us, and it is ſurely a part of our plan to take a view of ſuch advantages. The line by which we preſerve our diſtinction over them is, our reaſon. Every competition in all others gives them a decided ſuperiority.

Expoſed

Expoſed at its birth to a new element, the air, infant Man, he comes naked, feeble, helpleſs. Man is the only animal laid under the neceſſity of cloathing himſelf, while every other animal beſides comes cloathed, and ſoon can uſe its feet and walk about. In leſs than a month, the Brute has learnt, not only to uſe its limbs, but to make uſe of all its ſenſes.

The dreſs and cloathing of Brutes is contrived and nicely fitted to them, even from their very birth, a wiſe proviſion is made for Summer and Winter, accommodated to the variations of ſeaſons and climates.

The Brute comes armed as well as cloathed, or ſoon acquires its weapons of defence; ſpikes, or teeth, or briſtles, horns or claws, ſtings or beaks. Some bring their houſes with them, commodious ſhells, and there are thoſe who appear in a perfect coat of mail.

In the perfection of the outward organs of ſenſe, the Brute has again the advantage, and far excels the Man. The texture, exquiſite delicacy, and acuteneſs of theſe, is truly admirable. A mechaniſm exhibiting ſuch ſuperiority of contrivance, and ſuch powers of execution aſtoniſhes you.

The "ſight" is greatly enlarged in the Brute; looking forward their eyes take in a hemiſphere, and in ſome of them they are ſo advantageouſly placed as to take in nearly a whole ſphere. The Hare and the Rabbit ſee an enemy that follows them. A Snail has four eyes, and a Scorpion the ſame number. The eyes of Flies are divided into a number of hexagonal cells, on each of which the object is reflected; they (by this means) poſſeſs the benefit of viſion on every ſide, though without any motion of the eye or flexion of the neck; thus there are flies which may be ſaid to have a thouſand.* The eye of the Cameleon reſembles a convex-glaſs, ſet in a globular ſocket, ſo as to turn every way without moving the head. One eye it has the power of fixing in a quite oppoſite direction to the other. From the radiation of the pupil, a Cat ſees in the dark; and from the cone and elevation of her ear, ſhe collects enough of ſound to hear the tread of a Mouſe.

* The diſcoveries of the microſcope inform us, that the eyes of a Fly conſiſt each of a moſt prodigious number of ſmall corneas, ſet in a hemiſphere, every one of which appears to have a diſtinct viſion; and by this means, although Flies cannot turn their heads or move their eyes, yet they ſee almoſt all around them at once. One of their eyes through a microſcope appears, from this vaſt number of corneas, like a rich net work; and its beauty is hardly to be conceived without ſeeing it.

The

The ſcent of a Hound is ſo exquiſite you take it for your guide. An Elephant will ſmell a Man at a vaſt diſtance. In like manner, the greater number of ſalivary glands in the palate encreaſe the gratification and reliſh as to taſte, which is far more luxurious in the Brute than in Man.

Hence you are compelled to allow them a greater proportional ſhare in the ſeveral enjoyments ariſing from ſight, hearing, feeling, taſte, and ſmell.

Herbs, flowers, and fruit, how ſtately and ſeducing! They captivated Man, and led aſtray his reaſon newly given; it became a prey to appetite and the ſad ſource of feelings yet unknown. Anxiety and fear, and ſhame, appendages on guilt now firſt diſgorged!

Not ſo the Brute creation. The wiſer bird ſhuns each poiſonous berry, howſoever fair. With prudent foreſight the Brute withſtands temptation, from happier choice eſcapes the ruin which enſnares its life.

From the more delicate texture of the organs of ſenſation in the Brute, from the greater number of them in ſome, and from their more exquiſite conſtruction in them all, may we not reaſonably conclude, "perception" in the Brute to be quicker

(at leaſt as far as it is acquired by the ſenſes) and are we not hence naturally led to expect ſomething approaching to "genius," and we muſt too be ſtruck with his powers of "invention."

Animals poſſeſs a ſenſibility, and have an intelligence given them in conformity with their wants and ſituation. Here the Brute enjoys no leſs of the faculty of reaſon than ourſelves. The aggregate, indeed, of their rational powers, could they be collected from all the ſpecies, as we ſee them diverſified and diſperſed in one and another, would ſurely exceed the proportion of reaſon in general given to Man. You are, however, forced to acknowledge human reaſon inſufficient to have taught him the knowledge of arts, manufactures and crafts. Man learnt them only from imitating the productions of inſects, birds, and animals, together with the works of Nature.

Reſpecting invention, indeed, how barren is the invention of Man compared with the intelligence of Nature? In no line whatever has he produced any one thing of which he has not borrowed the model from her works.

For the faculty of invention itſelf, its improvement, together with the firſt principles of "Arts and Science," have we not taken our copy wholly from Nature and the Brute?

The Bee, for inſtance, in the firſt forming of her cell,* and the Beaver of his houſe, do they not ſhew an arithmetical genius and underſtanding ſuperior to Man, to whom time, reflection, repeated efforts, and practice, are all of them neceſſary, to bring to perfection even the meaneſt of our arts. The Bee's firſt cell, and the Bird's firſt neſt, are never yet improved upon. The manufacturer acquired his firſt principles of ſpinning from the Silkworm, and he is greatly enriched by its labours. The Weaver learnt his art from the Spider, who taught him how to weave. We have alſo another leſſon from this intelligent inſect, who, as ſhe furniſhes materials for her thread out of her own body, from prudence and neceſſity ſhe is a good œconomiſt. When ſhe weaves her web long, and ſpreads it out wide, it will be fine weather, and for many days, whereas the barometer informs us only of our deſtiny a few hours. When this wiſe propheteſs takes to mending her net, and ſtrengthening her web, you may expect it to hold fair fourteen days.†

* Except ſquares and triangles, theſe are found to be the only regular figures which fill up ſpace, the hexagon is the moſt capacious of them all.

† The ſtate of the atmoſphere is taught us by the animal creation as well as the vegetable. Cats, Dogs, Frogs, Hogs, Cows, &c. have all their ways of foretelling changes of weather. But the Spider ſeems the beſt acquainted with them of all others; and as the Plant is the hour-glaſs of Linnæus, the Spider is no leſs an inſtructive ~~hour~~ weather-glaſs among inſects.

The

The Builder was inſtructed by the Swallow. With judgment ſhe ſelects her materials, and uſes her bill as a trowel, ſpreads her mortar, cements it cloſe, and builds a family houſe, commodious, ſnug, and warm.

Nor is there leſs evident proof of "genius and deſign" in every neſt you ſee.

——— Oft from the back
Of herds and flocks, a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn the ſtraw; 'till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

One would think our firſt notion of a boat, or a ſhip, and its launch on the water, might have been taken from a neſt afloat.

Learn from the Birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the Beaſts the phyſic of the field;
The arts of building from the Bee receive;
Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave.

The Termites, or white Ants, in a very ſuperior degree outdo us; the very Inſects become our maſters. With mathematical preciſion architecture is delineated alſo by the Waſp and Bee. What a diſplay of art! A Waſp's neſt is a little city, a foot high, and near as long; the top is a ſemicircular dome, ſupported by a portico and pillars. A number of cells or houſes is underneath, and whole

whole ſtreets with thouſands of inhabitants. Each tenement is a hexagon in exact ſymmetry, meaſurement, and proportion. The hive exhibits a not unſimilar building, tight and ſtrong, with uſeful materials and arithmetical ſkill. The Bee, juſt raiſed to life, without a teacher, nicely meaſures her work, and forms her cell without a ſcale or compaſs.

The Beaver, he is born an architect, his inſtinct too is an arithmetic taught by Nature. He plans his dwelling-houſe, a range of rooms, a contiguity of apartments fitted for domeſtic convenience and ſocial intercourſe, perfectly regular; his walls are two feet thick, and his ceiling arched like the handle of a baſket. He fells his own timber, cuts his twigs, mixes his mortar and carries it on his tail; an admirable trowel, with which he ſtops up every hole, repairs the breaches which wear and tear, time or accident occaſion.

The Bird, her times ſhe knows, and ſeaſons. From its firſt flutter and its parent's neſt, the Bird purſues its courſe, and fulfils her taſk without inſtructor. Untaught by any reaſon but her own, ſhe collects her materials, with unerring ſkill rears an habitation. Having built her neſt, ſhe lays her eggs, and ſilently ſits brooding over them, well knowing the efficacy of her own warmth and aptneſs

neſs for animation. Day after day gives up her liberty and joys abroad, for what? to indulge a parent's feeling, and perform a Mother's duty.

> " ——— the appointed time
> With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
> Their brittle bondage break."——

Will not He who teaches the fowls of the air thus to fulfil their appointed taſk, guide his more highly favoured creature, Man, and teach him all his will?

But we have many other leſſons from the Bird. Whatever it is, this lively toy performs ſuch wonders as far exceed the boaſted power of rationals, even ſhould they attempt to imitate them. Our reaſon is oft-times leſs infallible than their inſtinct.

The firſt ſong ſung on earth, the ſong of thankſgiving, was ſung by the Bird, and to its Creator's praiſe.

Our choiceſt notes in muſic, if not the firſt, were they not taught us by the Bird? The ſweetneſs of its pipe, and the beauty of its plumage, lead the ear and the eye to the higheſt admiration. In addition to the melody of her " wood-notes wild," the Bird is an apt ſcholar, and learns a tune from you, trying over and over again to catch the note, until after many efforts it attains perfection.

From

From its genius, quick apprehenſion, and memory, Locke aſſerts, "that it is impoſſible any creature ſhould make ſuch efforts, and conform its voice to variations and notes, whereof it has no idea."

By the admirable works it performs, and its enchanting melody, the Bird ſhews itſelf a ſkilful proficient. Self-taught, the child of nature, or rather the pupil of the "Firſt Mover" of that Being, infinite in knowledge, who giveth wiſdom to us all.

While on the wing, a Bird is leſs beautiful than when you ſee it perched. The Cock and Hen differ, in their manner of moving, very little from ourſelves. The attitude and ſtrut of a Cock approaches the neareſt to that of a Man; and the march of a Hen at the head of her little brood, is ſtrikingly upright. How ſhe inſpires us with courage when all on tiptoe ſhe flies in the face of a Maſtiff to defend them.

It is obſervable, that every clime, country, and ſituation, has its ſinging-birds. In ſandy downs you hear the Goldfinch; in the meadows (neſting among our corn) the Lark; in the woods the Nightingale; amongſt the white thorn the Bullfinch; every Bird ſeems to have its favourite ſpot,

and

and by a kind of inſtinct they are all attached to the habitation of Man—he alone liſtens attentive to the feathered race: The Nightingale places himſelf in ſight of his houſe only, but he is always within reach of his ear.

The voice of every Bird is adapted to give us pleaſure, and miniſters to our wants. The loud clarion of the Cock calls the huſbandman to labour at the dawn of day. The ſong of the Lark invites the ſwains and ſhepherdeſſes to the dance; and the Thruſh foretells the approach of Autumn, and ſummons the vine-dreſſer to the vintage.

The principles of navigation we learnt from the Fiſh—

> "Taught by the little Nautilus we ſail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."

From the Gooſe and Swan we received our firſt inſtructions in the art of ſwimming.

The affections themſelves, thoſe we ſet the higheſt value on, how are they ameliorated by our obſervations on the Brute! and can they ſo ſoften our manners, and awaken all our ſympathy, without poſſeſſing, themſelves, the principles and impreſſions which they ſo feelingly impart?

Fidelity,

Fidelity, friendſhip, ſociability, and attachment, eminently diſtinguiſh our dumb companions and humble friends—

"My Dog, the truſtieſt of the kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true and faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray."

Conſtancy and nuptial bliſs, the duties of a parent's charge, are they not taught us by the Dove?

The Elephant, male or female, was never known to make a ſecond choice, although their lives are lengthened out from one to two hundred years.

By the wiles and enmity of the guileful Snake,* we learn a leſſon of juſt abhorrence; him we diſdain to imitate, and why? becauſe calumny, envy, and detraction in us, bite with a keener and more envenomed tooth.

The foreſight and induſtry of the laborious Ant may ſurely be called prophetic. Their city exhibits contrivance, regularity, and good government.

* "Do we not juſt abhorrence find,
Againſt the Toad and Serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite."

It is ſaid of Calumny, it ſhould have no ear, as it then would have no tongue.

"How

" How they in common all their wealth beſtow,
And anarchy without confuſion know!"

A prudent œconomy reigns, an ample proviſion for future wants, divided into ſtreets, apartments, ſtorehouſes, magazines, a commonwealth within itſelf. Public granaries, to which every citizen has free acceſs, feeding at one hoſpitable board.

All the Summer long the Ant toils and labours with never-ceaſing energy. During Winter, ſhe enjoys in peace the accumulated fruits of her diligence and labour.

Well might the ſluggard be ſent to ſuch a ſchool of induſtry.

Good government, diſcipline, and ſubordination exiſt all of them in the hive Nature choſe to reveal to them the rare and valuable ſecret how to ſtock the hive and enrich itſelf without impoveriſhing another. So delicate is her touch, ſhe extracts the honey from the flower without wounding it, nor does ſhe carry off the ſmell. This expert chymiſt, ſhe alſo is a propheteſs " improving every ſhining hour," well aware, that vernal bloom and ſummer's ſun comes for a ſeaſon and is gone.

The

The republic of the hive form a well-ordered ſtate, celebrated throughout the world, for unanimity, loyalty, public ſpirit, and induſtry.

" All in ſtrong bonds of ſocial union join'd,
One mighty empire, one pervading mind;
No civil diſcords in that empire rage,
Save when on idle drones dire war they wage;
No tyrant's thundering ſcourge, nor rattling chain,
Diſgrace the regent mother's gentle reign;
Eternal laws to induſtry excite,
All, all to ſwell the public ſtores unite."

SECT. V.

Advantages of Intelligence. Inſtinct defined. Its Mode of Acting. Reflections on the Future State of Animals. Concluſion.

WHENEVER we diveſt ourſelves of prejudice, the creature oft of whim and fancy, yet one we prize too highly (like as a child its toy, or, when older, a bauble of as little value) it is then we conceive of underſtanding and ſenſe, as qualities and gifts far preferable to figure. Courage we prefer to ſtrength, becauſe a mental faculty only, and ſentiment to beauty. So likewiſe in animals, intelligence and mind we ſet the greateſt value on, and cannot but admire a diſtinction which ſo dignifies the Brute, which regulates its life, and renders all its ſervices more uſeful and pleaſurable, what gives to matter progreſſive motion, animation and will, ennobling and raiſing it above vegetable life, and which brings it ſo much nearer on a level with ourſelves.

The Brute is endowed with traits of character, oft-times very ſtriking, which our imaginations fancifully improve, though too oft we are diſpoſed to degrade or overlook them. In all living creatures

tures it is eaſy to trace the footſteps of prudent forecaſt, their means of eſcaping danger, of providing for their wants, their refuſing this and in their choice of that, in their attachments, confidence and affections, the exerciſe of their reaſon, its mode of ſelf-preſervation, and its carriage and deportment. As to the motives, indeed, which regulate our opinions and their's, reſpecting right and wrong, we make a further diſtinction—ſenſe of honour and ſhame, of praiſe and contempt, govern Men. Senſe of pain and pleaſure governs Brutes. Hence we ſee Children governed like Men, will be manly; Children governed like Brutes, brutiſh.

Animals very widely differ in points of intelligence from one another. The organs of the ſenſes, the 'ſight,' the 'ſmell,' the 'hearing,' in ſome, how exquiſitely quick, while in others, they are dull, imperfect, and almoſt extinct.

"What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong Lioneſs between,
And Hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing from the life which fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood?"

By certain viſible ſigns and well known accents, Brutes ſpeak a language eaſily underſtood, whether it expreſſes joy or grief, attachment or deſire. Man

holds all this in common with them; but action and crying, and all ſuch lively attitudes as exhibit only pleaſure or diſguſt, did not enough explain his meaning and thoughts, did not make known ſufficiently his wants. Man's reaſon, therefore, aided by his faculties of invention, prompted him from neceſſity to articulate, and by degrees form words, ſounds, and expreſſions, whereby he might the readier make known his powers, impart his ideas, and aſk for what he ſtands in need of.

Although, when compared to Man and to his intellectual faculties, animals appear ſtill very much to differ; yet, call it what you will, "inſtinct, nature, ſenſe," it is evident there is an exact conformity and reſemblance between the faculties in the Brute and what we call "reaſon, wiſdom, and prudence" in Man. Brutes are, indeed, endued with a rational faculty as well as the human ſpecies, although that ray of intellect in them may appear to us weak, faint, and imperfect, much indeed for want of diſcipline, laborious teaching, and the embelliſhments of art, which poliſh all things. Do but take pains, and in like manner as you teach your child, you will find them apt ſcholars; they will dance, talk, count money, fire a gun, carry burthens, ſearch out hidden things, and in gratitude carry them miles to their maſter. The Princes of India inſtruct them in the arts of war,

place

place them in the front of the battle, and repoſe as full confidence in their courage and good conduct as in the ſervice of their ſkilful and moſt experienced commanders. How illiberal to conclude them void of reaſon, becauſe they do not enjoy it in that ſame perfection with ourſelves! Why not, with the ſame plauſibility, and with equal candour, conclude ourſelves blind, and deaf, and ſcentleſs, becauſe we ſee not ſo clearly, and hear not ſo quick, and ſmell not ſo diſtinctly as many Brutes.

We are, however, from diſſections of Brutes, further enabled to account (at leaſt in ſome meaſure) for their weaker powers of intellect, from the ſmall quantity of brain allotted the Brute, and alſo from its looſer texture. Their language too is little underſtood by us, which, though ſometimes elegantly expreſſive and intelligent, at others we feel ourſelves much at a loſs reſpecting their meaning, and wiſh of all things they could ſpeak.

But, though ourſelves in poſſeſſion of far more ennobling faculties, we are very apt to borrow from them, and make uſe of their's. Acts and geſtures, how much of meaning do they expreſs! Weeping, howling, grins, and ſhrugs, and frowns; certain caſts of the eye, twiſts of tongue and muſcles, are all of them words, and a language well underſtood by us both. Our hands and feet have been

heard to ſpeak, and forcibly; a philoſopher has anſwered an argument, and convinced his opponent, by only walking to and fro; and a prophet, by uſing his arms, and ſhooting an arrow only, uttered his laſt prophecy, and in preſence of an Eaſtern Prince. So expreſſive is the language of ſome geſtures, they have been thought to leave a more laſting impreſſion than the wiſe admonitions, ſtrength of argument, and graceful eloquence of a Cicero.

Want of words, indeed, may be no great loſs to the Brute, for, had they organs given them for ſpeaking, they would be no gainers, but rather looſers upon the whole for making uſe of them. But the organs ſubſervient to ſpeech are, in ſome brute creatures, all of them perfect. Anatomiſts well know the tongue of a Monkey is as much formed and adapted to ſpeak as the tongue of a Man; and, if he could think (that is could he combine and arrange) would he not ſpeak? A Dog has been taught to pronounce and articulate many words; but ſurely the impoſſibility lies in his not being able to annex in his mind ideas to thoſe words. From the perfection and pliableneſs of their vocal organs, the Bullfinch, Starling, and Parrot do ſpeak, but it only tends to prove more ſtrongly the aſſertion and impoſſibility contended for; all they ſay reſembles a very young child, who

who utters, only from being taught, a multiplicity of words, but with very little knowledge annexed to them. The voice, indeed, and powers of utterance are very much confined to the Bird; but not only birds, but many other animals are endowed with proper organs for expreſſing what paſſes within them, yet without correſponding ideas how uſeleſs!

Naturaliſts, all of them, admit the Brute to poſſeſs "memory, ſenſe, and apprehenſion," though they deny him the ſuperior faculties of reaſon and reflection. They are compelled to confeſs him an excellent mimic, and of all the reſults of the animal machine, none perplexes them more than "imitation." Now what implies more perfect organs and diſpoſition of the members than imitation, together with ſentiment? While they aſſert the cauſe to be purely material, its effects and appearances aſtoniſh them.

The partition which divides reflection and thought from imitation, is very ſlender indeed; "and there are ſurely ſome very excellent copies, which with difficulty you diſtinguiſh from originals."

The Brute (ſay they) is ſuſceptible of every mental acquiſition but reaſon. Jealous of his own

prerogative, Man claims reaſon as his own, and deigns to admit his " fellow tenants of the ſhade" to any ſhare or participation of it.* A difficulty like this they ward off by recurring to their firſt principles, and accounting for all his intellectual gifts from mere matter and its modifications. The intelligence of the Brute (ſay they) is purely material. In oppoſition to theſe, there are others who think, that of ſouls there is a variety, and quite in as great a proportion as bodies. Every animated form exiſting throughout the univerſe is actuated by principles of intelligence, accommodated to its nature, and to thoſe offices aſſigned it by Providence to fulfil.

The Materialiſt reſolves all his actions (however rational) into mere mechanical impulſe, from which, and from which alone they are neceſſitated to put him in poſſeſſion of " conſcioufneſs, will, memory, knowledge, and every other faculty belonging to Man, thought and reflection only excepted."

* A French author writes thus—

" We would not take an inch from Man's height, or a grain from his right. We confeſs he is a tall creature and has mighty privileges. He ſtands at the head of terreſtrial beings. He is king over them by divine appointment, and he has a right to dominion in virtue of his dignity. The beaſts of the field obey and ſerve him, and the fowls of the air, and the fiſh of the ſea, miniſter to his pleaſures and conveniency."

But

But theſe ſage philoſophers, unfaithful to the teſtimony both of reaſon and conſcience, dare, notwithſtanding, to repreſent them as mere machines. Their intelligence (ſay they) takes its riſe from inſtinct, and becauſe inſtinct acts uniformly, without paſſion, without will, without choice, or even much of ſenſibility, they call it blind ; but is not our reaſon oft-times leſs infallible than their inſtinct ? Does not their intelligence point out to them what is moſt gratifying and beſt adapted to their wants ? Does it not then become reaſon to them, and a reaſon more precious than our's, inaſmuch as it never varies, is not oppoſed by doubt and heſitation, is not acquired from long ſtudy and painful experience ? But (ſay they) does he ſeem ever to change his courſe, does he not act in one and the ſame way, concluding hence from the perfection of his reaſon, that he is not endowed with any reaſon at all ? In truth, we ſee no one ſpecies of animals deviating from the eſtabliſhed and unalterable laws of Nature but Man only.

They attempt further to prove their ſyſtem, and account for his ray of intelligence being material only, from the dulneſs of their apprehenſions and inferiority of their affections, while at the ſame time the Brute is warm and true to his attachments, ſtrong in his affections, and his friendſhips are ſuch as death only diſſolves.

But

But the friendſhip of the Brute they ingeniouſly contraſt with ſimilar affections in Man; and thus—friendſhip in the Brute is acquired with little or no intervention of mind, from impulſe only and from inſtinct; to every other impreſſion he is in a manner blind, at leaſt void of all reflection. His affections ariſe from his wants, his ſtate of dependency, and at moſt from ſentiment only.

But how does this accord with the labours of the hive, the foreſight and ſkill of its inhabitants. From a crevice, a hole in the wall, or a ſtump of a tree, the buſy wanderer ranges miles from home in ſearch of honey. He is at no loſs to find its way back, and in its own cell (a perfect hexagon) unloads its burthen and joins it to the family ſtock. Does the Bee provide for future wants without foreſeeing them? But, beſides forecaſt and contrivance, muſt you not admire him for his vigilance, obſervation and memory?

And, why is the Dog (for inſtance) ſo laviſh in his expreſſions of gratitude, in his careſſes of his maſter, and fondneſs for thoſe who feed him? Does their ſyſtem of materialiſm enough account for his watchfulneſs and fidelity, for his knowledge of his maſter's ſtep, his voice, his look, his habits and manners? Does it account for his ſagacity and induſtry, in ſearching him out, his diſtreſs at parting,

parting, ſorrow during abſence, and joy on his return, for his mild and ſoft behaviour to you, though of the moſt ſanguinary diſpoſition to your aſſaulter, and moreover, for his teachableneſs and readineſs to learn almoſt every thing. "Friendſhip" in Man (ſay they) implies a power of reflection. It is an attachment worthy of him, and one, which never once diſgraced him. Friendſhip is the offſpring of reaſon. It is the mind of our friend we love; and, to love a mind implies, further, that we have one, and one which we have employed in the inveſtigation of knowledge, and tracing out differences and qualities of minds, how and in what they differ from our own."

What do they prove by all this? Only what nobody denies—a ſuperior intelligence in Man, an illumination, whereby he reaſons, compares, judges and reflects. Intelligence is given him on a far larger ſcale, a ſuperiority which ennobles him. A diſtinction ſo honourable and beneficial, cannot but be viewed by him with gratitude, and ought to excite his warmeſt praiſe and thankfulneſs.

A much quicker perception, however, authors all give the Brute, from his exquiſite ſenſibility and the delicate texture of the organs of his outward ſenſes. A gift far more bounteouſly imparted to the Brute, and with equal kindneſs and infinite

wiſdom

wiſdom withheld from us. Such keenneſs and irritability would wound our nerves, confuſe our mental powers, and render leſs diſtinct our deliberate mode of reaſoning. From the violence of its influence on the brain our arrangement of intellect would be loſt, how could we review, adjuſt, compare, and regulate our thoughts at all!

A Fly's eye, by almoſt an infinitude of reflections, which reſembles a rich net-work, ſees all around it at once. A Cat's ear collects enough of ſound to hear the tread of a mouſe, and her eye enough of the rays of light to ſee in the dark. So exquiſite a ſcent is enjoyed by the Elephant, he is ſaid to ſmell a Man a mile off. The ſcent of the ſagacious Hound ſerves him as a guide—how intelligent! But ſtill the more we ſearch into, the more we muſt admire the faculties of mind belonging to this animal. When three ways meet, inſtantly from his ſmell will he reject two of them, and (ſure of being right) he ſprings forward to the third, without attending to any ſcent at all. By what ſenſe is he guided but by his reaſon! If not, whence his intelligence?

The Brute is gratified with a ſuperior taſte, a full reliſh and enjoyment of all the groſſer appetites and paſſions, a will and choice, affections and ſentiment, while yet, one and all exclude from him

" reaſon

" reaſon and reflection, theſe enlightened faculties of ſoul."

A ſomething very like them, a moſt valuable mental principle they all give him, and in great abundance. This they call " inſtinct," of which (though much guided and actuated by it ourſelves) we have but little knowledge.

" Inſtinct," we may however ſafely define, the firſt, the greateſt, the ſtrongeſt, and moſt unexceptionable law in the animal world.

The low and inferior inſtincts lead the Brute to cleanlineſs, ſelf-preſervation, to a watchful tenderneſs and affection for their offspring, to ſubſerviency and uſefulneſs to other ſpecies of beings, which are many of the apparent ends for which they are given us.

The philoſopher confeſſes himſelf totally at a loſs to account for it, and it has excited the curioſity and been the admiration of all ages. It is, however, the gift of " Infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs" to the Brute, the impreſſion of Deity, a ray of intellectual knowledge, imparted to him, and together with the firſt breath of life.

We

We ſee, in general, inſtinct leſs liable to deceive the Brute—in ſome inſtances it ſoars above reaſon, although in others it falls infinitely below it.

It is an inſpiration given to it by Nature at its very birth, intermixes with all their mental faculties, and has therefore miſled ſome, who have ſuppoſed it to proceed from the wiſe and eſtabliſhed laws firſt impoſed on matter only and motion. It is evidently no reſult whatever of external impreſſions, but purely mental, and it ſurely reſembles and is very near akin to the faculty of reaſon in Man. Whenever they ſet about defending or providing for themſelves or their young, they proceed, juſt in the ſame manner as a perſon of good underſtanding, foreſeeing the event, would do, and they ſeem bent to perſevere even though you put them out of their way. Perſons of narrow capacities, in ſome one particular art or ſcience, may greatly excel and ſhew much ingenuity; but, if queſtioned reſpecting things foreign to that art or ſcience, they, in like manner, as animals, are quite at a loſs and confounded.

Inſtinct claims a nobler origin than any acquirements, merely human, for ſhe ſprings from a far more excellent ſource than they. It is ſuperior to education, more unerring than reaſon, untaught by philoſophy, and given without meaſure to the Brute.

Brute. A ſagacity which outwits you, a cunning which often deceives you, a friendlineſs which attaches you. Inſtinct directs them in the choice of phyſic as well as food, and to the beſt means of finding them out. It excites a prudent cautious procedure, conducive to ſafety, ſelf-enjoyment, ſelf-preſervation and defence, teaches it the uſe of its weapons of war, a Boar to fight with his tuſhes, a Bull with his horns, a Horſe with his hoof, a Dog with his teeth, a Cock with its ſpur, and the Waſp, the Hornet, and the Bee, with their ſting.

By inſtinct the Brute becomes ſocial. It keeps them altogether in a groupe. A child can lead them, a ſhepherd's dog protect them. It inſpires the Brute with a love of life, and to the fondeſt attachment to their young while helpleſs. A mother (a Hen for inſtance) howſoever mild her manners and by nature gentle, in defence of her little brood, grows bold and furious, and flies in the teeth of a Maſtiff. But—Nature, ſhe does nothing in vain.

> The parent bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the ſkies—

And then, ſoon as the young can provide for themſelves, a mother can forget a Mother's fondneſs, her brood ſeek no protection, indifference enſues, and very ſoon eſtrangement.

Together

Together with the helpleſs ſtate of their progeny, inſtinct then ends with the Brute, ſo far however as leads them to any preference to be given them, or even to any future knowledge of them.

" The feathered youth their former bounds
Diſdain——and weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky :
This one glad office more, and now diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh wiſdom never works in vain."

From inſtinct birds of paſſage fly through unknown regions. As at the trumpet's ſound, the feathered bands aſſemble. Seaſons they know, times they obſerve, and wait the appointed hour. No one ariſeth, quitteth its place till the inſtant of departure. Now they mount and ſkim the air. Without chart or compaſs they form their courſe, croſs over a vaſt ocean two thouſand miles or more—thus without food they paſs to their deſtined clime. The aſſembled groupe, fearing neither winds, nor wet, nor darkneſs, purſue their flight, a watery world before them ; but " Providence their guide," without whoſe permiſſion, " not a ſparrow falls."

——" Warn'd of approaching Winter
The ſwallow people—rejoicing once
Ere to their wint'ry ſlumbers they retire ;
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,

With

With other kindred birds of ſeaſon,* there
They twitter chearful, 'till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back."———

God has given the Brute an underſtanding without the delay of examination, reflection and thought. Inſtinct is the ſuggeſtion of the moment, accommodated to all emergencies; but its uſefulneſs ſeems only confined to the preſent object, fixed and intent on that alone; whereas though reaſon comes more ſlowly to our aid, ſhe acts ſyſtematically, deliberates, avails herſelf of the ſacred treaſury of the paſt, likens it to the preſent, and views it with the obvious conſequences it may have on the future; from all three conjointly her judgment and opinions are formed.

The bounty of that "Good Being" who furniſhed Man with knowledge, you ſee extends to every creature; and he has exhibited in the Brute, a wonderful diſplay and ſtriking imitation of it, fixed (it is true) on its one immediate object (be it what it may) but quick and ſagacious, limited perhaps to fewer points, but how admirable in that limitation!

* At Sweden the Woodcock breeds in the woods, and as ſoon as the young are able to fly, early in the Autumn, they all leave that inhoſpitable clime and emigrate ſouthward. In Spring it returns to its native foreſts.

Now, where we ſee animal life and inſtinct riſe ſo near the confines of reaſon in the ſuperior claſſes of the Brute, it may ſurely be ſaid to unite ſo cloſely with the loweſt degree of that faculty in Man, that in the exerciſe of their mental powers, they cannot eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from one another. The Creator of the univerſe then, ſhould you ſuppoſe him to have with-held reaſon from the Brute; hath he not given him a ſomething ſo like it, an inſtinct ſo unerring, as to afford him a guidance far more ſure?

The intelligence given to the Brute is of infinite value to him. By it, together with the provident care of Nature, all his wants are ſupplied, and he is fully gratified. His ſelf-enjoyment, how apparent in his placid ſupineneſs and eaſe, a compoſure confidential and affectionate, happy ſlumbers, or lively attitudes and expreſſions of joy. There are thoſe who affirm, that in the world we live in, the Brute is, all things conſidered, a far happier being than the Man.

What he likes to-day gives him like pleaſure to-morrow. A law is impoſed on it by Nature, and not one of the ſpecies deviate from it. He eats his meat, with what a reliſh? lays him down ſupinely and at eaſe, no anxiety for the future, no regret for the paſt. What is ſufficient for his wants

ſatisfies

ſatisfies him, he fixes a boundary for himſelf which he never exceeds. Man's reaſon is given him, no doubt, on a far more extenſive plan, his wants and neceſſities, are they not greater; his wiſhes and deſires are uncircumſcribed, and are they ever wholly gratified?

From this very imperfect repreſentation, does there not ſeem to exiſt, among the ſuperior ranks of the Brute creation, a ſomething of intelligence very ſimilar to the faculty of reaſon in Man. An imitation, reſemblance and analogy, which require no little ſkill to diſtinguiſh them? It muſt ſurely excite our admiration. What other name but rational can you give to ſenſes ſo informing, to powers and endowments ſo wiſely adapted, ſo beneficial and amiable.

Throughout Nature—

——"What is this mighty breath
That in a powerful language felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven?"

The ſuperior claſſes of the Brute then poſſeſs all the outward appearances (at leaſt) of "underſtanding, genius, will, and memory; but theſe are the four properties of mind. They are endowed alſo with like paſſions, like wants, like affections, and appetites as ourſelves.

The paſſions and affections in the Brute, when lively, ſhun all concealment! Brutes are alſo diſtinguiſhed by the graces, fidelity, attachment, love and gratitude. Virtues ſo amiable owe their riſe to intellect. Gifts of ſuch ſuperior excellence, trace them but to their origin, they muſt have been derived, and ſolely, from infinite wiſdom, the ſupreme ſource of knowledge, of all excellence, of all perfection.

As much then as the principle of gravitation in bodies is the immediate impreſſion of Deity, and follows from the eſtabliſhed laws of matter and motion, which Infinite Wiſdom has affixed to them; ſo in like manner his divine energy may be conſidered as in ſome way acting on the mental powers and faculties of all his creatures. Unleſs it be animated by a principle we call ſpirit, matter of itſelf, however perfectly organized, can produce nothing like the intelligence we diſcover in the Brute. How little alliance is there between any bodily ſubſtance whatever and thought? Is it poſſible to account for its production, progreſs and influence, in any ſatisfactory manner from mechaniſm, the mere effects of unenlightened matter, howſoever modified, howſoever wrought up? Their actions, all of them, diſcover intelligence far higher! But, admit them to poſſeſs "memory and underſtanding," you muſt allow them "invention," conſequently "judgment."

Now theſe are eſſential properties of mind, and afford us ample proof of ſuperior intelligence, an illumination diſtinguiſhable ſurely among the higher claſſes of the Brute, a ſoul, which, on account of the ſufferings, many of them, are unavoidably or inconſiderately expoſed to "here," a juſt and merciful God may recompence them for "hereafter."

The ſect of philoſophers, called Gymnoſophiſts, ſo perſuaded were they of the reality of this intelligence, and of its preſent and future influence on the Brute creation, they built hoſpitals for ſick and wounded cattle, humanely attended to their wants night and day, feeding all ſuch as were in want of food, and not able to procure it elſewhere.

Who knows (ſay they) but like us, the Brute creation may be on their advance, and perhaps largely, in the ſcale of happineſs; although now, on this their firſt onſet and early ſtage, they may appear to ſuffer ſome diſadvantages and diſcouragements, yet, may they not be on the road, together with ourſelves, to ſome happier country and enjoyment.

Do we not ſee all this, year after year, take place in the world of Nature. What a ſprightly and far happier exiſtence have ſome attained to, even here,

and the metamorphoſis and mode of tranſmigration you ſcruple not to call, a death, an entombment and a reſurrection—and happy we, thrice happy we, reſpecting ourſelves, the troubles of animal life at death come all of them to a period, when the enjoyments of a moral life may be ſaid only to be commencing.

From the view here taken of the actions, nature and intelligence of the Brute (even from this very humble attempt at deſcribing them) does it not appear that he is by no means (according to Deſcartes and Mallebranche) a mere machine, like a watch, a clock, a puppet moving and ſet a going by ſprings?

Is he not directed by an intelligence of his own, and moreover is he not in poſſeſſion of ideas, and the means of communicating them? Has not each claſs a language of its own? Can it not impart its feelings of pleaſure and pain, its fears, deſires, alarms? And can all this (with its prompt and ſudden changes and variations) follow without intellect, guiding and regulating it.

But this principle of intelligence muſt be ſpirit. Matter of itſelf is incapable of producing it. Now ſpirit being once admitted as given to the Brute, is it likely to be taken away, diſcontinued, deſtroyed?

ſtroyed? "*Every ſpirit God ever made, ſtill exiſts;" and moreover, ſince it was not a thing beneath the dignity of the Creator to form the moſt diminutive animal, and to provide for its ſupport, how then can it be thought unbecoming the ſame goodneſs and power to prolong its exiſtence, and under ſome happier proſpects of enlarged intelligence and enjoyment! Did he ſo wonderfully diſplay his wiſdom in the ſprightly figure and ſplendid colours of a Fly, only to gratify the appetite of a Bird or a Spider?

One can ſcarcely refrain from thinking, that the ſufferings of many of them, even their expoſure and hardſhips, give them ſome claim to future favour from a juſt and benevolent God. Is annihilation to be their only reward? Of his own free choice and good-will he raiſed them from dead matter, and added enjoyment to it by conferring on them life, intelligence and activity, together with the means of ſupport; and, can any one aſſert, that theſe are bounded only by a tranſient ſhort exiſtence, and that exiſtence not always happy. Is it conſiſtent with "Infinite Goodneſs" to expoſe to danger and hazard, to pains and ſorrows, to want and contempt, a numerous race of beings, to whom he never deſigns any amends or reward? But (for a moment) recognize a few more of his attributes.

* Locke on Human Underſtanding.

His wiſdom (for inſtance) does it not derogate from his wiſdom as well as his goodneſs, to have introduced into his creation the Brute, under ſo many diſadvantages, to a daily laborious exertion, and only to ſatisfy its hourly cravings and ſupport; to prolong at beſt, a ſhort-lived miſerable exiſtence here, without intending it ſome more durable and brighter proſpects hereafter. So, in like manner, muſt you not conceive unmeaningly of his "love."

While you are admiring creatures diſtinguiſhed by ſo much beauty and intelligence, do you not ſhudder at their being ſurrounded with dangers and expoſed to violence, to ſuffering and evils abroad, or (what may be ſtill worſe) to the cruelty and ill-treatment of an unfeeling maſter at home. Is he to die bleeding under his laſh, and afterwards, periſh for ever? Once more, ſurvey but his "juſtice." Is not his juſtice arraigned in puniſhing his innocent creature, day after day, throughout its life, and after that, deſtroying it for ever? A being he himſelf has brought into exiſtence and expoſed to ſo much ſuffering. A being to whom he himſelf has given intelligence, whereby it feels its wants, dependence and miſery. A being whom he has endowed with ſo many amiable qualities, by the exerciſe and improvement of which, he muſt (in ſome degree) be fitted for a higher ſtate of enjoyment, if not for endleſs happineſs. There has been

of

of late ſome attempts made by an ingenious author* (to whom I am indebted for the foregoing) to prove a future ſtate of the Brute, not only from the attributes and character of Deity, but alſo from "the writings of the Fathers," from the moſt learned among the Jewiſh Rabbi,† and from Revelation and the Scriptures, alledging the probability greatly on their ſide, that they will, after ſome manner, and in ſome degree, be made partakers of ſuch benefits, as we ourſelves are looking forward to, at the awful period of "Nature's univerſal reſtoration." "In thoſe new heavens, hereafter to take place, and in that new earth."

"Whatſoever God doeth it ſhall continue for ever."‡ The works of Infinite Wiſdom, in a ſtate of advancing improvement, are they not eternal? A renovation of all things is hereafter to take place. At that intereſting and important period, may not myriads of beings, in a refined and far more perfect ſtate—may not all creation feel the tranſcendently happy effects of his goodneſs and his power employed in a multiplicity of degrees, adapted and portioned out to the wants of each, and indeed all his creatures, howſoever ſubordinate—thus making them happy and advancing them nearer and nearer to perfection.

* Rev. Richard Deane. † Rabbi Manaſſeth and Philo.

‡ "A perpetuity of bliſs is bliſs."

Take

Take but a view of that elegant picture of Nature,* ſtruggling (as it were) and groaning, where Man and Brute, creatures of every deſcription, travelling in pain, are looking earneſtly to a change from inſtability and decay, from ſufferings and death to happier regions of freedom and enjoyment. A life and exaltation, of which they are never more to be deprived. The Brutes, though admitted there as inferiors in the creation of God, may they not be pure and innocent, in harmony dwelling with one another. Diveſted of his ferocity, "the Wolf ſhall lie down with the Lamb, the Leopard feed with the Kid, the Calf and the Lion and the fatling together, alike in paſſions, diſpoſition and will, mild and gentle, ſo that a little child might lead them;" tranquil in the poſſeſſion of far happier feelings, unſuſpicious of fear, ſecure from danger, fright or alarm, and in regions more accommodated to their bliſs.

About our firſt parents, in a ſtate of innocence, friſking played

> "All beaſts——
> Sporting the Lyon ramp't, and in his paw
> Dandled the Kid; Bears, Tigers, Ounces, Pards
> Gambol'd before them."——

The diſciples of "Plato," many of them, aſſign to the Brute a ſoul immaterial, a being diſtinct from

* Apoſtle Paul.

body;

body; and there are other ſects of philoſophers who deſcribe them as having exiſting forms unconnected with matter.

*Porphyry is peremptory and deciſive in giving to the Brute immortality; and reaſon (ſays the reverend and ingenious author before quoted) "ſhe of herſelf determines in favour of a future life to animals, and gives to the Brute, a Soul, as its own appropriate quality." Does not the idea we annex to the word "Soul," imply endleſs duration, immortality?

To what then ſucceeds the ſoul of a Brute, to this better life to come, to another ſtate of ſuffering, or—to utter deſtruction? But, reſpecting ſpirit, reaſon and ſcripture both aſſure us "it is to live for ever."

Addiſon, without any heſitation, aſſerts this intelligent principle in the Brute to be "the impreſs image of the Deity."

Locke expreſsly calls it "the *Soul*."

* Porphyry, a diſciple of Ammonius, of the ſchool of Alexandria.

Bolder,

Bolder, and far more ſublime ſtill, is the figure uſed by a French Philoſopher*—"God is himſelf the ſoul of the Brute."

* Monſ. Bayle's quotation—"Deus eſt anima brutorum." Virgil's Georgics.—

"Equidem credo quià ſit Divinitus illis
Ingenium."

ESSAY III.

ON THE SOUL OF MAN.

" Animula, vagula, blandula
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut ſoles, dabis jocos." ADRIAN.

Imitated by PRIOR,

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And do'ſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot,
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

" The Stars ſhall fade away, the Sun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and Nature ſink in years;
But Thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth
Unhurt."——— CATO.

SECT. I.

Soul of Man. Defined. Its Seat. Man—His Stature —Intellect—His Ideas—Their Sources.

THROUGHOUT animal life, as well as in the growth and ſpringing of a plant, we have to admire many wonderful appearances in Nature, together with her ſilent operations and the hidden proceſs

proceſs ſo ſtudiouſly concealed in them both; the induſtry of her workings, her ſhades, her delicate ſtrokes and touches of her pencil, and ſuperiority of her varniſh. A ſtep higher and you are led to view the powers producing all this—the laws of Nature which are the energy of God. Nature's œconomy, contrivance, her conſtancy and perſeverance. How juſtly proportioned and well-adapted are her inſtincts, her gifts of intelligence to the Plant, the Inſect, and the Brute!

While attending to all theſe her ſage inſtructions, our underſtandings are opened, and we are (as it were) made wiſer by them all.

With any plea of reaſon, or regard to duty or ſenſe of obligation, can we now decline contemplating her ſtill greater wonders as exhibited in our own make and frame, in thoſe powers and faculties which ſo much ennoble us, and which we more properly call ourſelves.

The former is the amuſement of an hour, the latter extended and diſplayed beyond all time throughout eternity.

We conceive of Man as of a being made up of two very differing parts, Soul and Body, without attending at all (for it admits of no doubt) we ſay

"*my*

"*my* body, *my* Soul." The word "*my*" itſelf, what is meant by it? What doth it relate to? Of the body itſelf, can we ſay of itſelf "my body," the body of me; or were we all Soul, could we ſpeak after this manner at all? Soul of the ſoul, or Body of the body—the I of me. It is ſurely from hence plain, that we conſiſt of two ſeparate and quite diſtinct beings. We experience a ſomething within us which weighs our actions, conſiders and examines our body; there muſt then exiſt an examiner, a conſiderer. Two ſeparate intereſts we feel in ourſelves, and theſe are often ſeen to jar and oppoſe one another—"reaſon and paſſion." Our bodies then muſt be under the guidance and tuition of ſome other being, which of neceſſity muſt differ, and very greatly from it.

We therefore, from every thing we ſee, are led to diſtinguiſh between theſe two beings which ſo ſeem to claſh. What is in us material we call body, and what is immaterial we call mind. We readily conceive of two ſorts of pleaſures, the one mental, the other merely corporeal. You ſay a Man is healthy, fair, brown, tawny or black, from the ſtate and colour of his body; meek or paſſionate, wiſe or fooliſh, humane or cruel, from the qualities only and diſpoſition of his mind. You admit always the union and exiſtence of both in his compoſition. Two diſtinct "beings," howſoever

ever cloſely united, the one "animal," the other "intellectual. How oppoſite ſoever theſe two powers may appear when ſeparated the one from the other, it is the union of them only which conſtitute human nature, human life. For the reception and accommodation of a guide and conductor, a houſe (a material body) is firſt prepared for it, and while *in* the body, the ſoul is ſaid to be at home in its own houſe, and when *out* of it, as abroad and in the open air. Theſe two then always do and muſt always combine to form the Man.

Man's body (though material) is not like unanimated matter, ſubjected to, and regulated by, the laws of motion, nor does it conform to the ſame laws as other animals; but it is a body endowed with a far nobler ſpring, a principle purely mental, in-dwelling and directing all its operations. The Soul of Man, ſhe claims a higher origin. Man's ſoul is not like his body, created and out of preexiſtent matter. This complicated and very wonderful machine, "the human body," being firſt formed, the Spirit, its light, its inſtructor and guide, was then ſent to take up its abode in it. It is here alone (in his powers of intellect, reaſon, and foreſight) Man bears any reſemblance to his God. He breathed into him, from himſelf, this breath of life, an emanation from Deity, and Man became a living

ing ſoul. Infinite wiſdom has imparted to each of the human ſpecies a far more enlightened, active and governing principle, which, as by ſo many reins and wires, feels all that is done, ſees through the eyes, hears through the ears, ſmells, and taſtes, and reaſons upon all.

Although the leaſt enquired after, the ſoul is the nobleſt part of Man. It is worthy of its own moſt ſerious review. What object can it contemplate in any compariſon equal with itſelf? Amidſt the heavenly bodies, the moſt illuſtrious of them all, Sun, Moon and Stars, conſidered as inanimate, are far exceeded in real value by the Soul of Man, by one intelligent and immortal ſpirit.

When the union now ſubſiſting is diſſolved, and the ſoul, deprived of its companion, enters the world of ſpirits, in its deſtined progreſs through regions of ſpace as yet unſeen, unknown, what advances may it not make in intellectual happineſs? By its nearer and ſtill nearer approaches to "Infinite Knowledge" itſelf, what more may it not ſee, and know, and comprehend from this new diſplay, at leaſt, of his works, if not by more ſenſible repreſentations of his preſence. Whilſt we contemplate a "Being" of tranſcendent purity throughout his other attributes (availing ourſelves of our high privileges) we draw near to God even here, and how

condeſcendingly is it ſaid of him, "He draws nigh to us." Fain would we imitate perfections we ſo much admire, and hence learn to reſemble him; but, by our attempts to imitate them, we in ſome limited degree may aſſuredly be ſaid to acquire them.

The Soul of Man (a ray of divinity like light diverging) becomes what it contemplates. By ſuch a wiſe employ and exerciſe of our faculties, by the bright luſtre of this intellectual light (as the inſpired Apoſtle tells us) "We ſhall be like him—we ſhall ſee him as he is."*

Can you, under any ſuch enlarged and exalted views, conceive of inanimate beings howſoever glorious and reſplendent?

Our minds are anxiouſly employed in ſearching into the qualities and nature of outward objects; and it requires no little ſkill and reſolution to turn our thoughts inward and make *them* the ſubject of our inquiry. Let us remember, it is the privilege of a "thinking being" only, thus to withdraw itſelf from the ſcenery around it; to retire within itſelf and recognize its own motives, powers, and operations.

* Ariſtotle compared with 1 John iii. 2.

The

The faculties themſelves, our mode of calling them into exerciſe, every idea, imagination, deſire or will, as preſented to our minds, is capable of becoming an object of inveſtigation. The nature of every one may clearly be traced out and well underſtood by us. Philoſophers have told us that, of the two, the qualities of mind become far more eaſily knowable than thoſe of matter and body.

Would it not be of infinite advantage to employ ourſelves ſeriouſly in acquiring this knowledge?—in one reſpect we ſurely muſt be great gainers—" the more accurate our ſearch into the nature and properties of this " thinking being" we call the Soul, the more certain ſhall we be to find ſtronger and more evident proofs of the ſublimity of his wiſdom who formed it."

Alas! we are in truth willing to ſtudy any thing rather than ourſelves!

There is moreover a ſomething which remains of us after death, and which death doth not deſtroy.* To reduce any ſubſtance into nothing, requires juſt the ſame power as to convert nothing into ſomething. Reſpecting annihilation then, what is it?

* Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit. HORACE.

Does it even take place in the material world? Under ſome modification or other, whatever has exiſted continues; and, as the conſcious dignity of ſuperior intelligence, "conſcious thought" exiſts—"conſcious thought" remains.

Intellect, will, reaſon, are properties of mind, and all of them reſide in the Soul. That part of us then which thinks, compares, and underſtands, we call the Soul. The body only is material, a ſubſtance diviſible, void of all thinking, ſubject to mortality and decay. Reſpecting the exiſtence and qualities of both, we conceive of them in ſome ſuch way, unleſs our ſenſes and faculties were given only to deceive us. Into this temporary fabric, *our body*, a being percipient, endued with power, a ſomething that reflects, thinks, wills and apprehends, is ſuperadded to it. To the body is given various organs of ſenſation, by means of which the impreſſions of objects are tranſmitted to the brain, where this "perceptive power" may be ſaid to be at home. We well know it has its ſeat in the brain, while yet, it cannot be called any part of its ſubſtance; but ſtill, the clearneſs of our intellect very much depends on the health, the vigour, and organization of it?

You conceive of the Soul, in like manner as you do of "thought." A ſomething undeſcribable, exiſting

exiſting within us in ſome ſubtle vehicle as its cloathing. This "thinking being" we conceive of further as ſuperadded to matter, and ſo blended and incorporated with it, that what influences the one as neceſſarily affects the other. Our Soul is in ſome way detained in its houſe, the body, by certain powers of attraction, and a ſympathy which continues to ſubſiſt between its material vehicle and it, till the habitation falls, when, the mutual tie broken, the Soul weighs its wings, and to an unknown ſomewhere takes its flight. Now, whether its companion, the body, be worn out by age and tumbles into ruins, or is cruſhed by accident, undermined by diſeaſe, or ſtruck dead by fright, it moulders into duſt; but, the being we have been deſcribing can only periſh by "annihilation." Unleſs annihilation takes place, the Soul it muſt neneſſarily ſubſiſt and live. Who, the wiſeſt of us, could ever yet produce any one reaſon whatever in proof of annihilation at all?

The Soul, while united to our body, diſtinguiſhes the Man from the Brute, and gives him all his ſovereignty. Who thinks not *that* Man the moſt enſlaved who is ſo in his underſtanding? In our underſtandings, freedom and will, we trace out further our reſemblance to the great God; and, when our vital principle ſhall ceaſe to act, and our bodies die, the Spirit, this conſciouſneſs or Soul

(a ray of his own glory) returns back to him who gave it. He breathed into Man the breath of *lives*.* Animal life and ſpiritual. Reſpecting the former, what takes place at death is obvious to us all. The troubles of animal life, at that ſolemn period all of them end, and the enjoyments of a moral life may be ſaid then only to commence. On its approach to the heart (its propelling powers being loſt) the blood ſtagnates. The heart it beats no more. Our laſt effort expiration. What enſues? The motionleſs eye, how glaſſy! The open mouth, the fallen chin, the countenance, how ghaſtly!

The body yields an eaſy prey to corruption. Diſorgination commences the proceſs of putrefaction. Spontaneous decompoſition ſeparates its elementary particles, and again they become obedient to the laws of nature and affinity; to ſuch laws as each one was ſubject, before it had entered *into* and become a part *of* the building it has quitted. Attracted by new matter, afreſh they attach themſelves to it, are moulded, and wrought up anew, form different combinations, new principles, perfectly diſtinct from, and no more under the controul or knowledge of the tenant it has loſt. Ad-

* As in the Hebrew—

Aut nihil eſt ſenſus animis a morte relictum,
Aut mors ipſa nihil. LUCAN.

vancing

vancing thus (in the creation of God) by a natural progreſs to future utility in whatſoever form it may be.*

The omnipreſence of God, his preſiding over all theſe wonderful changes, how happily expreſſed by the Pſalmiſt!

Whither can I flee from thy preſence? Should I aſcend into heaven—"Behold! thou art there! If (conſigned to the ſilent tomb) I make my bed in the grave—Behold! thou art there! When my ſpirit took its firſt flight, moreover thou waſt with it; ſo now, even here, thou art watching the proceſs of corruption, bringing about ſome new exiſtence, and providing for it by cloathing me anew."

Man at his birth, together with life, received the ſeeds and principles of death. Theſe he carries about with him always. When diſſolution takes place and the body dies, whether from diſeaſe, internal decay, poiſon, accident, or any other mode; then it is a ſomething within quits us, haſtens towards another deſtination, ſeeks a new abode, and maintains a conſciouſneſs diſunited and uncon-

* For Shakeſpeare's manner of telling it, vide Hamlet.

nected with its former companion, its organs of ſenſe, and ſources of intuition.*

The Soul of Man, it is formed after the image of the great God. Thus is he near akin to his Maker; and though this deſcription conveys to us no idea of figure or ſhape, it imports its origin and dignity, its endowments and admirable faculties; and, as it bears his commiſſion, it may be ſaid to act as his vicegerent here on earth, to teach and employ the ſeveral creatures, to make uſe of the various materials, manage the grand buſineſs, and (till loſt in the boundleſs theme) contemplate the beauties of the works of God.

Throughout all Nature there is nothing ſo ſublime as the Soul of Man. What ſo enjoyed as its tranquillity? What ſo much excites our admiration as its grandeur, and capacity, and powers? It is in our Souls we diſcern intellectual faculties, which, having none of the properties, can have no

* A doctrine by all acknowledged, though the heathens had miſerable conceptions of its happineſs.

"—— The fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring breaſt,
And his eyes ſtiffen at the hand of death;
To the dark realm the Spirit wings its way,
(The manly body left a load of clay)
And plaintive glides along the dreary coaſt,
A naked—wand'ring—melancholy Ghoſt!" HOMER.

reſemblance

reſemblance to matter. What ſimilitude has perception and conſciouſneſs to figure? What alliance betwixt thought and any bodily thing? What likeneſs has reaſon and volition to ſubſtance?

The ancients gave a threefold meaning to the word Soul. That vegetating principle in a plant, by means of which you ſee its form, and figure, and growth, they called its life or Soul. The Brutes, they ſaid, were endowed with both a ſenſitive and vegetative life. To Man is given a ſpiritual, rational and vegetative life, poſſeſſing in his manner of growth, in his ſenſibility and rational faculties combined, the threefold lives of plants, of animals, and of angels.

The mind of Man, in perpetual exerciſe, occupies itſelf either on objects preſented to it by the ſenſes, or on its own inward workings and operations. All the materials for thinking hence ariſe. Reſpecting the exiſtence of things without us, we may have many doubts; but who ever heſitated a moment at acknowledging the reality of every thing within? The exiſtence of the Soul therefore is ſelf-evident. "To be and to think," what is it but one and the ſelf-ſame thing? I *think* (ſays Deſcartes) therefore I exiſt. Abbe St. Pierre ſays, "I *feel*, therefore I exiſt; the proof of it indeed is not within the province of reaſon—for why is it I exiſt?

I exiſt? Where do I find the reaſon of it? But I *feel* that I exiſt, and this ſentiment is fully ſufficient to produce conviction."

The praiſe ſo liberally beſtowed on Socrates was, that, in his public lectures and familiar diſcourſes, he drew the philoſopher, of his day, from his reſearches into the nature and ſources of outward objects, from the inveſtigation of matter and motion, from his theories on the ebb and flow of the tides, his aſtrological meaſurement and diſtances of the planets, ſquaring the circle, doubling the cube, and ſuch like, to the contemplation of far more uſeful purſuits, engaging him in the qualities and properties of mind, turning his thoughts inward to its mode of operation, to the faculties themſelves, and the relative duties reſulting from them.

This great Teacher made the faculties of the mind his ſtudy, viewed them as they ſtand connected with moral duties. Prudence and moral wiſdom he eſteemed the prime object of purſuit, and the moſt intereſting of all others to beings endowed with reaſon. Such therefore were the ſubjects of his lecture and debates, and we have ever ſince had to admire his judicious choice of human Nature, in its wiſeſt and moſt ſublime employ, as the theme of his orations. Hereby his axioms proved the firſt, and his reſearches chiefly tended to

to affix on the mind of Man the true differences of "right and wrong," upon which the Grecian Oracle announced him "The wiſeſt of all men living."

"——— Socrates
Againſt the rage of tyrants ſingly ſtood,
Invincible! Calm reaſon's holy law,
That voice of God within the attentive mind
Obeying; fearleſs, or in life or death:"

Under the guidance of reaſon, the influence of ſuch pure morality and wiſe inveſtigations, we diſcover much of the excellency and dignity of conſcious thought, the capaciouſneſs of our underſtanding, the nature of truth, and the intellectual proceſs by which we ſearch it out, the freedom and activity of our "will," ſo conſpicuouſly illuſtrating its origin and alliance.

From the ſober exerciſe of our reaſon we ſurvey the faculties themſelves, trace them through the infinite variety of their operations, become acquainted with the hidden and inacceſſible parts of ourſelves, thoſe which ennoble us the moſt, and here we ſee ſomething, moreover, of the views and intentions of our Almighty Maker, the probable deſigns and purpoſes for which intellect, with its high privileges and its extenſive powers, were given us. Hence (while our underſtandings take the lead) we diſcern alſo our liberty of choice, the

ſpring

ſpring and riſe of the paſſions, affections and appetites, all of which (under due regulation) afford us ſo much of ſatisfaction and rational delight, and cannot be barren of praiſe to him who gave them.

While it engages us in this thoughtful employ and exerciſe of our faculties, it tends to the wiſeſt improvement of them, eſtabliſhes the authority of conſcience, and harmonizes the Soul. What ſo ſure to produce the calm ſunſhine of the mind and joy at heart, the applauſe which reſults from virtuous habits, virtuous feelings only, and which conſtitutes our intellectual happineſs?

The extent, indeed, of our mental attainments is bounded and preſcribed for us, inſomuch, that from our limited powers, from our blindneſs and imperfection, the condition allotted us here muſt be like to that of children, always aſking queſtions and on the inquiry. Our Almighty former well knew how very unfit we were to be let into the ſecrets, even of the meaſures he himſelf is taking with us.

In like manner he, in his wiſdom, has not entruſted to our vigilance and prudence even the ſupply of our neceſſary wants, well knowing our forgetfulneſs, and how ſlowly reaſon comes forward to our aid. He gave us, therefore, hunger and thirſt,

thirſt, and other appetites, that we might not ſuffer long by our neglect and omiſſions. For this reaſon alſo, and to accommodate us during ſleep, he has furniſhed the cheſt with muſcles, which act voluntarily and involuntarily, by which wiſe proviſion we are, as it were, compelled always to breathe. Might we not be loſt by abſence, and abſtraction, and want of vigilance while awake, and afraid to go to ſleep, however ſweet its indulgence and irreſiſtible its intruſion?

As a ſpur, indeed, to action, he choſe our Natures ſhould admit improvement. By giving us the ſeed of knowledge, and powers of fertility, he meant that we ſhould cultivate the ſoil. How many encouragements does he give as excitements to induſtry, and to enforce our own exertions!

The commendation and rewards ſo repeatedly given to virtuous actions, how much are they in favour of all this! "Well done thou good and faithful ſervant"—how inapplicable if every thing is done for us? If then our exertions are commended, ought they not to be employed? In caſes of extreme difficulty, our heavenly Father directs us to apply to him, and from the ſource of infinite wiſdom itſelf, to ſeek our moral inſtructions, and his gracious aſſiſtance.

Under

Under ſuch ſerious impreſſions, although we may not be able to affix a preciſe boundary betwixt our natural efforts and the aſſiſtances we aſk for, nor the actual terms on which it will be given; yet, let any one but make uſe of his own reaſoning powers, enlightened and aſſiſted by Revelation, with pious, thoughtful and humble dependence, and he ſhall experience the influential aid he ſeeks for, and meet the promiſed bleſſing on his labours.*

Our preſent life being intended only as a ſtate of imperfection, we muſt indeed, after all, appear a myſtery to ourſelves, and be forced to acknowledge, that the more we labour to penetrate into the properties of the Soul, and acquaint ourſelves with its nature and what it is, the further it ſeems to retire and withdraw itſelf from our moſt ſtudious reſearches. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that in proportion as we approach to the ſources of truth in general, it not unuſually flies away, quite out of our ſight, and eludes our zealous endeavours to acquire it.

* A not diſſimilar ſentiment, and exhibiting a like temper of mind——

"If any one will do the works, he ſhall know of the doctrine whether it comes from God, or whether I ſpeak of myſelf."

How

How are we then further to deſcribe the nature of ſpirit, of mind, a ſomething, yet well known, although inviſible! A power without any conceivable form, while yet, embracing and aſſuming all forms!

When we define the Soul we call it—that living principle within us, the origin of our thoughts and affections.

A ray of divinity, ſpiritual, becauſe it thinks—and immortal, as Spirit never dies.

Conceive of it then "as of a bright luminary, ſerene and tranquil, the ſalutary ſource of ſcience, of reaſon, and of wiſdom.

Of Man, it is ſaid, "he is a God in exile;" and ſurely there is ſtamped, as it were, on the Soul of Man, the character of infinity, the reſtleſſneſs of immortality.*

The ſimple act of ſenſation (the perception of objects by means of the outward organs) is given alike to Man and Beaſt. Its functions, by an eſtabliſhed law of Nature, are in perpetual action,

* Cicero. Qui ſe ipſe norit, aliquid ſentiet ſe habere divinum.

and

and reſult, many of them, from inſtinct, aided by the happieſt powers of mechaniſm. The circulation of the blood, in this admirable machine, is its vital principle; but feeling is an affection only of our nerves, which, like a delicate net, is caſt over our whole body, that we may feel every where.

The four other faithful centinels, with no leſs wiſdom contrived, each of which is (properly ſpeaking) a change only and modification of feeling—hearing, ſight, ſmell, and taſte—theſe ſafeguards to our head are placed cloſe to one another. As Philo expreſſes it—"Where the King is, there are his guards alſo; now the ſenſes are the guards of the mind, and theſe are ſtationed about the head, the ſeat of ſenſation."

By the current of our blood, the uniform flow of this uninterrupted ſtream and its ſecretions, from this wiſe proviſion only, animation and ſenſe, vigour and nutrition are conveyed throughout our whole body, and we feel wound up, as it were, anew, with every breath we draw. Animal life is by this gentle impulſe given to us in common with the Brute. Vital action, vital powers, throughout, in this wonderful machine, ſucceed one another, and neceſſarily follow from the circulation of the blood and reſpiration. Spontaneous motion, ſelf-determination and will, belong alſo in common to Man

Man and Beaſt; but a ſuperior intelligence, called "conſcious perception," what ſo dignifies the Man, this is a gift allotted to *him* alone, his enlightened underſtanding, far nobler faculties and reſemblance to Deity reſult from intellect. "The gift of the Father of Spirits! The God of the ſpirits of all fleſh! To Man he gave a living ſpirit after his own image." An approach to the divine likeneſs in underſtanding, foreſight, freedom of choice, ſpirituality, immortality. "In the image of God created he him."

"——— Of all
The inhabitants of earth, to Man alone
Creative wiſdom gave to lift the eye
To Truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly."

To theſe principles of intelligence and Man's extended foreſight, there is united a certain organization of brain, impreſſible by objects from within and from without. So diffuſive is its influence, it is felt throughout our whole Body, although the ſeat of the Soul is in the brain.

Why it reſides in the head we argue thus—The ſubject of ſelf-conſciouſneſs is "thought;" but we find the ſeat of thinking and reflexion to be in the head. The knowledge of external objects is con-

veyed to us by means of a ſomething within, which directs and governs the body by the mediation of fibres we call nerves. Hence we move, feel, ſee through our eyes, hear through our ears, ſmell, taſte, and ſuch like. Now, if all matter was capable of thinking, there would be as much thought and underſtanding in our heels as in our heads.

Auricles, ventricles, lobes, and every portion of the brain, is double, except the pineal gland. Authors, for this reaſon, have aſſigned the Soul a place of reſidence there. Reſpecting its ſeat, however, we well know, that ſhould we unfortunately be deprived of every limb and even of the outward organs of ſenſe (were we blind, deaf and dumb) our mental faculties, "reaſon, perception, will," would, all of them, be unimpaired by the loſs.

A blind man has no idea of images or bodies repreſented to us through the medium of light, or a leper any of ſuch as originate from feeling, or a deaf man of thoſe from ſound; yet, ſtill the mind enjoys its own internal powers and mode of thought.

What an extenſive range is here allotted us? Where do not theſe principles carry us? In the exerciſe of theſe, together with his powers of invention,

vention,* Man is bounded only by the earth he inhabits—the plan he forms he finds means to execute, and from Pole to Pole.

Of all created beings, Man, from his erect poſture and elevated figure, aſſumes a ſovereignty. Born to govern, his attitude is that of command. He looks not downward like the beaſts of the field. Upwards he acquires majeſty, and her ſeat is in his forehead. Of a Bird, a Quadruped and a Fiſh, what ſee you but one-half only. To Man alone is

* The management of the element of fire (for inſtance) is given to Man alone. Although the manner of keeping up a fire is ſo ſimple, ſupplying it only with fuel, yet there is not one of the animal creation that has attained to the knowledge of it. A kind of ſecret imparted only to Man. This firſt agent in Nature is intruſted to that being only, who, by his reaſon is qualified to make a right uſe of it. From this invention he acquires his firſt bleſſings, cooks his food, his phyſic, diſſolves metals, vitrifies rocks, hardens clay, ſoftens iron, &c. &c.

Is not this invention alone a barrier (as it were) between Man and the Brute—what miſchief, what unforeſeen conflagrations might take place were fire at his diſpoſal! But the wiſdom of Providence has placed our ſafety out of his reach, and rendered our perſons and habitations ſecure, by with-holding the management of this uſeful element from the Brute.

Vide Abbe J. H. B. De St. Pierre.

† "Ponaque cum ſpectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublimè dedit, cælumque tueri,
Juſſit, et erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus."

Ovid Metam.

given the advantageous form, which diſplays his poſition and marks his directions at one view. From ſuch commodious height what a hemiſphere preſents itſelf, and what an enlarged horizon! Where elſe that line of beauty—where a gait and movements ſo graceful and noble!

His face is divinely illuminated, a ſpeaking without ſpeech—his thoughts you read in his eye and his air. To the countenance you look up for approbation or refuſal, hope or fear, deſpondency or intrepidity. His anſwer is given in his look. His ſtep announces a diſtinguiſhed ſuperiority, his feet two pillars—arms and hands aptly contrived to execute the commands of intellect, or for defence or utility.

Modeſty, ſhe places herſelf in his cheeks. Pride and diſdain in his eyebrows. Still further, and you acquaint yourſelf with his mind. Its calm and tranquil compoſure exhibit dignity. The amiable affections, "joy, and love, and hope," by their vivid powers light up the very Soul;* while the malignant paſſions—"fury, fear, revenge and an-

* The Soul is exhibited in the face, which is called its image. The organs of ſenſe, as alſo our ideas, reſide here. What a ſtriking argument in favour of Providence may be drawn from the infinite variety obſervable in mens' faces, in their voices and hand-writing.

ger,"

ger," ſingly or united, depreſs you. What a contraſt and deformity ?

It is in the countenance you read all that paſſes in the mind.* It expoſes intentions, will, and feelings, waiting for no conſent, oft irreſiſtibly, and while, and where it would fain conceal them. The eye is the index of the mind. There you are charmed with the winning graces and the ſofteſt powers of eloquence. The eye lightens up the Soul, tells what it thinks, ſpeaks a language of its own, impreſſive with the glow of ſentiment. Take a view in like manner of the admirable mechaniſm and very delicate texture of the organs of hearing.† How ſonorous are its cartilages—the ear, by means of its folds and curves, collects all the modulations of ſounds as they are varied in ſpeech. The ſmooth

* Some one ruling paſſion we can but notice in the features of the Brute. Cruelty and fierceneſs—mildneſs, attachment, friendlineſs—cunning, archneſs, or ſtupidity—love, duty, &c. But is not Man more happily diſtinguiſhed by a caſt of countenance, features, and impreſſions, which beſpeak a celeſtial origin.

† Our hearing—how much more are ſounds collected for having two ears, and, how advantageouſly placed ? In like manner the eyes, by their poſition you take in, at once, more than half the horizon. With one eye we muſt only have ſeen a third of it. Two hands, two arms, of what infinite uſe. With one leg what progreſſion---a perfect quadruped with four.

unwrinkled forehead exhibits peace within. Its furrows announce ſorrow and purturbations of mind. The chin belongs to Man alone, and is ſeen in no other animal. The ſwell of the noſtrils is viſible in eagerneſs, deſire, diſpleaſure, fury. Taſte and ſmell, how tempered, yet how exquiſite! Add to theſe his vaſt and ſuperior endowments, by which, and by which alone, Man is made capable of contemplating the magnificence and beauty he beholds.

Among animals of every claſs and tribe, none but Man has any knowledge of a God. No one animal partakes with him in this ſublime faculty. Of all human knowledge, the knowledge of the will of God is his proudeſt attainment. This divine principle of human intelligence you muſt ſurely eſtimate as in him the nobleſt. It is this exalts him above the inſtinct of the Brute. By it alone he conceives of the general plans and operations of Nature, and throughout all her works. From his inſight into theſe, together with his faculty of ſpeech, Man is aptly called the "prieſt" of the creation. He only offers up the ſacrifice of thankſgiving. In this point of view, Man alone reaſons on what he ſees, recognizes a God, contemplates the planets, and obſerves their courſes. The Sun, on its burſt of glory, making the day, or travelling in its ſtrength, or views with delight the

the ſplendour of the horizon on its ſetting. The phaſes and milder beauty of the Moon, "walking in its brightneſs, indulging in conſcious beauty to the admiration which ſhe challenges." The day, the night, the month, the year. His the goodly fabric of the world, with its ſhining appendages. Its mines *his* riches only. Its fruit *his* food. Its herbs *his* phyſic.

Endowed with ſuch gifts, and with ſuch ſignal embelliſhments, faſhioned after the likeneſs of his Maker, and thus bearing a reſemblance to his God, ſhould we not think of Man (animated by his breath and delegated in his ſtead) as a candidate for his future favour, as deſtined for ſtill higher enjoyments, and ultimately, perhaps, for nearer and ſtill nearer approaches to his more immediate preſence and ſociety. For what other purpoſes could theſe his faculties of mind have been given him—his powers of conſidering, deſigning, of conſulting and fore-appointing whatſoever he intends to do?

There is nothing we know of ſo ſublime as intellect. With reſpect to our bodies it may be conſidered as a world without us. The power which controuls, animates, and directs this microcoſm, and all its operations, reſides in the brain. To the frailty and inſignificance of a reptile, Man may be

ſaid to unite the ſublimer faculties of exalted ſpirits; and, in this his mortal frame, to ſhield the principles of immortality. Again, from his vaſt reach and the compaſs of his underſtanding, when compared with the Brute creation, Man fills up that middle ſpace betwixt animal life and intellectual, and, is that link in the chain of Nature which unites the viſible to the inviſible world. Man, by his faculties of mind, aſſociates with Angels and Arc-angels, confidentially looks up to a being of infinite wiſdom and perfection as his Father, and to the higheſt order of exalted ſpirits as his brethren; though, in another point of view (a mere animal deſcending in the ſcale of ſenſibility and life) he muſt ſay to corruption—"Thou art my father," and to the worm (thence generated)—"Thou art my ſiſter and brother.

Another author (Caius Caſſanus) thus expreſſes this ſentiment. "Our minds are, indeed, in point of intlligence, below angelic ſpirits, yet are they far above every ſpecies, even the moſt diſcerning of the Brute creation. The perfection, at leaſt, of the lower order, and the link where the higher orders begin. The bleſſed ſpirits above us (unen-

* Habent illas ubique lineas, quâ immortalis anima, quâ libera et ſui arbitrii, quâ præſcia plerumque, quâ rationalis, capax intellectus et ſcientiæ.——TERTULLIAN.

cumbered

cumbered with body) poſſeſs a larger ſphere of intellect, which, no darkneſs defaces, becauſe of the ſupreme object in view, the preſence of that Being who is the "light and the truth."

But, to acquaint ourſelves further with the faculties themſelves, their operations and powers, we muſt ſearch accurately into the nature of mind itſelf, and the Soul, of the two, is ſaid to be far better known than the Body.

Our ſenſes are purely paſſive. They receive impreſſions—it is the buſineſs of mind to pronounce reſpecting them.

Ideas are objects of thinking. A picture or repreſentation on the mind. May you not conceive of an idea in like manner as you do of a ſeed. In ſome ſuch way as a plant or a tree is contained in the ſeed, ſo the ſeed or ſubject of knowledge unfolds and diſcloſes itſelf as ſeaſons occur, as occaſions invite.

External objects are repreſented to the mind, in a great meaſure, by the ſenſes. Seeing is a touch upon the expanſion of the optic nerve, called the retina, by a focus of the rays of light. Smelling the contact of odoriferous particles with the olfactory nerve. Taſting is the feel of ſapid bodies on the

the palate and tongue. Hearing the impreſſion of a ſonorous wave or undulation of the air upon the auditory nerve.

To the action or ſenſe of feeling we may be ſaid to be indebted for the power of exerciſing all our faculties.

From ſenſation, then, and reflexion our ideas wholly ariſe. Senſation is a mode of feeling. Senſations follow from impreſſions on our minds. Reflexion we may define to be the notice which the mind takes of its own workings and operations.

From theſe ſources we acquire all our knowledge, the ſubjects and materials of which are—"thought, compariſon and perception."

The nerves are inſtruments or organs by which the ſenſes act. Every nerve takes its riſe from the brain. Its numerous branches and ramifications, form that delicate net which, with infinite ſkill, tempers our feeling, and ſo wiſely diſpenſes and proportions it throughout.

The nerve itſelf is made up of a longitudinal bundle of fibres. One extremity of each bundle is outward, and the other terminates in the medullary ſubſtance of the brain. Senſation is an affec-

tion

tion from the extremity without. An idea ariſes from an affection on the extremity within. Some impulſe on the brain by means of its uniting with it. You may call feeling or perception its action from without, inwards. Volition is a motion from within, outwards. From the one then we *feel*, from the other we *think*.* Thinking is indeed a ſimple act which runs through every other. A general mode and operation in the mind. Our thoughts are parts of a long train, which paſs and re-paſs in quick ſucceſſion.

Though higher endowed, and quite diſtinct from Body, the Mind does not accuſtom itſelf to act alone. Theſe two friends are cloſely united by mutual intereſts, the one to the other. The Mind ſeems ſo jealous of herſelf, oft-times when ſhe could, ſhe refuſes to act, aſſents to be held up by leading-ſtrings, checked and reſtrained by the

* The change in the nerve we trace thus: The ſpirits propel forward ſuch as are next adjacent (on touching for inſtance a hard body or ſoft) and theſe again move the next, till the laſt globule or particle but one moves the laſt of all, which by preſſing on the medullary part of the brain effects the change. It is then, in the common ſenſory, a repulſe only of the ſpirits againſt their origin, to every one of which, God, in his infinite wiſdom, has annexed an idea or ſome diſtinct intelligence. How ſimple! how unerring! What diſplay of wiſdom and contrivance? Correſponding with impulſe and conſent of mind, how inſtantaneous? Sudden as electric fire.

ſenſes, well knowing that much of her light and knowledge is acquired from them. The Being that formed us thus diffident, choſe to affix certain bounds to our knowledge, and has, in a great meaſure, limited it to the objects and purpoſes only for which he gave it.

As a certain ſphere is aſſigned to each of us by Providence, for this purpoſe powers are given us ſuited thereto. Duties to be performed, rules obſerved, and affections implanted, which (as it were) encourage and invite us to right conduct.

Various impreſſions, from without, are made on the external organs of our ſenſes, according to the variety of objects which preſent themſelves. From hence imagination forms correſponding ideas, and ſtores them up in the memory. But there is ſomething higher which compounds, divides, compares and makes new ones. The Mind can retire from its commerce with external objects, and take a view of its own operations.

The Mind, ſhe enjoys a perpetual ſpring. A ſucceſſion of new objects, like young ſhoots and buds, new ideas from ſeed ſown, or impreſſions on the organs of ſenſe. But without any aid whatever from theſe her ſources of ſenſe, an intuitive power reſides in the Mind; and by its preſence,

and

and by its exertion alone ſhe underſtands, views, compares and judges.

To Senſe and Reaſon two different provinces are aſſigned. Senſe obtrudes certain impreſſions—ideas independent on will. The underſtanding, within itſelf, takes cognizance of all, and, by its own native powers and activity, ſifts, examines, judges. Senſe acts then as a lower, inſtinctive and paſſive part of the Soul, in connection with our body; whereas, the Underſtanding, ſhe can act without it. Reaſon and Underſtanding acquaint themſelves with the true nature of thinge, while Senſe, ſhe views only the outſide.

The Mind is entruſted with this knowledge wholly from within, which, ſhe can avail herſelf of without controul. Ideas we have ſeen, many of them, to ariſe from outward objects, impreſſions on the organs of the ſenſes; but it is the prerogative of Mind to act alone, and of this too ſhe avails herſelf when ſhe pleaſes. The Underſtanding, in herſelf, (as has been ſaid) poſſeſſes this ſource or ſpring of new ideas, this creative power of her own. She does not always require the preſence of objects by which ſhe is affected; for—remove the object, or even let it ceaſe to be, yet ſtill the perception remains. Repreſentation, of itſelf, is ſufficient to produce ſenſations ſimilar to the objects themſelves.

ſelves. All this we experience in our feelings of pleaſure or pain, which are the hinges on which our paſſions turn—we find pleaſure (a ſomething which delights us) either from objects of our outward ſenſes, or (it may ariſe) inwardly from our thoughts alone—pain we find alſo a ſomething that moleſts and torments us from objects without or within. There is a ſomething then which makes diſcoveries to us without the aid of any outward organ of ſenſe whatever—it perceives, and we find the thought may or may not be connected with an object of ſenſe—may or may not be conveyed to our minds through an outward organ. Our ſenſes, in many inſtances, deceive us. Underſtanding, ſhe contradicts their deciſion. Reaſon (a ſomething within us) corrects ſenſe and diſcovers its miſtakes. The oar we admit to be ſtraight, though when a part is under water, it appears crooked. The heads of our Antipodes are as erect as our own, though our imaginations obſtinately ſuggeſt the contrary.* The planets, Sun, Moon, &c. from their diſtance appear ſmall, while their

* The Brute poſſeſſes the outward organs of ſenſe, and their object in common with us; they are alive to the preſent, but far more dead to the future; he enjoys to the laſt the objects grateful to his ſenſes; the Swan, ſhe dies while ſinging, but what notions have they of morality; can you call them moral agents, the higheſt and peculiar character of a rational being. Truths and moral qualities then are totally abſtracted from the external ſenſes.

circum-

circumference is immenſe. Their diameter at different diſtances is protracted under different angles at the eye, although one and the ſame line. In travelling, the trees you paſs ſeem themſelves to move, paſſing quickly by you; but you are at no loſs to attribute the appearance you ſee to its real cauſe. A ſmall matter of reaſon oft-times ſerves to confute ſenſe.

From this liberty of thinking at pleaſure, together with a capacity of moving at will, we acquire our idea of power. Perceptions then, in general, do accord with outward objects, may, and do ariſe from impreſſions on ſome one organ of ſenſe; but, beſides this, we poſſeſs a power of chuſing our own thoughts, the Mind can ſupply itſelf with materials for thinking from its own internal operations alone; and we are compelled to admit (as the Philoſopher expreſſes it)—"OUT OF ITSELF THE MIND FASHIONETH NOTIONS."

* "The Soul, indeed, perceives objects of ſenſe by the mediation of the body, but there are intellectual things which it doth meditate upon by itſelf."——PLATO.

SECT.

SECT. II.

Faculties Deſcribed. Reaſon — Taſte — Memory — Imagination — Reflexion — Attention — Genius — Judgment — Truth.

WE are now to deſcribe the FACULTIES themſelves, a ſubject on which much labour and thought have been employed.

As THINKING is a ſimple act of the mind which runs through every other, ſo, in like manner, reaſon is a general term for our intellectual powers, as diſtinguiſhing them from the ſenſitive (for inſtance) good from evil—truth from falſehood.

By his REASON Man is diſtinguiſhed alſo from the Brute—the faculty of all others in which he may be ſaid to maintain his ſuperiority over him.

We define Reaſon to be "The diſcovery or probability of propoſitions or truths acquired from ſenſation and reflexion," whereas FAITH means our aſſent to a propoſition upon the credit of the propoſer as coming from God.

For

For our rule of conduct and guide of life, we resort to the faculty of Reason. Such is the pilot who steers the ship, and such should be the wisdom and experience of the tutor to his pupil.

Unrestrained by time, and without check or controul, Reason connects objects and surveys them. What is past and what is present she unites; and, foreseeing their consequence on the future, she forms them into one whole; and, as its animating principle, its Soul, presides over it.

By her contrivance and sagacity, Reason brings about her wishes, and finds means to convey her thoughts and orders throughout a world. Philo Judæus calls it "The Image of God."

The labours and researches of Reason, and the exercises of genius, survive the Man; and, to a traveller on the same road, serve as a direction-post, and become a source of comfort, utility and delight.

*Taste is that delicate aerial faculty which seems too volatile to endure the chains of a definition; it belongs to our imagination, and cannot probably be tried by any test, nor regulated by any standard.

* Burke.

A good taſte is, however, little elſe but right reaſon, which we uſually expreſs by the word judgment, and yet it differs from it. Judgment forms its opinions upon reflexion. Taſte takes no ſuch pains. On firſt ſight of an object ſome impreſſion is made, ſome ſentiment acquired. Juſt as the ſight is caught in a moment, the ear ſtunned by a harſh ſound, and the ſmell delighted with a fragrant odour, before reaſon knows any thing about them; ſo is Taſte, in a like manner, ſtruck at once, and waits for no reflexion.

When we act from firſt impreſſions only, we call it taſte; when we form our opinions from reaſoning, inveſtigation and knowledge, we call it judgment.

Memory is the ſtorehouſe and repoſitory of our thoughts, and how much doth ſhe heighten the pleaſure they afford us!

Our thoughts are ranged as in a common place-book, and we ſhould ſo wiſely claſs them, as from one leaf or another, to produce a good thought upon all occaſions, for Memory keeps a faithful journal of every occurrence, and with a perſpicuity which no length of time effaces or can embarraſs. Who 'ere forgot the countenance of his friend? "Unchanged and alone its form remains."

"The

" ——— The buſy pow'r
Of Memory her ideal train preſerves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion—for, not the expanſe
Of living lakes, in Summer's noon-tide calm,
Reflects the bordering ſhade, and Sun-bright heav'ns
With fairer ſemblance.*———

Memory places us amidſt the higher order of created beings, and claſſes us with moral agents. Without recourſe to Memory, ſhould we acquire any direction from choice, act from inſtinct only, and as it were from impulſe? By her friendly aid we compare paſt objects with preſent, and without comparing we ſhould puſh forward at random with a fatality not to be reſiſted, no one thing preferring to another.

To a treaſury ſo valuable Reaſon refers you for direction, aſſumes her empire, and becomes your pilot. Thus our learning and knowledge we owe to Memory and much of our intellectual happineſs. Not to know what has been tranſacted in former times would prolong our infancy, and we ſhould continue always childiſh.

Our faculties in general, and not leaſt our memories, are freſhened and improved by exerciſe.

* Blair. Akenſide.

" Prone on the lonely grave of the dear Man
She drops, while buſy, medling Memory,
In barbarous ſucceſſion, muſters up
The paſt endearments of their ſofter hours."

Though Memory ſprings up with our earlieſt aſſociation of ideas, ſhe perſiſts through life to claim a high aſcendency, nor doth ſhe quit us in its decline. When in age we live alone in retroſpect, " our hoary treſſes in bloſſom for the tomb," with our powers blunted, and our pleaſurable feelings dead, at a period life has ſo little more to promiſe, Memory fondly dwells on the exploits of youth, aſſumes the narrative; and, though her ſtory has been often told, it loſes nothing of its ſprightlineſs—

——— For " Age now garrulous recites
The feats of youth"———

The objects of remembrance have all of them exiſted—" Her ideal train preſerv'd intire"—A few glaring points have left ſo ſtrong an impreſſion, we review and arrange them at pleaſure, and make our youthful ſallies o'er again: as to the changes now about to happen, they may come too late for our accommodation.

How wiſe in youth to keep hoarding up a treaſure of pleaſing ideas, to defray the expences of that time, when much of our happineſs muſt be drawn

drawn from reflexion ! Expences to be wholly paid from the fund we have been raiſing. In younger life learning is aptly compared to engravings on braſs ; but, in old age (with reſpect to recent objects) it more reſembles a writing on the ſand.

IMAGINATION is a faculty whereby we recal our ſenſations—how lively and ſtrong are the impreſſions of objects ſhe brings back ! Ideas, whether acquired by repreſentation or from the ſenſes, it is Memory retains them, and our Imaginations enlarge and compound them. The whole world is not an object ſufficient for the depth and rapidity of our Imagination. The ſallies of Imagination are far beyond its limits. The mind poſſeſſes, as it were, a creative power of her own,* and all

* For the inventive powers of Imagination, its ſympathy and ſenſibility, this ſhort Sonnet expreſſes them all.

The Roſe had been waſh'd, juſt waſh'd in a ſhower
That Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moiſture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet
And it ſeem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flouriſhing buſh where it grew.

I haſtily ſeiz'd it, unfit as it was,
For a noſegay ſo dripping and drown'd,
And ſwinging it rudely—too rudely alas !
I ſnapt it—it fell to the ground.

images which have once been placed there by the ſenſes ſhe can recal and review, combine and methodize as ſhe pleaſes. Of what great conſequence is it that the Imagination be well regulated, as it will then preſent nothing but pleaſant ideas. The more uſual objects which arreſt our Imaginations are—"the beauties of nature, the works of art, muſic, painting, ſculpture, the ſciences, poetry, taſte, wit and humour."

A cell in the fore-part of our brain is ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of this faculty; and though the thing itſelf be abſent, its image is preſent and ever in our ſight. Conceive of a man benighted in a ſtrange and unknown place, frightful figures preſent themſelves before his eyes, imagination fixes them and gives riſe to ſtories of ſpectres, viſionary deceptions, ghoſts and hideous figures. Such forms literally do appear, we deſcribe them, they are painted on the retina and we ſee them. The power itſelf is juſtly called "Imagination," and ſhe is the

And ſuch I exclaim'd is the pitileſs part,
Some act by a delicate mind,
Regardleſs of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to ſorrow reſign'd.

This elegant Roſe, had I ſhaken it leſs,
Might have bloom'd with th' owner awhile,
And the tear that is wip'd with a little addreſs,
May be follow'd perhaps with a ſmile.

ſource

ſource of many a fear and many a hope. To her belongs the ſprightlineſs of fruitful fancy, much of our ready wit and ingenuity. Hair lips, a claret face, female longings, and fancy-marks, in vaſt abundance, have been attributed to the vivid powers and ſtrength of the Imagination.

A reverie differs from Imagination in this; the ideas produced by it ariſe from our thoughts only, unconnected with, and undiſturbed by, any foreign object whatever.

The pleaſures of Imagination, how tranſporting! To what ſociety doth ſhe carry us, to what joyous ſcenes and proſpects. Imagination holds a ſweet converſe with all ſhe meets, fixes on the beauties of a picture and a ſtatue, a rapture ſo innocent, a wiſe man never bluſhes to indulge.

While Memory confines herſelf wholly to the paſt, Imagination gaily anticipates the joys of the future, without putting you on labour or to difficulty, ſhe relieves you from vacancy and idleneſs. Memory makes a man learned, but Imagination makes the poet. A bright thought ſtarting in a poet's mind, is a proceſs, bearing the neareſt reſemblance to our conceptions of the operation of Deity.

We not only perceive objects, but we know that we perceive them. There is a ſomething within us which examines and ſurveys our perceptions, which can contemplate and reflect upon its own contemplations. The mind can retire from its commerce with external objects, and take a view of its own powers and excellencies. By ſuch circular and reflex motions we hold converſe with ourſelves, argue and weigh the ſtrength of our arguments.

Reflexion thus turns, as it were, the mind back on itſelf, taking a view of its own operations and will—" reaſon, judgment, faith." What a uſeful aid in the arrangement and claſſing our ideas, is this reviewal of the action, a placing before our eyes all that has been paſſing in our minds ?

There is another faculty which is called by Cicero a hearkening of the Imagination. The common ſenſory is hereby kept in the exact ſtate in which it was brought by the idea, which our will retains.

Attention thus fixes the mind to one ſingle object, to the excluſion of all others. Objects of ſight make by far the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, arreſt the attention wholly, inſomuch, that this faculty, fixed

fixed by an intereſting object, becomes involuntary, and we truly ſay—"we could not help it." A faculty ſet a high value on by the tutor, but it belongs to the will as well as to the underſtanding. There is nothing for which we are more ſtrictly or more properly reſponſible, than for our fixed thoughts, called attentions.

Notwithſtanding all its lively powers and the extenſive flights of our Imagination, how barren our intelligence from it, compared with the intelligence of Nature? Has not Man borrowed his model wholly from her works? Hence another faculty we call GENIUS, which truly is only the art of obſerving, and copying, and mimicing of her.

GENIUS we may further conceive of as the joint exerciſe of thought and judgment, and to conſiſt in a happy combining of our ideas, together with their rapid aſſociation. A principal branch of Genius is invention. We ſearch, deliberate, combine, make experiments, project; we plan a houſe, conſtruct a mill, build a ſhip,* make a clock, a gun, &c. We diverſify our Genius, and apply it to a vaſt variety of improvements in arts and ſcience.

* A ſhepherd on a high hill ſaw with great ſurprize a Ship ſailing on the ſea---what a huge inanimated body? But viewing it nearer, and eſpying a man, and being told he made it, and moved it, and managed it, all was underſtood.

Our

Our powers and faculties are hereby enlarged, our ſight we aſſiſt by glaſſes, harmonize our hearing, and allay the tumult of our paſſions with the charms of muſic, apply our knowledge to navigation, and call in the aid of aſtronomy and the magnet, aſcertain the velocity of motion, the height of the ſkies, the dimenſions of the univerſe. Diſtances and delays we ſhorten by telegraphs, expel our noxious air by ventilators, and by a newly acquired art, reſtore life and animation to thoſe about to meet a premature and untimely grave.

The labours of Genius and Invention are well worth our purſuing, and prove often the ſources of utility and great delight. With what advantage do we employ the jack, the lever, and the wedge, ſeeing our own ſtrength would do little without them; but with the knowledge of mechanics, with what eaſe do we ſupply all our deficiencies. By ſuperior adroitneſs we oppoſe our weaker powers to the otherwiſe irreſiſtible ſtrength of the Brute. "Even the Leviathan, he ſubdueth to himſelf, he putteth a hook into his noſtrils, and he pierceth his jaws with iron, laughing at his ſtrength; thus he truſteth his children to play with him."

How much are the ſciences indebted to the art of Printing, and what may we not expect from our new diſcoveries of "fixed air," and daily improvements

ments in the knowledge and uſes of it, its properties, mode of ſeparation, and purification, from its vital principle, and from inhalers. We have yet alſo much to learn from electrical fire, its novel action, application and ſtimulus; and, laſtly, from the elevated ſtation of the Areonaut,* his conteſt with elements in the yet untrodden paths of atmoſphere above us. While the navigator, by ſpreading his ſails, ſwims with the tide, the Areonaut, he rides on the wings of the wind.

It appears, while awake, a painful ſtretch of thought, and what wearies our minds the moſt; but in ſleep, how lively, quick and fruitful is Invention!

The WILL is a faculty which chooſeth, refuſeth, or ſuſpends its acts. By his Will alſo Man becomes the ſubject of moral government, ſubmits to ſocial laws with their annexed ſanctions, promiſes, and threatnings. Its acts are—conſent, choice, execution. Nothing we do, ſeparate from our Wills, can be good or evil, juſt or unjuſt, as they are the fountain of moral good or evil.

* Areonaut, which an author who has taken much pains to illuſtrate the ſigns of the times, eſteems a prelude to ſome extraordinary effect about to be produced on the "actuating ſpirits" of mankind.——KING's *Ingenious Remarks*, fol. 2.

Legiſlation,

Legiſlation, judgment, execution, rewards and puniſhment, all of them depend upon our Will. Reaſon can only propoſe what the Will is at liberty to reject or adopt. Reſpecting Will, it is a diſputed point whether it does not poſſeſs a greater ſhare of happineſs than any other of our faculties, even the Underſtanding itſelf.

A facility of receiving ideas, makes a Man of Underſtanding. A facility of viewing things under various appearances, conſtitutes a Man of Judgment.

JUDGMENT is an operation of our Will, and exerciſed in analizing, comparing, and diſtinguiſhing our ideas.

Our Judgments ought to ſit free and unbiaſſed in their examination, nor warped by intereſt, nor led aſtray by imagination.

Wit is employed in tracing reſemblances, while the buſineſs of Judgment is in finding differences; both of them reſult from comparing things together, yet are they ſo ſeldom united, that the ſight is eſteemed a phenomenon in Nature, accounted among the rareſt.

TRUTH

TRUTH is the juſt conformity of our ideas with our words. Error and falſehood its reverſe.

Plato deſcribed the Supreme Being under the ſublime figure of "Truth."

"Truth his Body,
Light his Shadow."

In Perſia the greateſt ſtreſs was laid on "telling Truth," both in the education of the Prince and the Peaſant. Unhappily we ſee that Falſehood has notwithſtanding had her votaries. She is inſinuating, how can I flatter without it, and being dependent, does it not oft-times claſh with my intereſt? I feel myſelf a coward, but ſhould I ſhow fear I am betrayed. I would fain hide, or at leaſt palliate my own faults, and I am deſirous of pleaſing others. To impoſe on ignorance and the credulity of ſome, has been thought convenient. Opportunity occurs, an evil may be prevented by deception, a gratification obtained by it. There are truths unwelcome, and, is Truth at all times to be ſpoke? From our unwillingneſs to hear what we are afraid to know, from tenderneſs to a friend, and ſuch deluſive reaſonings, Truth, which ſhould be naked, is clad under diſguiſes, ſoftened and hid under appearances, juſt as you give phyſic to children, under the form of ſweetmeats and ſugar-plumbs; but, are mankind to be bribed, in like manner,

manner, by pleaſure, in order to eſcape deſtruction? And is not a lie to Man, a lie to God?

Truth is ſimple and uniform—error infinitely varied. The Supreme Being, he is expreſsly called "the God of Truth." When, on any principle whatever, we debaſe ourſelves by the utterance of falſehood, or the practice of diſguiſe, we caſt off all our reſemblance to him altogether. Would you tread the ſure and certain path to happineſs, you will find it only in the permanent luſtre of Truth.

"The only amaranthine flow'r on earth
Is Virtue; th' only laſting treaſure Truth."

ESSAY

SECT. III.

On the Paſſions. On Sleep and its Perceptions—Likes and Diſlikes. On Conſcience.

" ——— Man's breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions, quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger uncontroul'd
As the young Lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow that locks up the ſtruggling heart,
And ſhame that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The Soul more ſharply than with points of ſteel
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions, that converſe with good,
Are good themſelves—as hope, and love and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count—ſo theſe, which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult."

PASSION is an emanation of the Soul, which does not ariſe from Reaſon, nor does it wait for her determination.

The Paſſions are ſo intimately connected with our bodies, and belong ſo much to our appetites and

and ſenſes, that Angels and ſeparate Spirits are ſaid never to partake of them.

Two very oppoſite powers are implanted in us, the one in its effects totally differing from the other; but Nature, or rather the God of Nature, has kindly put into our hands the reins, and given them to ourſelves to hold. It is the object of our choice whether we will be hurried on precipitately by the one, or prudently checked and controuled by the other. How wiſe the ſtudy and uſeful the employ, to preſerve a juſt balance between the two, avail ourſelves of ſuch hazardous gifts, and enſure the pleaſures they might be made to yield us. The Paſſions and Inclinations, under due ſubordination and good government, are ſurely of admirable uſe in life, and tend greatly to ennoble it; nor is their uſefulneſs wholly confined to thoſe affections which are the moſt lovely, but ſometimes even to the irraſcible and angry paſſions themſelves. Love of what is amiable, how inſtinctive and pleaſant—compaſſion towards the miſerable and helpleſs, abhorrence of what is vicious or baſe, fear of real evils, diſgrace, poverty, diſeaſe, and death. There are things of which we ought to be afraid, it is indeed wicked (ſays Ariſtophanes) not to be afraid of them.

* Civile odium, quo omnes imbrobos odimus. TULLY.

From

From all this the Paſſions we ſee may be divided into two claſſes. Some amiable and good, others more unruly. Theſe laſt are placed as guards againſt invading evil. "Joy, hope, love, ſhame," act as powerful ſtimulants. As ſources of good they free us from vacancy, ſupineneſs and ſtupidity, while "pity, grief, hatred, fear," tend all of them to deaden and depreſs us.

Our Paſſions, when ſprightly, ſudden and impetuous, appear irreſiſtible, akin to inſtinct and its inſtantaneous impulſe. Amiable affections, they wind about our heart, ſweeten all the relations of life, render its duties eaſy and its burthens light. Emotions ſurely not altogether dependent on our wills. Involuntary is the ſtart of Paſſion, the conſcious bluſh, the ſtiffened hair ſtanding an end, the ſparkling eye diſcovers it, it vibrates in the ear, betrays itſelf in the voice, it is wildneſs in the countenance, and tortures every feature.

The impreſſions made by the Paſſions are cloſely connected with the ideas we form of "right and wrong." Their riſe, and growth, and cultivation, correſpond with our ſenſes and appetites, and they have been fancifully likened to ſhoots and excreſcences, ſuch as nails, and hair, and beards; and like to them, look horrid or becoming, juſt as we cut or let them grow.

Conſidered in themſelves, the Paſſions are indifferent, neither good nor evil. Since you aſcribe them to Deity, you muſt ſurely acquit them of every imputation of guilt. The Almighty Parent of the univerſe is repreſented as being angry, grieved, full of pity, jealous, and as the God to whom vengeance belongeth.

Our Saviour, he is held up to our view, as a Man of like paſſions with ourſelves.

They are intended to anſwer many wiſe and uſeful purpoſes. The Paſſions are powerful motives and excitements to action, and of infinite advantage to our hilarity and cheerfulneſs. We are naturally ſo prone to indolence, want of ſpirit and inanimation, there is a wonderful uſe in the Paſſions—our deadneſs and ſtupidity is oppoſed only by their "lively gales." Would not ignorance ſupply the place of knowledge, and indolence reſemble us to a block or a ſtatue, without theſe "elements of life." Who makes a proficiency in any art, who is not paſſionately fond of it? Eloquence gains over the Paſſions, or ſhe ought to gain them over, to the ſide of Reaſon and of Virtue. To the Paſſions it has been aſcribed, that life has any vivacity at all. Seaſons, days, hours, how inſipid, unenlivened by the Paſſions! Life a dream, is any Man awake without them? The mathematician's

"Vis

" Vis inertiæ," his oppoſing power to ſloth. Without the Paſſions (it is ſaid) Man would be a mere machine, like a huge windmill without a breath of air.

" The politer arts—" Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Muſic," owe their firſt beauty, riſe, and influence, to the Paſſions.

The good government, due ſubjection, and regulation of the Paſſions, is (notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid) the grand buſineſs of life. Let a Man poſſeſs the beſt principles, a ſtart of Paſſion will lead him to act in direct oppoſition to them all. Under the influence of diſorderly paſſions, how brutal and ſhamefully degraded is the Man? Paſſion proves the ſource alternately, of fury, anger, heart-rending ſorrow, and remorſe.

" Achilles now, with grief and rage oppreſs'd,
His heart ſwell'd high and labour'd in his breaſt.
Diſtracting thoughts by turns his boſom rul'd,
Now fir'd by wrath, and now by reaſon cool'd:
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly ſword
. . . . . .
This whiſpers ſoft, his vengeance to controul
And calm the riſing tempeſt in his ſoul."

Whirlwinds and hurricanes, ſtorms and tempeſts in the natural world, are but faint emblems and

repreſentations of the deſtructive effects of unruly Paſſions in the moral.

" Anger ſtorms at large, and fell Revenge
Heightens the ſavage rage: cloſe envy bites
With venom'd tooth—while weak unmanly fear
A prey to fancy, unſtrings every nerve."

What a ſtorm is to a ſhip at ſea, ſuch is the boiſterous rage of unreſtrained Paſſion, kindled by pride and fanned by folly, fever enſues, trembling, horror, ſyncope, wildneſs, death. A perfect madneſs, though it prove a ſhort one.

" ——— Oft—their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages, more fell than Libya breeds,
Transform themſelves 'till human thought becomes
A gloomy ruin, haunt of ſhapes unbleſt,
Of ſelf-tormenting fiends, horror, deſpair,
Hatred and wicked envy."

From indulgence, Paſſion gains a ſtrength and boldneſs, which aſpires to nothing leſs than ſovereignty.

A peeviſh monſter ranks with the hornet and the waſp, but the furious is akin only to the Lion, and to his hungry growl.

During much of his life, Man appears a mere machine. His ſenſes all aſleep, no idea is preſented by any objects without. However ſhort and tranſient

ſient our lives are, a very conſiderable portion indeed, inſenſibly paſſes and is loſt. Is it not, and almoſt to all, a ſeaſon the moſt innocent and happy? After the fatigue of ſettling his new government, Sancho Panza gives a grateful eulogium on the bleſſings of ſleep.

"God Almighty bleſs that Man who firſt invented that ſelf-ſame thing called ſleep. It wraps me all round like a cloak."

"We ſeek the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep,
Sweet pleaſing Sleep."*——

Without the luxury of its recruit, how ſoon ſhould we be exhauſted!

Our minds we conceive of, as having one mode of conception aſleep, and another awake. The condition annexed to the latter is "Thinking." It is ſaid of Man, he always thinks awake. Our organs of ſenſe are locked up by ſleep, and life reſembles death. In a moment our ſtrength and powers of action leave us; and the body, what a motionleſs log with every nerve unſtrung? Unemployed in providing for the body and its wants, worn out by labour, yielding to cuſtom, habit, to ſeaſons and indulgence, our ſenſes grow languid, and ſoon ſink into all the deadneſs of ſleep. Our

* Homer, Lib. xiv.

eyes wide open, but what ſee we? The organs of hearing unimpaired, yet deaf. Thought and judgment, where are ye? Notwithſtanding, the Soul, at liberty and as alert as ever, enters a world of ſpirits, new ſcenes, new life, and how oft it enjoys its viſionary triumph!*

The Soul reaſons oft, and as lofty in our dreams as when awake.

The Philoſopher, raviſhed with the wide range of intellectual pleaſures, hence concluded he ſhould live when dead. A new world opens to our view. The Mind takes poſſeſſion of unlimited ſpace, and lords it over the works of Nature. But, for connected reaſonings, ſee a disjointed jumble of abſurdities. Deluſion on deluſion. Hours on hours loſt. Time misjudged. The light of our imaginations thus, as it were, eclipſed by ſleep, the ſenſes are no longer our inlets to thought; for, ſilently ſtealing from the Body, the Soul has now entered the ſhadowy vale, and wildly ſports her viſionary ideas. Although monſters are often ſeen to jum-

* ——— "for Reaſon, ſhe retires
Into her private cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but miſ-joining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams;
Ill matching words, and deeds, long paſt, or late."

ble,

ble, and chimeras on chimeras hurled headlong over one another, ſoon the farce is ended, and the inhabitants of this mock world are not joſtled over long, though we then truſted, we ſhould have puſhed on in our wild career for ever.

Who is it, inſtantaneouſly on waking, reſtores to us our ſenſes, reaſon, perception, judgment, and all our faculties? Who gives them back in ſuch perfect harmony?

So cloſely allied are life and breath, we call them by one and the ſame name. In common with other animals, we, like them, draw in our breath, and, the vital principle in both, its action, and re-action, perſiſts, whether we attend to its workings or not.

God has not thought fit to truſt to our diſcretion wholly, the ſupply of thoſe wants neceſſary for our ſupport. Our ſtock of vigilance might prove inſufficient, and reaſon comes too ſlowly to our aid, he has therefore given us appetites, hunger, thirſt, and ſuch like, that we might not too much ſuffer from neglect.

Beſides theſe uſeful monitors, he has been ſtill more kind in his proviſion for the vital functions, thoſe on which life depend. The blood is diſtri-

buted throughout the whole body, independently of our wills, or even our thoughts. The beating of the heart and pulſation of the arteries, are but little under our controul, and we breathe without attending to it. Neither of them wait our will or orders, and during ſleep they are all carried on without our knowledge.

A double layer of muſcles are inſerted on our cheſts, the one of which act voluntarily, and we breathe deeper and ſtronger at pleaſure, and we can even ſuſpend our breath. The other layer act without our knowledge or will, in a regular diſcharge of duty, aſleep, awake.

What a wiſe proviſion is this for our helpleſs and defenceleſs hours, and alſo for our very thoughtleſſneſs, we might forget to breathe.

During ſleep (we ſaid) voluntary action ceaſes—no impreſſions are then made on the brain. Yet, the brain retains its vigour. At a period ſo helpleſs, though ſo happy, what becomes of the Soul. Stript and unencumbered of her groſs ally, ſhe ſtarts into action, no more in concert with the Body.

Our waking thoughts are not half ſo lively as our fancies are aſleep.

Seated

Seated on her throne, Fancy triumphs; and, while ſenſe is bound, in ſilken cords, aſſumes her native freedom. Diſdaining ſolitude, ſhe mixes in a croud of company, a vaſt variety engroſs her, a coincidence and arrangement irreconcileable awake.

The unenlightened Indian tells us of his Soul being ſuch a night in ſuch a place, and converſed with ſuch a Spirit; that while his Body was under the guardianſhip of a good Angel, his Soul had taken a flight through the airy regions of Spirit.

It is not in the power of Sleep to deaden or abate the activity of the Soul—ever ſo weary or worn out with labour, the moment we drop aſleep the Soul is as buſy and alert as ever.

Dreams we define, Ideas not ſuggeſted to the Mind by any external object, nor are they the choice or under the guidance of the Underſtanding. The Soul (ſays Locke) in ſuch a ſtate of thinking, little, if at all, excels a "looking-glaſs." Both the one and the other receive a variety of images, but retain none; in both they vaniſh, and no track or footſtep is left in either. The glaſs (ſays he) is no better for ſuch images, nor the Soul for ſuch thoughts.

But

But I cannot join with him in thinking quite ſo lightly of the impreſſions of dreams, nor altogether think there are no other uſes to be made of them. Our reviews awake, of our excurſions and tranſactions aſleep, may lead to circumſpection, caution and right conduct. It was a mode of information which in early ages was not wholly unattended to.

Impreſſions lately made, have been thought to create theſe reveries in ſleep. They not unuſually ariſe from affections of the ſtomach. Dreams of fire are aſcribed to bile. Dreams of fog and ſmoke preſage melancholy. Dreams of water a dropſy—Of Sun, Moon and Stars, delirium. Dreams of precipices and falls, apoplexy.

A ſingular uſe of dreams is to interrupt and break off the chain of our aſſociations; were we always awake, ſome favourite idea would impreſs itſelf ſo forcibly on our minds, nothing would appeaſe it. Accidental aſſociations might take place ſo ſtrongly, that nothing could disjoint them. Hence penſive melancholy, and every other ſpecies of derangement and inſanity!

Philoſophers have told us, that "Dreams deſcend from Jove," that ſpirits inviſible, while awake, have acceſs and intercourſe with us aſleep.

"Tired

"Tired Nature's ſweet reſtorer—balmy Sleep!" The God of Night, he lives immortal in the praiſes of Heſiod and of Homer.

Artiſts delineate him in the prime of youthful beauty, on his firſt entrance into manhood.

"A ſoft youth on a bed of down, his right hand under his head, his left lying negligently down by his ſide, and holding a bunch of poppies."

Thou art the refuge of the unfortunate, the enfranchiſement of the priſoner, the downy lap of the weary and the broken-hearted!

Let us take what view of Sleep we will, its reſemblance to death is apparent in them all. Our bodies are alike arreſted by ſleep and by death, the Soul is left at liberty by both. With reſpect to our Body, indeed, during ſleep, its very being (as to us) is entirely loſt. Startled at the abſence of a preſiding power, active and free as thought, and overawed by the ſolemnity of the approach of ſleep, Sir Thomas Brown never dared truſt it without firſt ſaying his prayers; and Montaigne ordered himſelf to be waked, that he might prize and reliſh the bleſſing the more.

Alexander

Alexander the Great would have fully perſuaded himſelf he was a God, could he have lived without it.

The Poppy (ſays the meek and penſive Cowley) is ſcattered over our fields, and intermixes with our wheat, that bread and ſleep may be found together.

" Tho' mixt with wheat I grow;
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
She bad the Poppy blow.

Seize happy mortal, ſeize the good;
My hand ſupplies thy ſleep and food,
And makes thee truly bleſt:
With plenteous meats enjoy the day,
In ſlumbers paſs the night away,
And leave to fate the reſt.

Notwithſtanding the Poet's advice, Sleep is well known to be an enemy to longevity—too much of it occaſions weakneſs and epilepſy. Inſtead of nouriſhing and making fat, it is rather by over indulgence a friend to leanneſs.

The ſublimeſt pleaſures of the Soul, as well as its greateſt troubles, ariſe from affections of the mind, and from moral cauſes.

LIKES and DISLIKES—desires after good things and aversion to bad, are affections closely united to our wills, whether the objects which excite them are presented to us by our senses or started by imagination, we feel disgust at some and pleasure at others. Smiles and tears are the expressions which peculiarly exhibit them, and they commence in our infancy, just forty days after birth.

There is moreover within us a far more hidden and sublime principle, a Faculty which checks, controuls, and maintains authority over all the rest; for, if the thing we like be hurtful to us, our desire of it ceases, insomuch, that we avoid or refuse it.

CONSCIENCE is this intuitive light or moral sense —a testimony and secret judgment within. The province and sovereignty of Conscience you trace in communities prior to edicts, to all laws and compacts. Theft, murder, infidelity, tyranny, were in utter abhorrence in Athens and at Rome, before any law existed and while yet unknown. "Conscience is the unwritten law, or rather the law of first inscription given to every Man by the Gods." A ray of divinity and rule of conduct so unerring as, by the Philosopher, to be esteemed infallible.

Every

Every Man, on ſearching into his own heart, finds there a ſtandard of "right and wrong," preceeding every inſtruction, revelation or law. Poſitive inſtitutions and appointments may, and do vary, whether they reſpect civil government or the externals of religion; but "truth, juſtice, mercy, gratitude," they never alter. Learned and unlearned, nations uncivilized, and thoſe the moſt poliſhed approve of theſe, and agree in their opinions reſpecting them. I find (ſays Socrates) a light within me, a guide placed (as it were) in my breaſt, which, if I diligently attend to, directs me on all important occurrences.

As a witneſs to all we do, Conſcience examines our actions, and ſhe ſits as judge. When ſhe has taught us what is right, ſhe becomes the repoſitory of our moral principles, and her further office is to guard them. So deeply is her authority engraven on our hearts, it is ſeen to lie at the very bottom of them. Let a Man ſtupify his ſenſes, and even lull them aſleep, Conſcience ſpeaks loudly to him, a reſtleſs worry enſues. It is impoſſible to ſilence her clamours. Death, under its moſt hideous forms, is preferred to its gnawings. Like a viper, twiſted round his heart, it clings to him wherever he goes, biting and forewarning. There is no getting rid of ſuch a monitor. Her ſtart and cry precede the crime;

crime; and, though notwithſtanding the wrong is done, it is done by ſtealth, haſtily, and in the dark. A conſcious bluſh betrays it. The action ſtares you in the face—mean unmanly fear diſtorting every feature. Thus the ſtorm is burſting and about to burſt——

—— "Not Hell itſelf can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind,
Conſcience thus ſhakes, when ſhe with rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing terrors through their ſouls;
She day and night doth dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the wretch, yet ſtill the charge renews."

What health is to the Body, that a good Conſcience is to the Soul; but, a wounded Conſcience who can bear?

Before the act is done, ſhe adviſes as a monitor, and, having a perfect knowledge of paſt deeds and preſent, as a witneſs ſhe atteſts them; then, as judge, ſhe paſſes a juſt ſentence on the action, as well or ill done. Highly gratifying in her applauſes, but moſt unmerciful in her rebukes. What complacency and ſecret ſatisfaction ariſes, and in a moment, on her acquittal? But, her alarms and terrors are heart-rending and ſevere—bluſhing ſhame, anguiſh, remorſe, anxiety!!

What greater happineſs can there be, than to look back on a life uſefully and innocently ſpent—

to

to trace out its progreſs in exiſtence, by tokens which excite neither ſhame nor ſorrow. The well-founded praiſes of a blameleſs heart are, indeed, ineſtimable. It is no ſmall thing to poſſeſs a mind in health, ſound at the very core, which does not ſhrink from the cloſeſt inſpection, which enjoys a perfect freedom from remorſe or perturbation, ſimplicity of manners, integrity unſullied, and without a ſtain.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Further Thoughts on Spirit.

WITH ſilent triumph, and with what claſſic elegance doth the Roman Poet exult? "All of me will not die—The nobler part ſurvives."* And the Grecian oracle declares—

——"Man, tho' dead, retains
Part of himſelf. Th' immortal Mind remains."†

From cloſe inveſtigation and deep reſearches, the philoſophers have, in every age, pointed out a life to come—ſome bleſſed abode on which they caſt a longing eye, as an anchor of their hope and ſource of conſolation.

Under the impreſſion of grief and deſpondency, the uplifted eye is fixed on Heaven; and does inſtinct, and does Nature deceive us. Man's ennobling gift, his faculties of reaſon and intelligence, with its extenſive range, was it given him but for a ſingle moment only? Is its light then to be ex-

* "Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit."——HORACE.

† Homer.

tinguiſhed and for ever? Are our ſenſes, genius, powers of invention, all that inſpires us with hope, joy, and love, bequeathed only to make us miſerable and diſappoint us? Our proſpects and our faireſt bloom thus blighted, our uſeful knowledge and virtuous reſolutions abandoned, ſink into oblivion ere formed or well conceived? Without ſomething of this rational foreſight and expectation of futurity, how ſorrowful the wrench from preſent ſcenes of ſweet delight!* With reſpect to us, the Drama cloſes ere it had well begun.—

"——— Who would loſe
This intellectual Being———
Theſe thoughts which wander thro' eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion."†

When, in the evening, the ſetting Sun, quitting our horizon, drops down to give light to the hemiſphere below, through its circuit in the Weſt, it fills with glory its trackleſs way, and with renewed ſplendour iſſues out again from its chamber in the Eaſt. This glorious orb, becauſe unſeen, has it

* —— "Who to dull forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing, anxious being 'ere reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing, lingering look behind."
GRAY.

† MILTON.

ceaſed

ceaſed to exiſt? And can you not, in like manner, conceive of the Soul as exiſting, although it may poſſeſs no organs of ſight ſuch as our's, nor the ſubtle vehicle itſelf, or the element in which it floats, ſhould be no object of it whatever.

The pious and enlightened Conſul, * Father of the Roman Empire, a ſhort time before his death, exclaims—"Oh! Happy day!! When I ſhall eſcape from the multitude, a heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine aſſembly of exalted Spirits! When I ſhall ſee my ſon, whoſe Soul is (as it were) looking back upon me, and expecting that I ſhould follow him." This wiſe Senator (whoſe Soul was harmony and eloquence) could not help thinking that after death he ſhould become an inhabitant of the planetary world; and Cæſar, from his elevated ſtation in the ſtarry dome, fain would Cæſar, ambitious for the fate of Rome, preſide over its deſtiny for ever.

In ages far more remote, the world in infancy, even then many intimations were given of a life to come.

* Cicero. "O! Præclarum diem, &c."

Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit.——JUVENAL.

"When Rome had liberty to ſpeak, ſhe called Cicero the Father of his country."

Two young men, brothers, the one wicked, the other righteous; the one incurred God's diſpleaſure, the other his favour; this latter, in the flower of youth, was murdered for his piety; the former, though a murderer, permitted to live. Now, whence the ſupport of the aſtoniſhed parent? His dead ſon was living with God, and his murderer had time allowed him to repent. Was he not hereby expreſsly told, that the preſent ſtate could not be "the final iſſue of the works of God reſpecting Man?"

In ſuch early periods the knowledge of this intereſting truth muſt have reſulted, much of it, from "reaſon" only, and from "obſervation." Involved in what clouds of darkneſs!

Of all the gifts of God to Man, his reaſon is ſurely the nobleſt. Although of itſelf it did not afford a ſufficient light, yet, reaſon and obſervation had, from their early dawn, employed the thoughtful mind, and furniſhed it with its principles of morality, ſome baſis on which to form its ideas of "right and wrong," and of an exiſtence hereafter. From the nature of things themſelves, and from not a few of his works, Man's thoughts naturally led him to the diſcovery and neceſſary exiſtence of a God. We read, indeed, with regret and ſurprize, how inſufficient theſe two guides, "Reaſon and Obſervation"

Obſervation" in thoſe early ages proved. The Heathen world, they ſunk into idolatry, ſenſuality and vice. The wiſeſt reaſonings and ſoundeſt philoſophy were never able to explain to Man who he himſelf is, much leſs would they lead him to form juſt conceptions of the nature of Deity. Some ſmall reſemblance, indeed, they traced out from themſelves, and by analogy conceived ſomewhat of his affections, character and moral attributes. How liable, alas! to error and deluſion!

Should we conceive of the Divine Mind (for inſtance) as wrathful, vindictive, cruel, or capricious, how muſt we dread his power, and live in perpetual horror and alarm! But, when we conſult the univerſe, the work of his hands, and the ſcene of his actions, he there reveals himſelf as a preſiding Being, provident over the whole, good and kind, and delighting in our happineſs. Hence, what ſecurity, hope, and enjoyment! Now, how are we to diſtinguiſh between theſe two repreſentations of Deity? But beſides, can unaſſiſted reaſon anſwer the moſt obvious inquiries reſpecting ourſelves. Whence we came? Whither we are going? What our future deſtination? Here then we muſt ſurely acknowledge the want of information, the neceſſity of a further Revelation, and how gladly muſt every honeſt heart receive it!

Some bright ſtar had, at almoſt every period, here and there appeared, and, like a flaming meteor, emblazoned the horizon. In proceſs of time Men's eyes were more and more opened. The Almighty Parent of the Univerſe, he beſt knew the times and the ſeaſons, when, and by what means, he choſe to convey more intelligence of himſelf; and we have ſtill to admire his wiſdom in accommodating it to the varying degrees of capacity in the minds of all his creatures! With reſpect to its operation on the mind alſo, he beſt knew how reaſon would influence ſome, and intereſt others; how terrors would affright, and how powerfully perſuaſive example. He therefore diverſifies and enforces his rules of conduct, awfully promulgates his laws, and exhibits his character and attributes to our reaſon, together with many promiſes, encouragements and threats, and ultimately by the moſt perfect pattern of excellence for our imitation.

Thus, in the fulneſs of time, has the Father of lights, the God of the ſpirits of all fleſh, more expreſsly made himſelf known.

There muſt, however, at every period, have been a difficulty in conceiving, how a "thinking being" ſuch as our's, in a perpetual progreſs of improvement, its faculties in full exerciſe, and, while eager

eager in purſuit after knowledge, that it ſhould, on this its firſt entrance and ſetting off, ſink away into nothing. Annihilation, indeed, even in the material world, where is it? Diſſolution, changes, tranſmigrations and metamorphoſes,* in an infinity of modes, paſſing all our comprehenſion, we ſee throughout all Nature, but extinction as to its elementary particles, we diſcover no where.

Nature is all order and perfect harmony. She exhibits conſiſtency, contrivance and deſign. View theſe her characters in concert with the beauty and magnificence of the whole. You ſurely would hence inſtantly acknowledge a Creator—a Former. Does not all you ſee imply intelligence, a mind, intention? From ſuch ſure conviction religion itſelf follows, and in its moſt ſimple form, a devotion and homage as it were from inſtinct. Compare this harmony and ſurvey of the natural world with what you ſee in the moral and intellectual, and from its brevity and imperfect attainments, all will appear unmeaning, diſorder, confuſion—improvements attainable, and cultivation encouraged, but for what? Look to the ſplendour of the riſing Sun, does its cheering influence end with one day only, unexpected on the morrow? Or the Moon,

* Vide a very ingenious and elaborate work lately publiſhed by Frederic Kanmacher.

doth ſhe glide in majeſty for one ſingle night, or ſhew ſo many phaſes, waxing and waning, during one ſingle courſe or revolution; but, how far more excellent is that principle and light within us we call the Soul, wherein we, with ſo much dignity, bear our reſemblance to God; and is it given to Man, with its enlightened faculties and extenſive powers, for no other purpoſe than to be unfolded, its luſtre diſplayed for a moment, and extinguiſhed again in one and the ſelf-ſame hour? Dwell on the ſentiment a little longer, while you recognize ſome of Man's other gifts, his ſwiftneſs of imagination (for inſtance) and the ſtretch of his intellect. His amazing faculties of mind, can you calculate their value? What a ſovereignty and pre-eminence do they give him? Since Reaſon is ſo capable of being improved by exerciſe, is it not deſigned for cultivation, but is one ſingle moment enough? Knowledge, how dignifying and uſeful! Religious knowledge, of what infinite importance, and how captivating! One virtuous ſally of the Soul is preferable to the moſt ſhining abilities, to the greateſt accompliſhments, to the whole world. Sun, Moon and Stars, (when conſidered as inanimate) are, in real worth and excellency, far exceeded by the Soul of one virtuous and religious Man. Now, after this, contemplate him as the offſpring of chance, and about to ſink again into his primitive nothing. A Being unconnected with, and under the controul

troul of no ſuperior. No other Being above him. How unimportant, and myſterious, and trifling his character, views, exiſtence, powers, faculties, foreknowledge! Except in his gift of "perception" and "ſpeech," together with his means of accompliſhing his deſires, where differs he from the Brute, and where ſeek you his intellectual happineſs? Go back and conceive of him once more as "immortal," as a Being deſtined to ſurvive the ſtroke of death and live for ever. How intereſting and important becomes every thing belonging to him! What a dignity of character does he inſtantly aſſume? "How his conſequence riſes, when viewed as the firſt link in a vaſt indeterminable chain lengthened out to eternity!"

Throughout Nature you diſcover no wrench and conſequent gap, a ſtudied uniformity, and the moſt eaſy tranſitions take place in vegetable life and animal. Links exquiſitely fitted, and degrees almoſt infinite. The two kingdoms themſelves are ſo cloſely united that, by comparing the loweſt of the one with the higheſt order of the other, ſcarce any ſenſible difference, in point of intelligence, is ſeen betwixt them. The line of demarcation is ſo ſlightly marked in the Polypus, Star-fiſh, Sea-nettle, and other marine plants, as well as in the Tremellæ and ſelf-moving plants, that, to this day, it remains a doubt whether to claſs them as ſubjects

jects of the vegetable kingdom or animal.* The differing ſpecies likewiſe they ſeem, as it were, to iſſue out of one another. There are fiſh which have wings, and are no ſtrangers to the airy region. Some birds are inhabitants of the water, and there are animals which, by living both on land and at ſea, link the terreſtrial and aquatic together. With what wonder and ſurprize we engage in the ſtudy of the inſect-tribe, numerous beyond all calculation. Some ſo infinitely minute, you diſcover them only through a microſcope. All of them have a heart and lungs, joints, muſcles, nerves and ſkin.† Nature, ſhe ſwarms with life. What a multiplicity of puny tenants inhabit a green leaf? Earth, ſhe heaves with animation. Each poſſeſs a mind, a governing principle, as well as animal gratifications. Each one's wants are provided for and ſatisfied. Inſects are, in like manner, ſo cloſely allied, as to

* The ſenſibility of the Senſitive Plant ſo perfectly unites with that of the inſect, with that inſect at leaſt whoſe puny ray of intelligence you think of all the weakeſt.

Reſpecting the gifts of intellect it is much diverſified and differently diſpenſed. There are creatures who enjoy taſte only and feeling, a claſs higher have the gift of hearing, and another of ſmell, a nobler ſpecies are bleſſed with ſight. A vaſt variety is ſeen, riſing, ſtep by ſtep, in the world of life, before a creature is found in poſſeſſion of all the ſenſes.

† Vide Leſſer's Inſecto-Theology. Bentley, on Boyle's Lectures.

be

be ſeen to iſſue one genus out of another, advancing in the ſcale of intelligence and enjoyment.

When life is once given, how curiouſly and methodically is it wrought up by Nature in the vegetable kingdom and animal! Matter once organized, endowed with life, and put into action, how is its happineſs enlarged by perception! Intelligence we ſee juſtly proportioned to its wants, ſenſe, ſpontaneous motion, and ſelf-direction given it, differing in degree, indeed, and almoſt infinitely diverſified throughout. Taking Man for the middle link, all down from us the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and ſo very gentle the remove, that intelligence in the one appears truly very little to differ in its proportions from the other. In the Plant you call it prudence, foreſight, inſtinct. Its brighter beam in the Brute exhibits ſentiment, ſagacity, judgment, inſomuch, that they become our helpmates, companions, friends.

Among the higher ſpecies, there are Brutes that ſeem to have as much reaſon as ſome that are called Men. How it riſes in Man himſelf. Man the Lord of the creation, a little lower only than an Angel.

Under ſuch a view, does it not coincide with the harmony and deſigns of "Infinite Goodneſs," ſo gloriouſly

glorioufly difplayed throughout the univerfe, that a race of beings fhould alfo afcend upwards from us—foaring (in fome fmall degree at leaft) towards his perfection, and in fome fuch proportion as we have feen them defcend from us downwards. We furely cannot doubt but that there really do exift many more fpecies of creatures above us than there are beneath us. There is infinitely more room above us than below us. Is fo frail and imperfect a creature as Man already at the top of the fcale? Why then may we not follow our afpiring thoughts (delightful employ) and, while they rife in endlefs gradation, view the higher links of this immenfe chain as it afcends upwards, our rank in the creation of God, our kindred alliance to him as his offspring, and our affociation with Angelic Spirits? Moft affuredly we are and ever muft be, after all our advances towards perfection, infinitely more remote from the "Great God," than we now are from every the loweft ftate of being we know of, from that which approaches neareft of all to nothing.

A chafm infinitely great muft fubfift, and for ever and for ever, between all created intelligence and that of its fupreme Almighty Former, while yet, through boundlefs fpace, there cannot but be ample room for a numberlefs race of intellectual beings, in progreffive advancement to knowledge, to glory, and to happinefs.

Who can point out the degrees and means by which Human Nature may attain Angelic? Who hath now an inſight into the connection we at preſent have (though unknown to us) with beings above us, while yet about us? Though our ſenſes are too groſs to have any clear conception of them, have they not acceſs to us? Who knows the relation this life bears to another, to a future, even now, or, what it may hereafter bear to orders of ſuperior beings, to beings in poſſeſſion of far higher ſources of intelligence and means of enjoyment?

"Man, tho' he here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole."

But may not new ſenſes be given us, enlarged faculties, richer treaſures of knowledge, an inſight into futurity, one comprehenſive view of the paſt, intuitive knowledge. New ſubjects of praiſe to our Creator, of joy and triumph to ourſelves, muſt ariſe from ſuch advances and acceſſion of good, from the proſpect of other regions of intellectual bliſs, opening and expanding to new horizons of divine light and indeterminable ſplendour. Renewed activity, intelligence, and enjoyment, progreſſive throughout endleſs ages.

Thus

Thus, by analogy, we do form ſome view, howſoever imperfect, of beings ſuperior and of natures above us, of the links of that higher chain, in ſome ſuch ſimilar mode lengthened out, and our alliance to other beings, although inviſible, in ſome way traced, to inhabitants of other planets, to thoſe of the new heavens and new earth, to angels and archangels, to innumerable tribes of exalted ſpirits in the poſſeſſion of enlarged comprehenſions, of faculties, and organs of ſenſe, to us unknown, and far higher degrees of intellectual happineſs.

How ſuitable is all this to the harmony and magnificence of the univerſe. To the viſible deſigns and purpoſes of its Almighty Former!

To Infinite Wiſdom, how ample the powers and means of conveying improvement! The ſeed (of intelligence) how profuſely diſtributed! The ſoil (the human mind) how worthy of cultivation! What hidden ſtores may there not be of intellectual knowledge and felicity?

"Wiſdom, ſhe giveth ſight to the blind, and the deaf, they hear. Wiſdom lighteth up the Soul —then, as newly awaked out of ſleep—Man, he rejoiceth!"

MATTER we conceive of as a ſubſtance under all forms and ſhapes, extended, compounded, diviſible,* without life, underſtanding, action.

MIND we recognize under no other form than that of "thinking." We conceive of the Soul as uncompounded, indiviſible, immaterial; poſſeſſing life, intelligence, activity. Reſpecting the intimate union ſubſiſting between Matter and Spirit, we know little. How two beings ſo widely differing are joined, we cannot comprehend. They tell us (though we gain thereby no information) that the Soul, while in the body is at home, like as a Man in his houſe, and when out of the body, as abroad and in the open air. We are, however, ſo formed, that certain perceptions in the Soul do invariably follow from certain motions in the Body; and, ſuch and ſuch motions in the Body always excite correſpondent perceptions in the Soul. We mark the effect, and there our knowledge ceaſes. While the union ſubſiſts, and our Souls are confined in theſe Bodies, we can only look through theſe material caſements, where every object is ſo obſcured, that what is material only can affect us. The veil of fleſh hides from us the world of ſpirits—there,

* Matter is capable of being divided almoſt to infinity. A piece of wire gilt with eight grains of gold, when drawn out to a length of thirteen hundred feet, the whole ſurface remains covered with gold.

all

all is to us invifible. But, when (in any ſhape and form) diſeaſe, or even length of days of itſelf, has battered down the human fabric, and brought about its diſſolution—"Man, he is not loſt at death, he is only ſent before."* The building falls but to riſe more illuſtrious from its ruins, rebuilt on a far nobler plan. Unfettered by death, the Soul retires from its ſhadowy vale, and enters on endleſs liberty.

Of the Souls already gone we are expreſsly told —"they are inheriting the promiſes." They are preſent *now* in Paradiſe. Though not with us, "the dead, they live with God:"† In their new ſtations, think, and act, and admire, more buſily than ever. Faith is *now* turned into ſight and enjoyment. God has adjudged to them the prize *now* in poſſeſſion.

On them the day of glory has already dawned, and it will ſhine more and more unto the perfect day. "For as yet they have not received their

* "Quem nos periiſſe putamus, præmiſſus eſt." SENECA. Luke xx.

† As oft as by intenſe contemplation we raiſe and wind our Souls into that heavenly ſociety, into which our dead friends are incorporate, our Souls (although they may be only thought) have acceſs to them, ſome way and means of being with them. EMLYN.

full

full reward." Something is behind. Although even *now* the lines have fallen to them in pleaſant places, even *now* have they a goodly heritage. There is a fuller inheritance, indeed, reſerved after ſome re-union, ſhall (by and by) have taken place.

The Body, it moulders into duſt, its companion quits it—its late tenant now enters a far more excellent dwelling, "a houſe not made with hands," and here, with all its conſciouſneſs about it, its employ will be on far nobler objects.*

Did our views (as a French author in his lively ſtile maintains) terminate here only, end with the preſent ſcene and die with it, would it not be better to enter on exiſtence an Inſect rather than a Man. A buzzing Fly glutting in the boſom of a Roſe, or a Caterpillar with its augur and its file. On a green leaf he breathes his firſt breath and commences his repaſt. He is neatly cloathed, and he feaſts greedily. Day after day, more and more ſatisfied, he grows, enlarges in bulk, and (as a reptile) acquires perfection. Having worn out his old coat, though unwieldy grown and indolent, he weaves himſelf a new one. In proceſs of time he makes his coffin and entombs himſelf. A few

* Quocunque abiero ibi Sol, ibi Luna, ibi colloquia cum Deo.—EPICTETUS.

weeks after, at the appointed time, again he riſes. Clad in a gaudy plumage, ſprightly and gay (no more a reptile) he traverſes the air and ſips and taſtes of every flower. Whereas Man, he comes naked, expoſed to inſects, to wind and rain, to heat and cold, without augur, file, or food; but, for the aſſiſtance of another, he ſtarves, he dies. But Man, the nobleſt workmanſhip of his Creator here below, is he to riſe no more from the bed of death, nor even ſhare with the Inſect tribe in his lively changes and far happier fate?

"Wilt not thou, O God! who raiſeth the dead Caterpillar to life, raiſe us alſo from the duſt of death?"

On our firſt ſtep out of theſe bodies, may not our Souls be conceived of as retaining their conſciouſneſs, as now about to act with enlarged powers, greater freedom, as entering only on another life, not another world. Heaven and Earth remain the ſame. The Body diſorganiſed, yields an eaſy prey to corruption, endued no more with any powers of acting, any faculties or thought. In like manner, as God has not given to "Spirit" ſolidity, extenſion, diviſibility, no more has he endued "Matter" with conſciouſneſs, life, intelligence. Matter may be changed into Spirit, and Spirit into Matter; but to make it think while it was Matter implies a contradiction.

Whatever our conceptions may be, and howſoever well founded our reaſonings on them, there are, notwithſtanding, thoſe, who yet aſcribe our intellectual faculties, even thought and reflexion themſelves, to ſome certain forms and modifications of Matter only, wonderfully diverſified, and ſome-how, exquiſitely wrought up. Now, whether form, modification, or motion of Matter can be a human Soul, is (ſays Wollaſton) much ſuch another queſtion as that in Seneca's Epiſtles, whether juſtice, or fortitude, or prudence, and all the reſt of the virtues, be living creatures.

Do we not all act from ſome inward principle, experience a feeling, choice, and power of managing ourſelves?

An empire (however inviſible) is put in our poſſeſſion, is put under our controul. We attend to its intereſts and ſupply its wants—occupy our thoughts in forming ſchemes, deſigns, forwarding one purſuit or another. Can this reſtleſs, active Being, be any property of Matter? Have you not the fulleſt evidence of the deadneſs and inactivity of Matter? Can you put it in motion by arguments, in like manner as the paſſions and affections of the Mind? Proofs and demonſtrations, do they ever act on Matter as levers and pullies? But notice only their effects and workings on the mind,

its irreſiſtible ſallies and the outrage of paſſion they can produce. Notwithſtanding all our reaſonings and concluſions, (how diſtreſsfully) have you witneſſed the means made uſe of during a late Revolution, and how it has operated (perhaps beyond the intention and expectations of its firſt abettors) in reviving the exploded doctrine of materialiſm? And magiſtrates and people having now given up all idea of a future ſtate, of Man they aſſert, that (after undergoing the diſtreſſes and trials of this tranſitory life) he retires for ever into the dark abyſs of annihilation. Perception and thought (ſay they) is the reſult of corporeal organization only, and in nothing doth it differ from "Matter."

Under the reign of Infidelity, how naturally do we look for the reign of "Terror." In the boſom of that highly favoured country, amidſt its fertile provinces, once ſo famed for lively invention, the pleaſures of the imagination, academies for ſcience and literary honours; who of us but ſhudders at the ſad and recent ſight of blood running down her ſtreets like a river, or views, without a tear, the deluſion and havock of her new-acquired principles, debaſed morals and impiety!—What baneful influence has it not ſpread, and what party ſpirit over neighbouring kingdoms? "Throughout her own, all ſenſe of Deity is extinguiſhed. The Temples of God ſhut up. A God dethroned. His Prieſts

Prieſts baniſhed. All worſhip aboliſhed. The doctrine of a future life expunged. Non-exiſtence (after death) announced in its ſtreets by heralds and proclamations. The image of ſleep ſet up in every church-yard, decreeing—THIS THEIR SLEEP ETERNAL. The writers on a future exiſtence blaſphemed, and their works, by order of the State, conſigned to the fury and ignominy of the flames, burnt by the hands of the executioner." Alas! has this reign of madneſs, and enthuſiaſm of infidelity, as yet afforded to the inſulted populace, ſupport under ſufferings, conſolation on the ſcaffold, or hope in death?—But, after all this, I feel fully perſuaded that the joys of immortality, the doctrine of a future ſtate, is a knowledge far too precious to be long obſcured, and will be more greedily embraced after even a ſhort ſuſpenſion.

Happy for us there are others, and thoſe no leſs zealous, and no leſs enlightened, who contend, that as Matter cannot think, the intelligence within us muſt be Spirit; and a philoſopher we lately loſt, and one we much admired, has aſſured us, "Mind will one day become omnipotent over Matter."*

Our knowledge of Spirit, even its very exiſtence, we trace much from ourſelves, from what we feel

* Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

paſſing within us, and how imaginary? To what can you reſemble any thing, but to a ſomething that is material; yet, as Matter is not Spirit, no image or repreſentation whatever can be given of it. Almoſt for our conceptions themſelves, for all our further acquaintance, however, with Spirit, we are wholly indebted to Revelation, and how invaluable the light it affords us?*

The Scriptures inform us there are Spirits, good and evil, who think and act in union with our bodies, or without them, oft-times united to bodies

* Moſes preferred a life of labour and ſuffering with the people of God, looking forward to the recompenſe of reward.

How many Martyrs have choſe torture and death (not accepting deliverance) that they might obtain a better reſurrection?

Would not Enoch's tranſlation appear an untimely death, were we not told he was ſtill alive—a reward of his piety and walking with God.

A double portion of his former riches were reſtored to Job, and he had ſeven ſons and three daughters. The bleſſings Job ſet the higheſt value on were his children—now a double portion of them were not given him, and why? his dead children did not ceaſe to exiſt ſomewhere.

How elſe would God be ſaid to bleſs the latter end of Job more than the beginning? The untimely deſtruction of his dear children, in the bloom of their youth, and in the flower of their prime, muſt have been a perpetual ſource of lamentation and grief embittering the pleaſures of renewed proſperity, had he not the joy of reflecting, that his former children were yet alive and living with God

quite

quite different from our's.* By what means they acquire intelligence, what it is that Spirit knows, we cannot tell, the union diſſolved, when it has once ceaſed to play on the ſprings of Matter (how exquiſitely ſoever wrought) where? what is it? By cloathing it only and giving it ſome ſhape, and that ſimply from our own imaginations, can we form any idea of it at all? Its exiſtence, however, in ſome way, we cannot deny; Ideas and conceptions reſpecting it you cannot get rid of; by dwelling on theſe, and reaſoning on them, you acquire ſomewhat more of clearneſs, and from what paſſes within, from our own mental powers and faculties, we trace out ſomewhat of its qualities and its duration alſo.

It ſeems difficult, indeed, for a moment to imagine, that the exiſtence of a being ſuch as Man, ſhould be circumſcribed by time, whoſe thoughts extend ſo far beyond it. An ingenious writer ſays, "May we not pertinently aſk, what action of matter it is (however modified) that produces thought; and though we loſe ourſelves in the contemplation, we cannot help admitting, that thought once produced, as I produce the thought I am writing, is capable of becoming immortal.

* Arch-deacon Jortin. Woolaſton, Religion of Nature.

" Statues of braſs or marble periſh, and ſtatues in imitation of them are not the ſame ſtatues, no more than the copy of a picture is the ſame picture; but print and reprint a thought a thouſand times over, carve it in wood, engrave it on ſtone, eternally, and identically the thought is the ſame, poſſeſſes a capacity of unimpaired exiſtence, unaffected by change of Matter, of a nature perfectly diſtinct from every thing we know of or can conceive. If a thought, thus produced, has a capacity of being immortal, the power producing it muſt be immortal alſo—like conſciouſneſs of exiſtence, it muſt be as independent of the matter with which it was before connected, as the thought is of the writing it appears in."

On the diſſolution of the body then, whether from diſeaſe, internal decay, poiſon, accident, or any other mode, may not our Spirit, a ſomething within us, haſten to another deſtination, ſeek a new abode, and maintain a conſciouſneſs diſunited from and unconnected with its former companion, its organs of ſenſe and ſources of intuition ?

SECT.

SECT. V.

Proofs adduced from the Opinions of Wiſe Men and Philoſophers. Its full Diſcovery from Revelation.

SINCE the Soul (ſays Cato) can exert itſelf with ſuch activity, ſince it hath ſuch a remembrance of the paſt, ſuch a concern about the future, ſince it is enriched with ſo many arts, ſciences and diſcoveries, it is impoſſible but that the being which contains all theſe ſhould be immortal—

> "Elſe, why this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
> This longing after Immortality?
> Or whence this ſecret dread and inward horror
> Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the Soul
> Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
> 'Tis Heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates eternity to Man!"

Hence too ariſes the equanimity and peace of mind with which a *wiſe* Man dies, and hence the terror and fearful apprehenſions of the *ignorant*; hence alſo the pious exclamation and full conviction of the Roman Conſul.* His Soul would, at death,

* Wiſdom and Folly, Scripture terms for good Men and bad. O! Præclarum diem, &c.——CICERO.

be

be admitted to the divine aſſembly of exalted Spirits above.

Zenophon, in his hiſtory of Cyrus, has, in that monarch, delineated the model of a perfect character, and handed down to us the dying words of that amiable Prince. Having aſſembled his family, and a few of his nobles, he ſays—

"My dear Children and diſconſolate Friends, think not I ſhall be no more. While with you and about you, my Soul has always been inviſible, yet from my actions you were perſuaded of its exiſtence. My Soul will ſtill remain unſeen, but conceive of it as exiſting. Never could I once imagine that the Soul only lived, while united to a mortal body, or that it died on being ſeparated from it."

The doctrine of a life to come (what an intereſting truth!) That our Souls never die, but continue to exiſt, was taught in the ſchools of Greece and Rome. Philoſophy, at that early period, was embraced by the wiſeſt and moſt venerable characters, many of whom honourably filled the Profeſſor's chair. The firſt who defended the immortality of the Soul was "Pherecydes," and this enlightened heathen made a convert of "Pythagoras," who fully believed in the Soul's continued exiſtence; but

but could not help fancying the probability of its admiſſion, at death, into the body of ſome other being. "Thales," the Meleſian (the moſt illuſtrious among the ſeven wiſe men of Greece) openly profeſſed his belief of it, and his conviction was recorded, and bore teſtimony to, by "Laertius," in his Treatiſe on the Sciences and Philoſophy of Egypt.

After theſe followed "Zoroaſter," the founder of the Perſian Magi, who were all of them zealous advocates for the doctrine. To theſe ſucceeded thoſe enlightened characters the "Chaldean Magi" —the wiſe Men of the Eaſt. The next was "Socrates," and his beloved diſciple "Plato."

The refined philoſophy and diſcourſes on morals of this great Teacher, ſo diſtinguiſhed by his wiſdom, integrity and fortitude, threw ſo much light on the ſubject of a future ſtate, the opinion, as ſoon as it reached Rome, was embraced by the Senate, and divinely enforced by the wiſe reaſonings and eloquent ſpeeches of its two diſtinguiſhed orators and venerable conſuls—Cicero and Marcus Portius Cato.*

* Nulla eſt celeritas quæ poſſit cum animi celeritate contendere.———Cicero.

Deum te ſcito eſſe.———Seneca.

Atteſtation of Cato—"Plato thou reaſoneſt well," &c.

A ſubſe-

A ſubſequent author, "Maximus Tyrius," writes—"Our bodies, they are tranſitory and changeable—Our Souls, they are immortal."

"Plutarch" (ſo famed for his biography, and whoſe *Lives* you read with ſuch delight) and "Epictetus," who, of all the ſtoics, was by far the moſt renowned, ſpeak of the Soul "as near akin to God."

"Seneca" expreſsly calls it a Deity dwelling in a human body. What bright reſemblances (ſays he) the Soul has ſtamped upon it?

"Cicero," ſpeaking of the Soul of Man, that it is a Being that could not be ſeen, no object of our ſight whatever, the eloquent orator adds, can you then conceive of it, as you are accuſtomed to do of any bodily figure, ſuch as you can point at with your finger? Throughout Nature there is no ſwiftneſs which can compare with the flight of "thought." The Mind, it ſoars aloft beyond the compaſs of ſea and land, ſporting throughout the vaſtneſs of infinite ſpace, and in the twinkling of an intellectual eye. Such lively powers, do they not ſpeak its divine extraction, alliance and duration?

"Zenocrates,"

"Zenocrates," the philoſopher of Athens, decides fully in favour of this doctrine. "Antiſthenes," in his Treatiſe on the Inviſible State, dwells with high delight on the fields of Elyſium, and, in a figurative ſtile, deſcribes the croſſing of the Styx, the court of judicature, and the puniſhments inflicted on the vicious. At the judgment ſeat of Nero, "Thraſeas" told the Emperor, "Although he paſſed ſentence of death on his body, yet he could not deſtroy Thraſeas."

"Anaxarchus," of Cyprus, was pounded to death in a mortar—you may (ſays he) beat to pieces the bag of Anaxarchus, but you cannot ſtrike Anaxarchus himſelf. "Epicarmus" aſſerts, that Death could not deſtroy his Spirit, "it would happily live in Heaven." The ſect of philoſophers called the Gymnoſophiſts, ſpoke of this life only as a priſon in which they were doing penance; and Seneca, when ſpeaking of the dignity of his Soul, ſays, —"I am too noble and of too high a birth to be a ſlave to my Body, which I look on only as a priſon to my Soul."

"Plato" formed his opinion of the immortality of the Soul, from the leſſons of his able Præceptor. The wiſeſt and moſt diſtinguiſhed ſects among the Heathens bore teſtimony to it. It was the philoſophy of the times. Plato was the diſciple of Socrates,

crates, and the tutor of Ariſtotle. His dialogue reſpecting the Soul and its future ſtate of continued exiſtence, is a beautiful ſpecimen of his mode of teaching.

At death, according to the doctrine of this divine philoſopher, a ſeparation inſtantly takes place between the Body and the Soul. Although the union is diſſolved the Soul exiſts, the Soul continues to ſubſiſt without it. Is there (ſays he) any one change unprovided for, any one thing deſerted throughout all Nature? A reſidence (I tell you) is prepared for its reception. Is it poſſible the Soul can periſh, unleſs that can die which is immortal?

In the ſchool of this enlightened Teacher, the doctrine was further enlarged upon, and its credibility enforced from reaſon, from the feelings and alarms of conſcience, from the tranquil enjoyment which follows her applauſe, and the ſtings and outrageouſneſs of her rebukes. A very forcible argument he drew from the unequal diſtribution, we ſee here, of rewards and puniſhments.

A good Being, who by a thouſand means is promoting our happineſs, will he permit us to be deprived of it, and his gracious deſigns to be fruſtrated, without puniſhing the offender? But, if this

life

life was his whole of exiſtence, how would it be brought about? How frequently are we called to witneſs the ſufferings of virtue and of innocence, the diſtreſſes and penury of men, of whom the world was not worthy!*

†Plato divided his ſyſtem into parts, and illuſtrated his doctrine of a future ſtate ſcientifically.

1ſt. From the uniform, ſimple, indiviſible nature of the Soul.

2dly. From its activity and capacity.

* Dies deficiet, ſi velim numerare, quibus bonis malè evenerit: nec minùs, ſi commemorem, quibus improbis optimè.

† The leaſt circumſtance told of diſtinguiſhed characters, howſoever trifling, intereſts us. Plato was a large man, broad ſhoulders, thick ſet. His mother, while ſhe went to offer ſacrifice and pray in the Temple, laid her little infant on a bed of myrtles, and there, a ſwarm of bees hovered over him and ſome few depoſited their honey on his lips, hence (ſay the Greeks) his ſweetneſs of diſpoſition and amiable manners.

Socrates, moreover, in a dream, ſaw a young ſwan deſcending on the child and neſtling on its knees, then riſing in the air in high delight, it faſcinated, with the ſweetneſs of its voice, both Gods and Men.

Plato was reſpected and beloved throughout Aſia. He was ſtiled by his countrymen the Son of Apollo, admired for his wiſdom, talents, and comprehenſive knowledge, and courted by all for the charms of his lively converſation, for he well knew the value of gaiety and mirth; and when he died, a book of witticiſms was found underneath his pillow.

3dly. From

3dly. From its ſpirituality and immateriality.

4thly. From its longings after Immortality.

Seeing him weep, Socrates told his penſive companion, "When my body ſhall be laid out, burnt, or buried, do not think that it is Socrates. I cannot perſuade my friend Crito, that I, who now diſpute, am Socrates; but he thinks that carcaſe which he will ſee by and by, is I. I tell you, for your comfort and my own, I am going to a bleſſed ſtate."

I have preſumed to give thus much of the opinions of theſe great luminaries, on a ſubject ſo intereſting. It was the philoſophy of the age they lived in. A doctrine acceded to by the wiſeſt heathens, and amongſt a people the moſt poliſhed. Is it not poſſible from the light of reaſon only, and, as it were, from inſtinct, to trace out yet more of this divine truth, and dwell a little longer on its credibility? Reaſon and inſtinct aſſuredly will furniſh us with ſome few hints, at leaſt, not oppoſing our natural hopes and well grounded expectations.

Survey but his range of thought, what bounds it? Man, he is always looking forward, and beyond

* For further arguments reſpecting rewards and puniſhments, *vide* Price on Morals, chap. x.

this

this unſtable and precarious exiſtence, to ſomething at leaſt more permanent. He is not ſatisfied from himſelf. From his feelings, powers, capacity and wiſhes, he appears here only an exile. "Whoſoever examines ſeriouſly what ſort of a Being he himſelf is, will be fully aſſured he hath ſomething in him divine."*

He is formed for two different ſtates. In this ſhort and tranſient exiſtence, are not his wants and ſupplies, in a manner, ſuited the one to the other? The former neceſſarily impoſed, and the proviſion and their gratification proportionate. Reſpecting the future, a ſtate durable and progreſſively improving, you cannot but conclude that it will be ſtill more happily provided for. Will its wants be unſupplied, and its wiſhes left ungratified for ever and for ever?

You can conceive however of Man, that he is not here at home, diſſatisfied with himſelf, with the objects which engroſs him. Through this material caſement he ſees them "as in a glaſs darkly." Soon as its priſon houſe is removed, when the body, a prey to corruption, is no more, all impediments withdrawn, as they muſt be at death, the Soul "to an unknown ſomewhere takes her flight," newly

* "Qui ſe ipſe horit, primum aliquid ſentiet ſe habere divinum."

clad in its proper vehicle, and under its appointed guide, ſhe yields to new impreſſions, acquires enlarged faculties, comprehenſion, and knowledge. Should you admit the fancy and alluſion, may ſhe not become "all eye to viſible objects, all ear to audible." Such the vivacity of the Soul, and the lively powers of imagination, aided by its new ſources, and perhaps other ſenſes given it. Perceptive *now* of finer impreſſions, ethereal contacts, bare to their immediate influence, a ſcenery all new, untold, unknown. What of new acquiſitions may we not preſage, endowments, powers of reaſoning, and communication of thoughts, adapted to higher ſpheres of knowledge and happineſs? Why may not ſomething of this take place at death? There is nothing in it impoſſible. The Soul may think, perceive, and act in its firſt ſeparation, ſoon as ever the diſunion ſhall take place.*

As new duties and employments are aſſigned us, will not our new faculties be ſuited to the elements we are to paſs through, accommodated to the ſociety we join, to the perſons, manners, endowments of happy beings, to many of whom we muſt be ſtrangers.

> A world of Spirits, action all, and life
> Unfetter'd and unmixt!

* See Wollaſton's Religion of Nature.

Does

Does not this rejoicing in hope reſult from ſome ſupernatural feelings reſpecting futurity, which (as it were) forebode it? The moral poet labours to aſſure us—

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn
The twilight of our day——
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut,
And Death, Death only heaves the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay removes,
And makes us embryo's of exiſtence free,
Embryo's we muſt be till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of Gods! O! tranſport and of Man."*

With faculties ſo highly improved, may we not trace out more of the hidden workings and operations of Nature, of that perſevering ſeries of events conſtantly following one another, as ſo many ſet forms punctually obſerved and religiouſly kept to, what produces ſo much of order, harmony and utility, in the natural world and moral, the ſprings, reſources, and wiſe eſtabliſhed laws of Nature.

How rational an employ, and compatible with the dignity of a human Spirit in any ſtate of exaltation! Meditations, ſuch as theſe, while they leſſen our fear of death, afford us more than an intimation of a life to come.

* Young.

The Archbiſhop of Cambray, having fixed on the mind of his royal pupil the livelieſt ſenſe of an "hereafter," in glowing colours depictures the tortures of the wicked amidſt clouds of ſulphur and torrents of fire, fuming around them, and never to be exhauſted; after which he leads him to the palace of Pluto, and charms him with the ſcenery of verdant groves, Elyſian fields, flowery meadows, the ſweet odour of plants and melody of birds, ſtreams flowing with perpetual freſhneſs, never dying Spring, and eternal day. A pure ethereal light cloaths the happy ſpirits there, to which the Sun's rays are as darkneſs. A glory which ſtrengthens the ſight without dazzling it, a ſerenity not to be expreſſed incorporates itſelf with the Souls of the bleſſed, with their ſenſes and perceptions, ſource of peace, delight and joy, inſpiring them with all the tranſports of inebriation, without the confuſion and the folly of it. Are not ſuch proſpects of futurity, whether the ſuggeſtions of a fine imagination, or the ſevere concluſions of philoſophy, inſtructive and pleaſant?

But, to confine ourſelves a little longer to what we ſee here. The habitation of the Mahomedan, and theſe ſhadowy realms of Pluto (howſoever groſs and ſenſual) ſpeak their opinion reſpecting ſome future place of reſidence.

The

The unenlightened Indian conceives of his Soul as, at death, taking its flight, or rather ſetting out on its voyage to a region far more happy; and the Negro ſlave, in the weſtern iſles, under the laſh of a ſevere taſk-maſter, puts an end to his ſlavery with life, in ſure and certain hopes of ſeeing again his native clime (however inhoſpitable) and enjoying anew his fancied freedom and love of home. May we not bring our reaſonings ſtill nearer to ourſelves, and thus God having made his creature Man, capable of attaining to high degrees of virtue, he has left it to his choice, whether he will ennoble himſelf by them, or yield himſelf up to the faſcinations of vice and infamy; but, according to the courſe of Nature, how could he reward him for the one, or puniſh him for the other?

We often ſee guilt eſcape puniſhment here, its object therefore muſt remain and ſurvive the body. Are we not forced then to admit, that, at death, Man doth not wholly periſh, and that wickedneſs does not finally go unpuniſhed; or, we muſt be at a total loſs to form any conception whatever of the juſtice of the Supreme Being, and give up a final retribution altogether.

Another proof from within ourſelves may be brought from the powers of our comprehenſion. The compaſs of the world we live in, and the wide

extent of Ocean are objects of magnitude among the greateſt; but, do we not as readily conceive of them (howſoever great) as eaſily as of a grain of ſand, or a drop?

Does the dimenſion of our underſtandings widen when we would comprehend the circumference of the Earth, or the vaſtneſs of the Ocean? Does it contract and narrow when the atom or the drop are our objects of inveſtigation? In reality each of them takes up no more room in our imagination, the one than the other, yet between theſe points of magnitude there is ſurely room in thought for innumerable proportions. When we conſider them long together, the one indeed ſeems too big for our capacity, and we are ſwallowed up in its immenſity; while the other, by its minuteneſs and diviſibility, dwindles down into nothing, and our very fancy loſes ſight of it.

The highly accompliſhed ſtateſman, philoſopher, and learned judge, (Sir Matthew Hale*) expreſſes himſelf thus:—"So vaſt and capacious is our underſtanding, it is capable of taking into its view the whole compaſs of the earth, as readily as it would the ſphere of a tenis-ball; and were you to

* "Immortal Hale! for deep diſcernment prais'd,
And ſound integrity not more, than fam'd
For ſanctity of manners undefil'd."

unite

unite with it the vaſt capaciouſneſs of the Heavens, ſtill a vacuity would be felt which might comprehend a million of Heavens more, for vaſtneſs and quantity do in reality take up no more room in the underſtanding than an atom."

From what paſſes within our own ſphere of knowledge, we may thus purſue the inquiry once more. "God gives underſtanding and enjoyment liberally, ſtill I feel myſelf diſſatisfied. Notwithſtanding my knowledge, my wiſhes tranſport me beyond my reaſon. Were I maſter of the whole world I feel capable of reliſhing ſtill higher enjoyments, at leaſt, my happineſs feels defective in point of duration and ſtability. A Plant or a Brute arrives, and ſoon, at its perfection; but, though I make ſome progreſs towards it, my advances are ſlow, interrupted, and without a poſſibility of ever attaining it. That good Being, who, on many occaſions, raiſes ſo much delight and ſatisfaction in me, could doubtleſs have augmented my felicity, and he might have made it perpetual. God has power to do this, and he is infinite in goodneſs. Though all men die, death doth not deprive them of this longing after happineſs and immortality. God has no pleaſure in deluding his poor helpleſs creatures, by raiſing falſe hopes of an hereafter, hopes not intended to be gratified. God gives activity to my feet, flexibility to my hands, and

what a number of uſeful ſervices they do me. He has created hunger and thirſt, and provided an ample ſupply for both, eſtabliſhing exact agreement and fitneſs between every faculty and its object; and he, in like manner, has implanted in the breaſt of all men, of every age and clime, inextinguiſhable deſires of happineſs and immortality—and is he likely to diſappoint them all?"

Man's life on earth, indeed, with its pomp and all its delights, would in a manner ceaſe to be deſirable, and at all enjoyed, did it ceaſe to appear to him immortal and divine?

Without theſe well-grounded proſpects of futurity, what are all our hopes and fears, our acquiſitions and purſuits! How narrow! how groveling and temporary! So much from perception and ourſelves—where we

"To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To Reaſon then, deducing truth from truth.
——— But, the cloud
(So wills eternal Providence) hangs dark.
Enough 'from thence' to know that this blind ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This infancy of being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of God."

"Elſe, why was Man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame?"

——— "Elſe, wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes, from day to day, ſublimer things
And mocks poſſeſſion?"

Whatever doubts may have perplexed, whatſoever may have tended to obſcure the important doctrine of a future life, admit it even not to have been clearly traced out by human reaſon; yet, does it not perfectly coincide and accord with it? When once diſcovered by Revelation, does ſhe not cordially approve and embrace it?

How congenial is it to the conſtitution and frame of the human mind! The Soul, as it were, of itſelf ſprings forward, eager to meet it beyond the limits of corporeal exiſtence, exults in the proſpects of endleſs duration, and her alliance with kindred ſpirits and ages yet to come.

On what can we fix as a ſheet anchor, as our higheſt and ultimate perfection, our end, centre, and reſting place; but—on living again and enjoying the friendſhip and love of this great God! Having made Man for himſelf, he intended his own glory as the ſupreme object, and that no perfection leſs than infinite, that is, none but his own ſhould fully ſatisfy it.

A phi-

A philoſophic reaſoner reſembles the Soul to a mathematical line, which may make its approaches nearer and nearer to all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it. Infinite ſpace muſt ever ſubſiſt between human intelligence and the fountain of intellectual light, who himſelf only is perfect in knowledge.

Lewenhöec employed his time principally at his microſcope, and his obſervations were ſent in detached pieces to the Royal Society. While writing his laſt paper, he called to him one of his friends —" Do you (ſays he) finiſh it, a very material tranſaction now engages me. I am dying !" An event which took place in about an hour. And Profeſſor Maclaurin, after a long life ſpent in literary purſuits, was ſo eager to know more, that on the day he died, he ſent to his learned friend,* (who preſided at the anatomical claſs) and aſked him why ſo many dazzling ſparks were playing before his eyes. During the few moments (ſays he) I have to live, do explain to me the cauſe.

From imperfect viſion there are alſo other phenomena and appearances which attend on our ex-

* Profeſſor Monro, of Edinburgh. His account given me in 1754. Noticing with reſpect to this laſt, that a life ſo virtuous and innocently paſt, there was left for it nothing to do but to die, and he was in ſearch of knowledge to his laſt breath.

piring

piring moments, though a little differing from this —Sprightly and more vigorous efforts exhibiting the faculties of the Soul bright and unimpaired, (called "lightnings before death") are not at all unuſual. As a taper juſt on the point of extinction, for a moment rekindles—what a blaze?—but it has expired! On a ſolemnity ſo awful, the Soul ſhakes off its fetters, and ſeems haſtening to take its flight and get diſentangled.

Philoſophers liken the Soul, at the inſtant of de-departure, to a flaſh of lightning iſſuing from a cloud, becauſe (ſay they) it is many times cleareſt in its conceptions when about to eſcape from its priſon.

A pious and amiable Friend* (juſt loſt) thus expreſſed herſelf—"You ſee me dying, my body, indeed, weak, but my mind is vigorous." At a ſeaſon of like ſolemnity, a very oppoſite character† (diſmiſſing all his former doubts) declares his full aſſent to the immortality of his Soul. "I obſerve (ſays he) my reaſon and judgment remain in me as clear and ſtrong as ever. I feel perſuaded death is not the ſpending and diſſolution of my Soul, it muſt be the ſeparation of it only from Matter."

* Mrs. Ann Thornton.

† Earl of Rocheſter, vide his Life, fol. 20, 21.

A diſ-

A diſtinguiſhed writer* relates a ſcene he himſelf witneſſed. It was the death of a young Nobleman highly accompliſhed, but a ſtranger to religious knowledge, a loſs he paſſionately regretted. "This body (ſays he) is all weakneſs and pain—yet my Soul feels full of powers to reaſon, and of might to ſuffer." "That, Sir, that which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtleſs immortal!"

And we are told by an inſpired Apoſtle—"Though our outward Man does periſh, yet the inward Man is (as it were) at that time renewed."

Abbe l'Anglois labours to expreſs the immenſe deſire he felt, that he might continue to exiſt and be happy for ever. "What could affright him? What diſturb his peace? What torment, what miſery would he not ſuffer in a dying hour, could but he feel convinced, could but his hopes be realized!"

An author (too much admired) who (when he might have better helps) ſought out his knowledge of a future exiſtence from miſguided imagination, and the deluſions only of human reaſon, under doubt and uncertainty, cries out—"Whoſe fa-

* Dr. Young.

vour

vour ſhall I court? And whoſe anger muſt I dread? Where am I—or what? On whom have I any influence, and who will influence me? What beings ſurround me? Theſe are queſtions which will occur, they confound me, and I am environed with impenetrable darkneſs!" Alas! alas! With ſuch expreſſions of fear, doubt, and alarm, does he not labour with philoſophic ſubtlety to introduce the ſcepticiſm he would appear to diſavow?

There is yet another writer, of no leſs fame, and quoted by the multitude (whoſe wit and ridicule, however brilliant, was exceeded greatly by his impiety) he in his laſt moments thus addreſſed his companions. "Away with you all! What a wretched glory have you procured me! I feel abandoned by God and Man!"

Thus he lay in anguiſh, convulſed, diſtracted—now ſupplicating, now blaſpheming. This is horrible (ſay his aſſociates). "The fury of Oreſtes (in all his madneſs) gives but a faint idea of Voltaire." "His death, how terrible!!"

That ſerene enjoyment and tranquil ſatisfaction which pervades a mind at eaſe, relying on its God, forms a pleaſing contraſt with the alarm and doubts of a Hume, and the agonizing tortures of Voltaire. With pious reſignation, a fortitude which triumph-

ed

ed over pain and its direful threats, the Saint-like Martyr met the ſevereſt ſufferings undiſmayed. Emboldened by their "faith," the Proteſtant Reformers braved the like perſecutions, and torture, and death. Animated hereby, a "Doddridge" could rejoice in heart, and expreſs his well-grounded aſſurances, while dying.

An "Addiſon" could ſend for his ſon, with a view only to ſhew him—"How a Chriſtian could die." And Profeſſor "Leechman," at the cloſe of a long illneſs, which proved his laſt (pointing to a Bible, and addreſſing his pupil, ſaid)—"That book contains invaluable treaſures! Treaſures of joy and rejoicing!, for it makes me certain that this mortal body ſhall put on immortality."

An atteſtation to the authenticity and divine inſpiration of that ineſtimable Book, to the truth of its ſublime doctrines and inſtructive precepts, has lately been given us by a highly accompliſhed ſcholar, an enlightened Chriſtian, and excellent good Man, written with his own hand in his family Bible.

I have regularly and attentively read theſe "Holy Scriptures," and am of opinion, that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more ſublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more

more important hiſtory, and finer ſtrains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been compoſed.

Bleſſed, for ever bleſſed be God, who, of his infinite goodneſs, has not left us in doubt and uncertainty reſpecting the important truth of a life to come—hath not left us to trace it out from the light of reaſon only, and the ſyſtems of philoſophy, howſoever deep, but (well-knowing our frailty and our wants) has handed it down from Heaven.

Happy Chriſtian! To Revelation he ſtands indebted for the full diſcovery of Life and Immortality.

The queſtions and doubts which left a "Hume" in impenetrable darkneſs are, by its glorious light, reſolved and anſwered.

In the moſt clear and poſitive manner we are there told, "that there will be a future ſtate of exiſtence, and a general judgment." Reanimation itſelf was actually aſcertained, the reſurrection of a dead body to life proved before an aſſembled multitude of friends and enemies, and—while they ſtood penſive round the tomb of Lazarus.

On

On entering a town of Judea, while on a journey (coming out of the City gate) Jeſus met a funeral proceſſion, " It was a young man, the only ſon of his mother, and ſhe a widow." Jeſus raiſed him to life and health, and then, with graceful politeneſs, gave him up to his affectionate parent. Are we not ſtill charmed with this elegant picture of the mother, her tranſition from grief to gratitude, aſtoniſhment and joy ?

He has left us yet a ſtronger proof in his own Reſurrection. A death, aſcertained before the eyes of a multitude, where ſo grand an aſſemblage of awful events concurred, and where ſo many teſtimonies were given to the dignity of the perſon dying, admitted of no doubt or colluſion whatever.

On the third day after his crucifixion and burial, early in the morning, Jeſus aroſe, and, " by many infallible proofs convinced his Apoſtles, and many others to whom his perſon, his death and burial were all of them known. No fact, whatever, in all hiſtory, has yet admitted of ſuch full proof and certainty. " More and greater proof could not be given." At his laſt appearance Jeſus ſhewed himſelf alive to more than five hundred witneſſes at once.

" Chriſt

"Chriſt then is riſen," and our own reſurrection is thus made to reſt on a ſimple and undeniable fact evidenced by the ſenſes of all theſe witneſſes, who were then alive, all of them preſent, ſaw him, heard him diſcourſe, and handled his body.

With reſpect to ourſelves, Death cloſes the eyes of the body which we quit, while it opens the eyes of our Souls, enlarges our proſpects, preſents us with a new and brighter ſcene, and where total darkneſs reigned. "Old things paſs away—all things become new! Our leaving this world, what is it? a putting off only of our bodies! Our firſt ſtep beyond it, what? a commencement of a new life.*

This is the meſſage from Heaven, how much are we indebted to God!!

Thus he ſtrengthens our reaſon, eſtabliſhes our faith, and checks the unruly paſſions of his creature Man. Leſſens his fearful apprehenſions of the gloomy proceſs of the grave before him, by pointing out an "hereafter," an abode of ſenſibility, of

* Vide Tillotſon. Sermon 6th, vol. x.

"Through—what variety of untried Being,
Through—what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before us."

thought and ſelf-conſciouſneſs, of content and enjoyment, a prelude to future favour and final happineſs. Whatſoever this final happineſs may be, we have now no faculties to comprehend, it is told therefore in figures only, and thoſe of high ſublimity. Beings, ſuch as we, ſee objects through a material caſement only, and "as through a glaſs darkly." Our organs of ſenſe and faculties of intelligence are adapted to preſent ſcenes of duty and of uſefulneſs. The operations of Nature and her hidden workings, are we able to trace them out, even here? How could we then comprehend ſublimer objects—heavenly! although they ſhould be told us? Do little children enjoy or underſtand the rational and manly pleaſures of maturity, or are they made wiſer by the ſpeeches of ſage experience and age?

Do we wonder then, that the few repreſentations given us, however ſublime, are not unuſually taken from ſcenes of ſplendour, from the ſolemnity of a Court of Judicature, and its awful and intereſting procedures, ſince ſuch are more levelled and brought down to human weakneſs, its blindneſs and incapacity.

In addition to the forementioned proof of a future exiſtence, from the ſwiftneſs of thought, and from the lively powers of imagination, may not

ſomething

ſomething more be traced out from its wanderings, and its no leſs active flights during ſleep. Our bodies worn out, weary, lifeleſs and dead, do not our Souls appear as buſy and alert as ever? Is it in the power of ſleep to leſſen their activity at all? Lively, aerial, unincumbered, and cloathed anew. Spirit never tires, is liable to no decay, wants no repair, in no need of a recruit. Is death then a ſleep to the Soul, and without a dream?

Speaking of the death of that excellent man (Honourable Robert Boyle) the Biſhop * declares, "his Spirit *now* takes poſſeſſion of thoſe joys he fully believed would inſtantly commence on his quitting the preſent ſcene. He is *now* alive, and he ſhall live for ever. A new cloathing will be fitted to his pure and exalted mind at the final reſtitution, and a new dwelling allotted it."

Bleſſed are the dead who die in the Lord (ſaith St. John) now, henceforth. ("Henceforth," † ſays the learned Witſius, "means immediately after their departure, from the moment of dying.")

Throughout all the viſions of this beloved diſciple, the Soul, after its ſeparation from the Body, is repreſented as ſtill alive, awake.

* Burnet. † So in the Greek.

The bleſſedneſs alluded to, the Apoſtle Paul calls a reſt, a happineſs taking place at death, commencing on the diſunion, in ſome intermediate ſtate. This happineſs is to riſe higher in degree, progreſſive as on the advance to ſome fuller completion. It follows them *now*, and as Mr. Baxter obſerves, is not to come a thouſand years after them. Thus to depart and be with Chriſt—to be abſent from the Body and preſent with the Lord, are ſtates immediately ſucceeding one another. Is it in the power of language more expreſsly to tell us we retain our conſciouſneſs—our Souls, they live ſomewhere, ſomehow, when ſeparated from our bodies?

On receiving his commiſſion (an honour he ſo modeſtly relates) had Paul doubted his Soul's capacity of acting without the Body, might he not have ſatisfied his doubts, and concluded that "he was *in* the Body."

From the door of Dives, Lazarus is inſtantly conveyed to a ſtate of happineſs—his cauſe debated between Abraham (then alive) and Dives. The joy of Lazarus witneſſed by them both.

The union once diſſolved, and the thread of life broken, our Spirit haſtens to ſome new deſtination; but, to what planetary world does it take its flight?

flight? Deprived of its companion, the Body, how does it act? Whether by organs fitted to its new ſtate, or by its own powers, we cannot tell. God knoweth!

Happy we! Though the place we know not, nor the ſociety we join, yet, we well know under whoſe keeping we are placed, who our conductors are, and to whom our ſpirits are conſigned.

Are we like a bubble on the ſhore, to burſt, and after that, to diſappear and for ever? No—our Souls are repreſented as poſſeſſing an active and inherent principle. "All of us does not die." How intereſting and awful the cloſe of the preſent ſcene, when more of the purpoſes of the Almighty, reſpecting us, are about to be diſcloſed! New ſubjects of praiſe to our Creator, new diſplays of his glory, what of majeſty, of awe and ſurprize, will be then exhibited, when, face to face, we ſee him, in all the ſplendour of a new horizon!

How all aſtoniſhment muſt be the firſt ſtep out of theſe bodies! "Were but an excurſion admitted into that unſeen world, the true element of the great and good, how would our reaſon be ſtrengthened, our fancy delighted, and our hearts impreſſed!"

That our Souls exiſt after the death of the Body, that they retain conſciouſneſs, knowledge, perception, many paſſages from Scripture might be pointed out, which would ſerve as guides and land-marks by which to know the country. How precarious and defective would all our wiſeſt reaſonings and philoſophy be without them! With what courage and confidence do they inſpire us? "Fear not him who can kill the Body only, and after that has no more that he can do." The Soul, ſhe is out of the reach of mortality. The Soul, ſuch is her perfection, ſecure ſhe ſtands in her exiſtence——

> "Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
> The wrecks of matter, and the cruſh of worlds."

Our Divine Teacher, when himſelf at the point of death, cried out—"Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit." Is this a privilege only to the Son of God? No—the dying words of the firſt Chriſtian Martyr were—"Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit."

While bleeding on the Croſs, how applicable is his ſympathy and addreſs to the Malefactor! I tell you—"To-day thou ſhalt be with me in Paradiſe." *

At

* That region of ſpace, the Jews called Hades, was allotted to departed Spirits, good and bad, where they fully believed them

At the transfiguration, Moſes and Elias came and converſed with Jeſus—now Moſes died and was buried, yet he is here ſpoken of as alive. (On his deciſion in favour of the Phariſees, and againſt the opinion of the Sadducees) he repreſents God as ſaying—"I am the God of Abraham, of Iſaac, and of Jacob." The Souls of theſe holy men are ſtill alive. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Our Souls then, do they ever die at all? Can that be ſaid to die which is out of the reach of mortality? When the great Apoſtle ſpeaks of the reſurrection of the Body, is any mention made, whatever, of its former companion ſleeping with it. "When, at the trumpet's ſound, the dead in Chriſt ſhall be raiſed, myriads of glorified bodies ſhall ariſe to life incorruptible—immortal." When ſpeaking of the tranſactions of that intereſting period, is any thing ſaid of the Soul—it might ſurely have been provided for before. Are the wicked condemned to a ſtate of inſenſibility till the laſt and ſolemn day ſhall call them forth? Is the grave ſtill the receptacle for the ſpirit of Judas? "It is gone to its own place."

them to exiſt and retain their conſciouſneſs. A great gulph they deſcribe as fixed betwixt them. Paradiſe, Abraham's boſom, and the Garden of Eden, were the names given to the upper, the region of light, and peace, and joy. The depths, or lower Hades, was the habitation of the wicked before the reſurrection.

Dives (as you have ſeen) is repreſented as in torture, while Lazarus was in Abraham's boſom. Dives as alive—Lazarus alive—Abraham alive. The exiſtence of Beings unembodied, in a ſeparate ſtate, and their employ in the affairs of men was a doctrine believed and revered by the Heathen world; and the venerable Apoſtle,* with great ſolemnity and earneſtneſs, guards his Chriſtian Brethren againſt the ſeductions of evil Spirits of ſome kind. "How vigilant are they in ſeducing, and how buſily employed in bringing about your ruin?" The Souls of ſome wicked men he deſcribes not only as alive, but as *now* under controul—impriſonment. And if evil Spirits are alive, why not good?

An eye witneſs at the death of Socrates declares, every thing, he ſaw, furniſhed him with a proof, that he did not paſs to the ſhades below without the guidance of ſome Deity, who took charge of him, and introduced him to the ſociety of the bleſſed.

The doctrine of the Soul's retaining its conſciouſneſs and continuing to act, was ſo fully given credit to by the Fathers, that it became a part of the ancient Liturgies.

* Vide Second Epiſtle of Peter.

Homer

Homer (of all Heathen authors eſteemed the wiſeſt) tells us, reſpecting the Soul, "ſoon as ever ſhe has caſt off her burthen, ſhe makes her eſcape, and flies away like a dream, retaining all her conſciouſneſs."

"When dire diſeaſe ſhall cut, or age untie
The knot of life, and ſuffer us to die;
When, after ſome delay, ſome trembling ſtrife,
The Soul ſtands quiv'ring on the ridge of life;
And then compell'd to quit her houſe of clay,
She, to an unknown ſomewhere bends her way."

For, though it doth not yet appear what we ſhall be, a union is pointed out to us with the Angels of God, and the Spirits of juſt men made perfect (already aſſembled.)

Bereaved of its companion, the Body, does not our Spirit enter on a world of Spirits, where no material object forms any further union with it? Does it loſe its conſciouſneſs? Reaſon, reflexion, our intellectual faculties, do they die? Are they depoſited in the grave, attached to corruption, like our bodies, blended with the duſt; or do they, in ſome region of ſpace, exiſt ſomewhere, conſtitute a ſomething new in a ſtate intermediate, untold, unknown?

The

The very excellent diſcourſes of Biſhop Bull, enter fully into the ſtate of the Soul after death, and deſcribe its conſciouſneſs, the place of its abode, its employ and enjoyments; and the truly learned Dr. Jortin expreſsly tells us—"It is not a ſtupid inſenſible reſt, but a removal of the Soul to ſome place of reſidence, to ſome reſt, accompanied with ſelf-conſciouſneſs and ſatisfaction. It is a place of the beſt ſociety and the moſt deſirable company, where dwell the Spirits of juſt men, Patriarchs, Apoſtles, Prophets, Martyrs, Confeſſors, where the Angels of God go to and fro, and which the Son of God may himſelf ſometimes favour with his preſence."

It is our Body only dies. The Spirit returns to God who gave it. At death our intercourſe with this world only is cut off. A new ſcene opens to our view. Even *now*, how little are we known to ourſelves! How are we *now*—how *hereafter* implicated in the incomprehenſible ſchemes and deſigns of Providence.

Doth any mortal know for what he is reſerved, to what he ſhall be introduced? Placed under the watchful eye of the "One Almighty Parent" of the univerſe, while he exiſts "all will be well." Harmony and perfect order prevails throughout his

his creation. One place and company we exchange for another. A miniſtry of Angels is appointed, and we, as objects of their care, are conſigned to their charge. How friendly an office to leſſen our ſurprize on the opening ſplendour of the inviſible world, and welcome us to glory! A place of reſidence is prepared. A heavenly ſociety formed. A government eſtabliſhed. The Lord of life revealed!!

* I am the Reſurrection and the Life. "Of all the ſacred words that ever proceeded out of his mouth, none can be ſo intereſting."——JORTIN.

The ſublime, glorious, and unparalleled character he ſuſtained is this dignified one—"The Reſurrection and the Life."—TOULMIN.

ESSAY

ESSAY IV.

THE SUBJECT CONSIDERED

AS IT LEADS TO

THE CONTEMPLATION OF DEITY.

"Hail, Mighty Being! Univerſal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Aſpire!"

SECT. I.

Further Thoughts on "Spirit," as Introductory to Contemplations on Deity.

THERE are only two ſorts of "Beings." The one we call MATTER, the other SPIRIT. Of all natural things, the firſt principle is the former.

MATTER is a Being inactive, without ſenſe, perception, thought. A ſtone (for inſtance) a log, or clod, from any powers of its own, can it feel, or think, or move?

The

The other is a Being, ſuch as we find ourſelves, compoſed of ſenſe, of thought, perception.

We conceive of the Univerſe as made up of Matter, as ſuſtained and exiſting by motion. This ſyſtem then, muſt have had a Former, a Contriver, and, for this laſt purpoſe (that of motion) it muſt alſo have a Mover. To give it motion * requires a moving cauſe, differing from itſelf—who but an incorporeal Being could, by imparting this property, cauſe motion thus to act on Matter. We therefore conclude there muſt be a ſomething we call SPIRIT.

To proceed a little further, in order to guide, direct and regulate this ſyſtem, to eſtabliſh order and harmony, to give it laws as well as form and ſhape, implies alſo intelligence.

Without the intervention of this incorporeal, intelligent "Being," could Mind itſelf have ever been produced? Underſtanding could not come out of that which hath no underſtanding. Thus we reaſon reſpecting the fact, and feel fully aſſured, that the world we live in muſt owe its exiſtence and formation, its movements and revolutions, to

* Perpetual motion is an impoſſibility in any hands but of thoſe of the firſt mover, the Creator of motion.

ſome

ſome ſpiritual Being who, although inviſible, is powerful, wiſe, and good. To Spirit, to a "Being" unſeen, unknown, how can we give figure or ſhape, how can we paint its image, or reſemble it to any thing? We feel, notwithſtanding, and yield a ready aſſent to its exiſtence. Something incorporeal, be it "Spirit" or "Soul" doth exiſt; but, as Mind can be no object of itſelf—further we cannot go.

Spirit moreover we conceive of as endued with "Conſciouſneſs, liberty, activity," together with moral perfections, which are a chief part of its excellency.

As to its mode of operating, it is not certain "Spirit" ever had any dependence on "Matter," or on any bodily organ of our's. But, alas! a ſomething that is not Matter or Subſtance, perfectly diſtinct from all our notions of extenſion, ſolidity, ſhape, or figure, a "Being," without body or parts, yet intellectual, endued with activity, yet incorporeal—to us, therefore, who are accuſtomed to give faſhion and ſhape to every thing, what a very imperfect definition, and how inconcluſive of what it is?

This living, active, intelligent principle, however, eſſentially differs from "Matter," and by noticing

ticing what paſſes in ourſelves, we can but know, that it muſt have had a beginning.

All intercourſe with the world of "Spirits" is totally ſhut out—we therefore can form no juſt idea of Beings inviſible. That there are ſuch, and that they exiſt at all, we learn from Reaſon, from Hiſtory, and Revelation. Since then, as conſidered in themſelves, from their very nature, they can be no objects, whatever, of any ſenſes of our's, is it poſſible to form juſt conceptions, and lay down any thing ſatisfactory reſpecting their mode of exiſtence or employ, any more than of Faires or Centaurs—inviſible agents of lively fancy, or a fruitful imagination?

We acquire our knowledge from the operations of our own minds—by comparing one thing with another; now, what ideas could we hence form of Beings, inhabitants of other elements and regions above us, or of Angels and Spirits, although about us.

We ſurely are not ſo preſuming as, for a moment, to ſuppoſe ourſelves, in point of knowledge and extent of faculties, their equals, much leſs to have roſe above them, and already to have arrived at the top of this immenſe ſcale. Weak, frail and imperfect Beings, we muſt appear very far from

principals,

principals, indeed, in any world but this of our's; and can we aim at a poſition ſtill higher, or think ourſelves the higheſt link in the exalted chain of created beings. With more modeſty ought we not to conceive of ourſelves as only parts (and very diminutive parts) of an immenſe whole, as acting in conjunction with ſome Beings above us. Although our livelieſt fancies could never depicture Spirit, or reſemble it to any thing bodily, yet, aſſuredly it does exiſt, and in infinite ſpace it has more ample room, and a far more extended range above us than below us. It is, alas! a field of conjecture; but, do not ſuch Beings miniſter to, and are they not employed to execute the orders of the "Great Almighty Parent" of the univerſe; and, reſpecting ourſelves, may not we, touching ſome wheel and verging to ſome goal, "be together with them on our advance to further attainments of light and knowledge."

Of Man, we are told, he is placed in the loweſt order of reaſonable Beings, yet is he the middle link betwixt an Angel and the Brute. So alſo is he the intermediate and connecting one between the viſible and inviſible world. He participates of fleſh and ſpirit. As he pampers and gives a preference, more or leſs, to the concerns of the former, he is ſaid to be, more or leſs, brutiſh—cruel, ſavage or ſelfiſh; and as he inclines to, and makes

his approach to, the angelic, he like them becomes amiable, virtuous, divine. Without bodies you may aſk, how it is they diſcover their thoughts to one another? How they acquire them, communicate them, how they become maſters of their own thoughts! No doubt they have a way of converſing, readier far than ſigns and ſounds, our quickeſt modes of ſocial intercourſe.

Are we not, even here, ſomehow connected with theſe intermediate Beings above us, and acquiring ſomewhat of a reſemblance, more and more of their light and knowledge; and in our future progreſs, may we not be employed, together with them, in tracing out the admirable, although incomprehenſible, plans of creation and providence, the deſigns and purpoſes of the great Author of Nature, throughout the wonderful diſplay and vaſt variety of his works, and be led on to revere his wiſdom in the laws he has eſtabliſhed—the perpetuity of theſe laws and their unerring operations. The welfare of a ſpecies (men for inſtance) may be made dependent on a higher ſpecies, and may not we be made capable, together with them, of ſome future and endleſs progreſs in knowledge and happineſs. Greatly indeed muſt theſe happy Spirits excell us approaching, as it were, to infinity. At ſome future period, may not the quickneſs of our comprehenſions and underſtanding, in ſome limited degree,

degree, keep pace with the far livelier powers of their imaginations; and we, by reſembling them, make our advances nearer and nearer to perfection in that heavenly temper, divine knowledge, and ſeraphic bliſs, the glory and excellency of which far exceeds all that "eye can ſee, or ear can hear, or heart itſelf conceive."

Though the exiſtence of Spirit, or its ſubſtance (be it what it may) is not diſcoverable by any ſenſes of our's, it is a truth generally admitted that, every intelligent Spirit God ever made ſtill exiſts. They probably know then, and are known to one another, if not, in like manner, yet more perfectly than any of our ſenſes diſtinguiſh bodies, or any material objects whatever.

Of this infinitely higher bliſs we are however aſſured, that in Heaven, the happy Spirits there, behold God their Maker, and, as we expreſs it—"face to face."

The difference between us and them, all that we can trace, conſiſts in their duration, enlarged comprehenſion, quicker inſight and penetration, a variety of ſenſes* to us (while in the body) incom-

* We have an inſtance of the ſudden effect of new ſenſes given to the ſervant of Eliſha. His eyes are ſaid to be opened, and he witneſſed his own ſafety and his maſter's. A numerous army filled all the mountain on which they ſtood.

municable, but by means of which a far ſuperior knowledge and happineſs may hereafter be conveyed.

A freedom from pain and ſuffering commences the new ſcene which preſents itſelf, an entrance into peace, a change of dreſs, a cloathing pure and bright, ſubject to no wear and tear, to no decay, fitted, and perhaps improving, and united to our ſouls for ever. Our attainments in knowledge, not as now, laborious, uncertain and difficult—our preſent allotment of it too (in compariſon with that) reſembles only the vain and trifling fancies of a child, when viewed with the ſolid ſenſe and reaſonings of a Man arrived to maturity of judgment. The objects alſo of its new employ, they can never be exhauſted, but muſt adminiſter new pleaſures and improvement, for ever and for ever.

From ſuch enlarged faculties, may they not (for inſtance) at one glance be enabled to view, as preſent, the whole of their former actions, paſt thoughts, paſt reaſonings; ſo, in like manner, as you conceive of the powers of Reflection and the pleaſures of Memory, you can admit the ſuperior excellency and greater perfection of Mind, as it enlarges every other faculty.

In

In our reaſonings about Spirit, there is a ſomething, indeed, unincumbered with body, which in its appearance is ſo ſimilar to it, and which we beſt conceive of juſt after ſleep. The idea, however ſlighty, impreſſes you, and it is not eaſily loſt. This looſe and incoherent thinking (in ſome ſhape) ſo conſtantly occurs, you grow quite familiar to it, and are charmed with its lively powers, facility of action, and extenſive range.

Our fancies, in general, are more ſprightly while aſleep, although they are then under no controul of our's; and we know not how to truſt to their repreſentations when we wake.

Our inquiſitiveneſs reſpecting futurity, is it not highly encouraging? It becomes the Soul, and it is ſurely an employ to which it is much inclined, to examine into the nature and qualities of other Spirits, and trace them out, ſince we certainly cannot but know, there are other ſpiritual beings beſide the Soul of Man.

Another obvious inquiry preſents itſelf—what accommodations will be provided for us? Nature, does ſhe ever deſert her offspring, or is ſhe ever at a loſs? See but her contrivance and her motherly care of all around us, how every change and the wants of every period is foreſeen—and can we

doubt her thoughtfulneſs, future proviſion, and her affectionate regard to us and our beſt intereſts every where.

Intermediate Beings, though no objects of any ſenſes of our's, yet is their exiſtence thus ſuggeſted, and in ſome way proved from reaſon and analogy. What a deviation and change of plan would be diſcoverable in Nature from all thoſe eaſy tranſitions (ſo often deſcribed) and viſible throughout all her works. What a vaſt and amazing gap would preſent itſelf, would it not excite our wonder and leave us in total darkneſs and ſurprize?

The Elements, Earth, Air and Water, ſcarce poſſeſs any thing of life at all. Foſſils do in ſome way grow—however unnoticed. Vegetable life is endowed with vigour, ſtrength and animation. Above the Plant in the ſcale of Nature, ſee the Inſect tribe; and in point of intelligence far above them ranks the Brute—his reaſoning powers, how uſeful and diffuſive—he poſſeſſes feeling, perception, and ſtill more of the paſſions, affections, and ſuperior qualities of the Mind! Higher, ſtill far higher, in the creation of God is Man. Man is gifted with "Reaſon, Reflection, Judgment and Will." In ſome ſuch manner as our ſenſitive part exiſts in the Brute, and his organs of perception not diſſimilar to our own, ſo our nobler faculties and happieſt

powers

powers of intellect conſtitute the eſſence of "Beings" above us. Theſe you muſt ſuppoſe to exiſt in them, and make a part of them, who are not only ſuperior to us, but in a far greater proportion than we may be ſaid to be, in mental powers and gifts of intellect, above the Brute, or indeed ought of creation below us.

In the immenſe chain of intelligent Beings, the loweſt, moreover, among his rational offspring, by a gradual aſcent, may poſſibly riſe higher and higher in attainments of knowledge, perfection, and happineſs, till they approach in nearneſs to thoſe, who rank the higheſt of them all, as far as a finite Being can ever be conceived of, to make its approaches towards the incomprehenſibility and infinite perfections of Deity.

The word "Angel" doth not properly import the name of any being, but its office, and chiefly as a meſſenger, intermediate, holding intercourſe between God and his creatures.

As the faculties of Angels or Spirits are not, like our's, clogged or impeded by imperfections inſeparable from corporeal beings, ſo their underſtandings are in perfect vigour, their inclinations under controul, their movements inſtantaneous and not reſiſted or oppoſed by material bodies,

commiſſioned with bleſſings or calamities, public or private, national, perſonal, domeſtic.

In the firſt ages of the world Angels were looked up to in this view. The Patriarch's conſidered them as "Beings" antecedently exiſting and created, employed in the affairs of mankind, and intereſted in their well-doing and happineſs. From their very nature, Angels are inviſible to us, imperceptible to ſenſes groſs as our's—gifted with ſuperior endowments, nobler powers, and with underſtandings far more comprehenſive.

Socrates, diſcourſing with his friend reſpecting Angels ſays—"So much as the magnitude of the world exceeds the bulk of you and me, ſo far are their powers, reaſon and underſtanding beyond the capacity of one of us."

Angels themſelves were created by God—we read of them as exiſting before the Moſaic creation, and they were employed, as ſubordinate agents, probably, in this creation of our's. An event highly celebrated by the Angelic Choir—"When the Stars of the morning ſang together, and all the Sons of God ſhouted for joy."

This great moral Teacher (above quoted) under his heavieſt trials, conſoled himſelf with the firm belief,

belief, that he was under the care of ſuch a divine guide, which he called his Angel or Dæmon.

The Heathens in general were fully perſuaded of the exiſtence of Angels or Spirits, and they had various appellations for them. In Greece they were known by the name of "Dæmons," and in Rome they were called "Genii." The ſettled opinion and belief of the Jew was, that every Man, even from his birth, had his tutelar or guardian Angel aſſigned him, and the happineſs and fortune of each perſon they ſuppoſed much of it to depend on his tutelar Genius. Did our Divine Maſter, although born a Jew, yield to a Jewiſh or Heathen prejudice, when, ſpeaking in behalf of little infants, he ſays, "Their Angels (thoſe who have them in charge) do always behold the face of my Father in heaven;" or would he deceive us when he ſays—"Legions of Angels would come to his reſcue did he but aſk it."

Good "Beings" about us, our guardians and protectors, although their uſual reſidence may be in Heaven, yet are they watchful over us, ſomehow inſpiring us with hope, ſuggeſting comfort in affliction, and adminiſtering happineſs. The exiſtence of ſuch Beings, and that they are endowed with ſuch powers, and exerciſe ſuch friendly offices and employ, has ſeldom been called in queſtion

queſtion by any who are ſerious, thoughtful, or religious at all.*

Nor has this their exalted ſtation and nature, or their ſuperior excellence, been diſcredited by any. To theſe high-ſounding titles of honour and alliance, "Stars of the Morning." "Sons of God." Of all created Beings, they are ſaid to be the firſt in eminence. A vaſt multitude—millions and hundreds of millions ſtand in the preſence of God. A hierarchy of nine ſeparate orders. Ethereal Spirits immortal, differing in degrees of exaltation, one above another. Angels of light. Angels, in the preſence of God, ſeated on his right hand and on his left. Meſſengers of his Will. Miniſtering Spirits who execute his orders. Reſplendent in majeſty they appear at one time, as it were, in a glory, celebrating the high praiſes of God, and at other times employed in reaſoning upon, and admiring the works of creation, the wiſdom and purpoſes of the great Almighty Architect, tracing out from thence the laws of Nature, thoſe laws which

* Formerly, Nations and Cities had all of them their ſeveral Genii. The Perſians ſo fully believed the miniſtry of Angels and their ſuperintendence over human affairs, that the names of the months and days of the week were all of them taken from the Genii they ſuppoſed preſiding over them; and the Jews brought back with them, after their captivity in Babylon, theſe very names and adopted them.

matter

matter obeys in all its motions, and throughout all its changes.

The curve (for inſtance) deſcribed by the lighteſt Atom, and purſued by the ſmalleſt inſect and the Fly, is regulated by a law as invariable as the Solar Orbit. Every thing we ſee conforms to it, and, under its direction as neceſſarily and as regularly proceeds as the returns of Summer and Winter—Seed-time and Harveſt. How exquiſitely adapted, and wiſely contrived, are theſe eſtabliſhed laws and regulations!

Throughout the wide extent of differences there can be but one beſt. Infinite Wiſdom will adopt no other, and a power irreſiſtible and Almighty, like his, will be at no loſs to execute it. "Such diſplay of ſkill, forecaſt, wiſe proviſion, and infinite goodneſs, does it not call loudly on Heaven and Earth—on creatures animate and inanimate—to give glory to God their Maker, the ſovereign Author and Lord of Nature, the eternal ſource of life, and light, and joy."

Such workings, perfection and benevolence, Angels admire. "Theſe things the Angels deſire to look into."

Intelligent

Intelligent Beings, ever on the watch, though unſeen by us, are they not *our* Guardian Angels, and always about us?

> "Millions of Spirits, creatures who walk on earth
> Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep."

Do they not reſcue us in the moment of danger, uphold us, protect us; and have they not been known (for this purpoſe) to have aſſumed a dreſs and bodies like our own, and quitted them again at pleaſure. Should not their condeſcenſion in ſerving us, lead us to ſubmit to the loweſt offices for the welfare and happineſs of others.

In a luminous and viſible form, an Angel conducted the Iſraelites through the Wilderneſs, and became their leader. To Joſhua, on the plains of Jericho, he appeared a warrior, Captain of the Lord's Hoſt, announced the ſurrender of the Canaanites, and foretold the moment. On Mount Sinai, Angels, with awful ſolemnity handed down to the Iſraelites the moral law. Encircled with glory, an Angel delivered his meſſage to the Shepherds as they were watching their flocks by night. From the brightneſs of his luſtre, "midnight appeared mid-day." And now the Shepherds, "looking up, ſaw a vaſt multitude, a heavenly hoſt, and they ſung an anthem of praiſe to God." A new Star, the brighteſt in the firmament, became a Herald,

Herald, and conveyed the glad tidings of the birth of a Saviour to Arabia. It was an Angel of light. Under his guidance the learned Magi of the Eaſt ſet out on their journey to Bethlehem.

After his faſting and return from the wilderneſs, Angels came and miniſtered to his wants. On many intereſting occaſions they were ſeen converſing with him. After his burial an Angel rolled away the ſtone of the Sepulchre, and he ſat down upon it. His countenance was as lightning, and his raiment white as ſnow. Angels became guardians of the body of Jeſus. Clad in white (perſonating a young Man) an Angel firſt told of his Reſurrection. Two Angels, who were alſo clad in white, were ſeen by the Apoſtles immediately after his Aſcenſion (while on Mount Olivet they yet ſtood gazing) and they comforted the Apoſtles, foretold his return, and diſmiſſed them.

So vaſt a commiſſion do they bear, and ſo enlarged their powers, one ſingle one of them was ſent to deſtroy an army of one hundred fourſcore and five thouſand. All homage from Men they refuſe, and direct us where alone to pay it. "We are your fellow ſervants, we join in our worſhip together with you, to one common Lord and Father of us all."

At

At death, Angels await our departure, the appointed guides of our Spirit, now ſeparated from, and now ſoaring above mattter, and about to unite to that ſource whence it firſt flowed. How friendly an office (while the union is diſſolving, and the Soul about to take its flight) to point the way and uſher us to glory! introduce us to the inhabitants of the world we go to, and acquaint us with its cuſtoms, laws and manners.

"Even now, as oft as by intenſe contemplation we ſoar aloft to heavenly objects, and enter the ſociety of the bleſſed, can we help converſing with our friends and relatives there incorporate, and, our Souls (though you ſuppoſe them only "thought") do they not find ſome acceſs to them, ſome way and means of getting thither."

With ſuch Spirits, the "Juſt made perfect," will truly (at ſome future period) be incorporated as into one body and ſociety. Angels, even here, are ſaid to take a feeling intereſt in all our advances and returns to duty; for "there is joy in Heaven, among the happy Spirits there, over every ſinner that repenteth."

Though the day nor hour they know not, yet are they looking forward to this happy union, at the general reſurrection of the "Juſt."

Milton

Milton has dreſſed this Heavenly Viſitor.—

—— " Six wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a ſtarry zone his waſte, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipp'd in heaven; the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's Son he ſtood
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide."

SECT.

SECT. II.

The Subject purſued, as it reſpects Deity.

HOWSOEVER inadequate our idea of Spirit, and however impenetrable the darkneſs under which we have viewed the preceding Section, ſhall we find our difficulty at all leſſened when we make our further attempt—when we ſoar ſtill higher, and aim at forming ſome conception of Deity? But—it is of the utmoſt importance to our happineſs, to entertain rational and devout thoughts worthy of this great God. "Of HIM, with whom we have to do for ever!!"

> "Hail, Source of Being, Univerſal Soul
> Of Heaven and Earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
> To thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
> Aſpire!"

We can, indeed, form no juſt conceptions at all of the agency of an infinitely wiſe, pure, and independent Spirit; we are under the neceſſity (whenever we make the attempt, and ſpeak of this great God) to uſe terms derived from ourſelves only, and which we well know inapplicable to Him.

The

The Ancients, aſtoniſhed at the ſublimity of Homer, in defining the Supreme Being, acknowledge him "the only one who had ſeen or expoſed the Gods to human view."

As a Theological Poet, he has divided the one ſole God, and diſplayed him by his attributes under various characters, ſuch as "Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Neptune, &c." As a Phyſical Poet, he makes Gods of natural cauſes, and aſſigns them, Manners, Expreſſions and Actions. As a Moral Poet, he makes Gods of our virtues and our vices. *Degenerating from the ſublime idea of this divine Poet, and (as it were) loſing ſight of it, the Gods whom the Heathen worſhipped were corrupt, paſſionate, revengeful and laſcivious. To ſuch ideal forms and characters the Heathen bowed and paid his ſuperſtitious homage. Hence—how naturally would ſuch ſupplicants yield to like paſſions, and without reſtraint indulge in like ſenſualities! But—the pious devotee, by retiring from the world, and pouring out his Soul, in ſolemn acts of ſelf-abaſement and adoration, before a Being of infinite purity and tranſcendent goodneſs, "The Father of his Spirit" might he not kindle in his breaſt a reverence for like affections, and root out every impurity which defiles him.

* Three hundred and ſixteen years before Chriſt.

The expoſtulation of Job, under the heavieſt preſſure of affliction and diſmay, amounts by no means to a prohibition. "Canſt thou by ſearching find out God? Canſt thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" Vain, ſurely, would be the attempt. "Behold! God is great and we know him not!" Our faculties, none of them, enable us to take in the formation of the meaneſt inſect he has made, or the moſt contemptible atom—how much leſs to comprehend the firſt original cauſe of all things, and underſtand the "Almighty" to perfection! But—though ſuch knowledge be too high, and we expect not to attain unto it, would not the ſearch engage our ſober thought, call forth into exerciſe the faculties he has given us, and (though higher than Heaven, deeper than Hell—though immeaſurable by Earth and broader than the Sea) we wade out of our depth on a ſubject ſo ſublime and incomprehenſible, it would be time not wholly loſt.

A well-diſpoſed mind will not abandon its affectionate meditations on God, becauſe it cannot, by all its ſearching, find him out to perfection.

Sacred Hiſtory reveals to us tranſactions we could never know from Reaſon. The Almighty Parent, Creator and Governor of the World is there held up to our view. His character and attributes

attributes delineated. There we read, that he (in ſome viſible form) appeared to Adam and to his children the Patriarchs, and that his exiſtence, his influential agency and providence, were expreſsly evidenced by repeated meſſages, by ſubſequent miracles which excited attention, the awful ſolemnities on Mount Sinai, and by the ſure voice of prophecy.

According to Seneca,* "the firſt ſentiment reſpecting the Gods is, to believe that there are Gods." Having this truth impreſſed upon his mind, the venerable Apoſtle tells us—"He who comes to God muſt believe that He is."

Availing ourſelves of ſuch a Divine guide, do not our ſenſes, and the deductions of our own reaſon, together with the ſtudy of theſe Scriptures, lead us to conceive, not only of his exiſtence, but alſo of ſome traits of his character, his perfections and attributes? Thus are our reaſonings hereby ſtrengthened, and we compare them with what we read, and with what we have been told. The attributes, indeed, and qualities of this great God, we cannot help pre-ſuppoſing and acknowledging them as beforehand well known. The writings of Moſes (the moſt ancient upon record) although

* "Primus eſt Deorum cultus Deos credere."——SENECA.

they conſiſt chiefly of doctrines and religious precepts, no one proof is offered of the exiſtence and being of a God, every body acknowledged him. The pious Theologian reaſoned thus:—Have all things exiſted in their preſent ſtate from eternity? Have they fallen into this ſtate by chance? Was there a time when they did not exiſt? Did they produce themſelves, or, did the world owe its beginning or form to ſome wiſe Agent or Creator?

Such contemplations would neceſſarily lead us on to an inveſtigation of his works. Now, when we once conceive of the exiſtence of any one thing whatever, we thereby demonſtrate the "firſt great cauſe of all things."*

The volume of creation lies open to our view—every page is written (as it were) by the finger of God, and in a language well underſtood by all. Can you ſurvey the world we live in, the workmanſhip of his hand, and not yield a full aſſent, not only to the being of a God, but alſo to his preſence and agency. What beauty, magnificence and deſign? What fitneſs and harmony ſubſiſt throughout Nature? Intelligent beings, a countleſs number, curiouſly formed—what? without a

* Si mundum efficere poteſt concurſus atamatorum—cur Porticum—cur Templum—cur Domum—cur urbem non poteſt.——CICERO.

Vide Dr. Clarke and Biſhop Pearſon.

Former? Every one provided for, cloathed and fed, and no Contriver, no Provider? Are you not thus led on to the diſcovery of "The firſt fair—firſt good? of an exiſting agent and firſt cauſe of all, and hence acquire ſome faint idea of this infinitely wiſe Almighty Parent of the univerſe?

Dionyſius, an Eaſtern Monarch, aſked of the Philoſopher what God was? Struck dumb by the queſtion, he deſired a day's time to conſider of it; at the cloſe of one day he requeſted two, after two, four, doubling his demands. The more he contemplated a ſubject, ſo vaſt and boundleſs, as the nature of Deity, the more he found himſelf at a loſs to define him.

"How then ſhall I attempt to ſpeak of Him!
Who, light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or Angels purer ken."

Under what bodily ſhape or figure could you conceive of the inviſible God? No Man hath ſeen him! No Man can ſee him and live!

Many grand operations in Nature continue ſtill to excite our wonder, nor are we yet able to explain their cauſe; but, we are ſurely at a far greater loſs, when we preſume to deſcribe the ſublime and more hidden operations of Spirit.

Although the exiſtence of a God is ſo far from needing a proof, that it is, in reality, the one only thing of which we are certain; yet are we all aſtoniſhment whenever we make our attempt at defining him; but, reſpecting his exiſtence, it is ſurely impoſſible to find, in the whole compaſs of morals, another truth, which, according to the juſteſt laws of reaſoning, admits of ſuch ſtrict and rigorous demonſtration. Notwithſtanding, what ſelf-abaſement does it induce! What diffidence! What diſtruſt! Every ancient record, indeed, as well as thoſe the moſt modern, every traveller tells us, that among the moſt unenlightened and uncivilized Iſlanders,* "none dare diſpute the Being of a God." At every period, and in every country, we have had to notice ſome worſhip, and recognize ſome temple, ſome acknowledgment, ſome veneration and repreſentation of him. No nation is ſo barbarous, no human being ſo ſavage as to be unacquainted with the idea of a God, and muſt not the univerſal conſent of mankind be conſidered as the dictate of Nature?†

* Wilſon's Voyage in the Duff to Otaheite.

† What all men yield aſſent to hath the fulleſt evidence a thing is capable of.

Nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam ſit immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit deorum opinio.——Cicero, Tuſcul. i. 13.

Thus

Thus from tradition, the organs of ſenſe, and the volume of Nature which lies open to our view, we learn much and are compelled to admire, whether we will or no, the handy-work which preſents itſelf, of one infinitely wiſe and Almighty Agent.

The ſtructure of the univerſe itſelf, the firſt of philoſophers eſteemed a moſt uncontrovertible proof of his Being and Providence, and ſo ſeriouſly was he impreſſed by it, he never once was heard to pronounce the word "God" without a viſible reſpectful pauſe.*

The venerable Biſhop (without any reſearches from Metaphyſics into the nature and eſſence of this Supreme Being) ſays, "I have long thought that the motion of the Heavenly bodies, the formation and growth of Animals and Plants, the capacity and faculties of the human mind, the ability of even moving my hand and lifting my arm,† by

* Newton. Biſhop of Landaff. Newton alſo, on pronouncing his name, he firſt took off his hat.

† How many muſcles are employed to lift the arm, yet how inſtantaneous the act? The fluid paſſes through the nerves from the brain to the muſcles as quick and ſudden as electric fire. How obedient to will? What mobility? wiſely contrived, invariably the ſame and conſtant.

a ſingle act of volition, afford me ſatisfactory and convincing proof of the exiſtence of a God."

An Author* who (in ſublimity of underſtanding and philoſophic genius, was ſcarcely exceeded by any) aſſerts, "that he indeed muſt be blind, who ſees not the infinite wiſdom and goodneſs of the Creator, in theſe his handy-works; and whoſoever he be who refuſes to acknowledge them muſt be mad." Do we not ſee intelligence preſiding over all Nature, completing each unfiniſhed work, making or about to be made, aſſigning to it its ſtation and place, diſpoſing the whole circle of Being, guiding each operation, appointing the cauſe, producing the effect.

Examine any piece of mechaniſm, where you witneſs contrivance and deſign; a clock, for inſtance, to what do you impute the workmanſhip or going of it? to itſelf—no, ſurely. It poſſeſſes no faculty of contriving whatever. Where then does it reſide but in ſome diſtinct and ſeparate agent? In the works of Nature, what innumerable contrivances, and do they not imply a Deſigner and Former?

We muſt admit ſome intelligent Being to have made, and by an act only of his will, one beautiful

* Cotes.

world;

world; and can he not, with the ſelf-ſame eaſe, throughout infinite ſpace, create new worlds every day, and endow each of them with endleſs glories beyond the former.

Moſes, having long preached in vain to the Egyptian Monarch on the Being of a God, we are told, he conſtructed the outlines of a Palace, and ſo contrived, that the King in his morning hunt ſhould paſs by this manſion, which he had erected in the deſert, and that he ſhould all of a ſudden come accidentally upon it. Pharoah and his Nobles (all ſurprize) made up to the building—what is this? Who built this? As no one could give him information, Moſes came forward and told the King, "the Palace had built itſelf." Pharoah laughed, and (ſays he) do you call yourſelf a Prophet, and believe a Palace could build itſelf, and in the midſt of a deſert? How is it then (ſays Moſes) you can ſuppoſe the World to have made itſelf? Why not rather conclude that a fabric ſo ſolid, ſo magnificent, and ſo admirable in all its parts, ſhould be the workmanſhip of ſome wiſe and powerful Architect?

This holds equally argumentative reſpecting Man. His formation is replete with the moſt exquiſite deſign—the human eye is made for ſight,

the

the human ear adapted to ſounds, ſo for their ſeparate purpoſes are his feelings, taſte and ſmell allotted him; but Man is but little acquainted with his own formation, and had no powers whatever whereby he could make himſelf—Man muſt have had a Former.

Intellect in the Deity and power, extends to all the utmoſt bounds of poſſibility. In the world we inhabit, the profuſion of beauty, utility, fitneſs, elegance in minute things, and magnificence in greater, exceed all bounds, and only leave us to admire and adore. Our groſs conceptions, indeed, are neither intended nor adapted to the contemplation of a pure and ſpiritual Being; but, by thus meditating on his works, and reaſoning on all we ſee, ſo many traces of wiſdom and deſign appear, that it greatly enlarges our narrow ideas and comprehenſions, inſomuch, that after cloſe application and ſtudy, we ourſelves ſeem (as it were) admitted into the councils and enter into the deſigns of this Almighty God.

Not the moſt minute and inſignificant atom but has its uſe, ſerves its peculiar ends, is produced for ſome purpoſe; and has not Man, the nobleſt work in the creation, his alſo?

Nor

Nor need we then confine ourſelves altogether to what we ſee abroad—let us look for our intelligence within—we need not go from home; for, (although we do not know of what nature this ſelf-conſcious thing may be) yet, from what paſſes within us, from the powers itſelf of this "Thinking Being," which we call ourſelves, its faculties and endowments, we acquire at leaſt ſome few glimmerings more.

From a ſerious employ of our faculties then, there appears (ſays a learned Author) one way more left us of forming ſome further conception of Deity. "From thought and reflection, let us (for inſtance) form ſome eſtimate of human excellence as we trace it in ourſelves, although we can ſee it only in ſingle and detached pieces—here a virtue and there a virtue—for, in any one character whatever, you ſurely find no aſſemblage of them at all; but, by uniting theſe fragments, collectively, the benevolence and humanity of one, the piety and integrity of another, and ſo on, you may figure to yourſelf one good and perfect Man; yet, would it not be a creature of fancy, mere ideal fiction only, a ſomething you never ſaw nor knew? After this, ſuppoſe you realize ſuch an aſſemblage, bright and unſullied, might you not from thence be led on to conceive ſomewhat more of the perfections and character of Deity. In him

all

all excellency is real. The ideas you have been collecting of ideal perfection—all its ſcattered rays are in him concentrated, they become the exiſting attributes of this " Great God," ſupreme over all.

You ſurely will apply all this, and from what has been with great diffidence offered, acquire ſome conception of Deity, faint indeed, and moſt inadequate—I proceed, however——

God! is a Spirit whoſe exiſtence all Nature proclaims, and all mankind with one general voice acknowledge. The magnificence we behold ſhews the maſterly hand of intelligence and deſign. The produce of one great and wiſe mind. He hung the world upon nothing. How ſtately! how immenſe the concave! To our Planet he aſſigned its diſtances, and (by the well-known laws of projection and attraction, of gravitation and repulſion) regulated its motions and affixed its boundary; and, throughout infinite ſpace, doubtleſs, many others, and repleniſhed them all with intelligent Beings, happy in their reſpective ſtations, enjoying exiſtence. Theſe ſhining worlds above, throughout their revolutions, and no leſs our Planet with its peopled inhabitants, do they not vouch for a Providence, the being and preſence of a God?

The

The Sun* ſhines forth in the majeſty of her ſtrength, and the Moon,† ſhe rideth in her fullneſs, the grandeſt objects of creation. "The ſtarry Heavens declare his glory. Earth is full of his goodneſs, ſo is the great and wide Sea."

From this frontiſpiece and firſt page in the book of Nature, are we not eager to enquire more, and diligently ſeek out this great God throughout all his works?

From the bottom of the Ocean the Sun attracts rivers of water, ſuſpends them in air, and gives them in charge to the winds, and diſtributes them, as he pleaſes, over Iſlands and Continents. They

* What ſight is comparable to the ſplendour of this grand luminary—how illuſtrious its approach? The pageantry of a Theatre, the brilliancy of an Aſſembly, the architecture and magnificence of a Palace, ſhrinks into nothing, and leſs than nothing before it.

† ———"The Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
When not a breath diſturbs the deep ſerene,
And not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſolemn ſcene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And ſtars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure ſhed,
And tipp'd with ſilver every mountain's head—
Then ſhine the vales, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
A flood of glory burſts from all the ſkies."——Homer.

glide

glide through the ſky from place to place, under a variety of fanciful ſhapes. See but their golden treſſes, one while like ſtreamers beautifully waving, at another black and tremendous, vomiting out fire. How awfully loud its reports in the thunder! Immenſe bodies of water are hence poured out on the mountains, or diſtributed in dews, in rain, in ſnow or hail. "Every river fills its urn, the parched field reſumes its verdure, and our gardens bloom afreſh."

Let any one (ſays Ariſtotle) ſurvey the magnitude of the clouds—how upheld and ſwiftly driven by the winds. The Sun, in its burſt of glory, making the day, and the phaſes of the Moon, at night, with the majeſty of the reſplendent dome; and he cannot but acknowledge it the work of an Almighty and intelligent Agent.

Theſe immenſe bodies of water, when raiſed and ſuſpended, are contained in no ciſtern but their own, and is their weight ſupported by any pillar? See but their rapid progreſſion, yielding a full aſſent to this proof of a Deity from the works of Nature, and admiring the proceſs ſo well known to an Iſlander. Seneca adds—"But, ſhould he by day profanely utter his diſbelief of a God—at night, when by himſelf, he will feel conſcious of the contrary."

What

What underſtanding leſs than infinite could have formed the vaſt variety—harmony and beauty we behold? What unity of deſign? A huge fabric aptly linked, contrived, and fitted to all its component parts, forming one grand Syſtem, regular, ſelf-moving, and beautiful. We cannot form any idea of the excellency of his wiſdom to contrive, or of his power to execute. How infinitely ſuperior to every thing which is here diſplayed!

And if again you take a view of Nature as ſhe is employed in the minute, in feeding and cloathing of vegetable life, inſects and animals, does not the world preſent a fair ſpectacle of fitneſs and order—creatures innumerable, elegantly formed, ſupported and provided for by ſome "Being,"—wiſe, powerful and beneficent. By our outward ſenſes it is thus we diſcern Him, and no leſs inwardly from what we more juſtly call ourſelves.

Who does not feel a powerful impulſe urging him to apply to God for what he anxiouſly is wiſhing to poſſeſs. Hope then, and keen deſire, of themſelves elevate the Soul to Heaven, and implore poſſeſſion; and is not our hope ſtrengthened, does it not amount to a degree of faith, when we believe too that he will befriend us? Men are often ſeen to act aright from their feelings, though from principle they may reaſon badly on them. Men may be wrong in theory yet right in practice.

Nature, ſhe of herſelf teaches us benevolence to an intelligent Being, reverence to a Superior, gratitude to a Benefactor. From Nature then, and (as it were) from Inſtinct, we pay homage to one "Eternal Self-exiſtent Mind," poſſeſſing abſolute perfection. Our vows we make to Him, in our ſolemn oaths we appeal to Him, for help we look up to Him, for every unexpected good we thank Him, in ſickneſs and diſtreſs we fly to Him. Human weakneſs itſelf thus announces his preſence, notwithſtanding (how humiliating the thought) inſtead of finding him out, we loſe ourſelves in impenetrable darkneſs, whenever we contemplate the being, perfections, and attributes of this great God. In truth, no language can define him, no thoughts but his own can comprehend him; for the higheſt moſt exalted creature in the univerſe, he has made it capable only of adoring him. None but himſelf can comprehend him.

But, though we thus loſe him in our Search, we are inquiſitive without impertinence! Elevated without pride! and left at liberty to adore the unfathomable depth, impenetrable "to any Spirit but his own."

"This All-mighty Being, Supreme Lord of all" —He called us into life. We ſtand ſolely indebted to him for exiſtence—Daily experience his goodneſs

neſs in our preſervation, feed on his bounty, and under the feelings of gratitude, confidentially approach him; but clouds and darkneſs, even here, ſurround him. His mode of managing us, although ſo kind, yet how incomprehenſible! How little can we know of him!

Admiration, indeed, muſt flow from inſtinct—it is indeed inſtinct itſelf, and yields a full aſſent to the preſence of a God. Admiration forces itſelf on all our intellectual purſuits, and accompanies their moſt delightful ſallies.

Do but notice a Man on any unexpected alarm. His Soul is fixed. He is calling on his God. On any extraordinary ſight alſo, in a tranſport and joy at heart, is he not looking up to him?

To this "Great God" we with one voice aſcribe perfection, and acquire our idea of it from what we ſee in ourſelves, our own powers, exiſtence, good qualities and duration. All venerable appellations we apply to Deity. By referring to him whatſoever we find right good and fair in ourſelves, we diſcover ſomething of his ſtrength in our weakneſs, of his wiſdom in our ignorance.

The objects to which we naturally aſcribe excellence, are, "Intelligence, Power, Rectitude;"

every Being poſſeſſing theſe we prefer to any other without them. Is there not ſomething intrinſically worthier, and more amiable in goodneſs, veracity and juſtice, than in their contraries, ſomething widely different in their very natures. Our intellectual faculties then, thoſe perfections we ſet the higheſt value on in ourſelves, we attribute to Deity, concluding that our greateſt excellencies are the apteſt repreſentations of his perfections.

Intellect or Mind (for inſtance) ſtands higher in our eſtimation than body—wiſdom we prefer to folly, mercy to cruelty, good to evil, power to weakneſs, and we can enlarge ſuch a conception and ſuch acquirements, by adding to them infinity.

Think then of this "Great God" as infinitely wiſe, for, he knoweth all things. Conceive of his power as irreſiſtible, for, he is Almighty. Of his riches as inexhauſtible, for, he poſſeſſes all things. That he is moſt eaſy of acceſs, becauſe always with you—As moſt merciful and tenderly compaſſionate, for, "his mercy endureth for ever."

We exiſt in a ſingle ſpot—he fills Heaven and Earth with his preſence. His taking up the Sea in the hollow of his hand, well expreſſes his "Immenſity!" He filleth Immenſity!

We

We exiſt in time—he inhabits eternity. We well know our commencement; but, he is without beginning as without end. We are mortal, he only hath immortality. We dependent, he alone independent and eternal. We blind and erroneous, he effulgent in brightneſs, incapable of error.

We muſt always remember the ſubject is infinite, and we ourſelves finite; but, by contraſting our finite powers with infinite, and adding infinity to our own excellencies; and, excluding from him our weakneſſes and defects, we further acquaint ourſelves with the great God; and we might purſue the inquiry and enlarge our views further ſtill, by dwelling on the perfections as thus contraſted with their oppoſites. His ſtrength (one undecaying principle of operation) compared with our weakneſs. "Haſt thou not known, haſt thou not heard, that the everlaſting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the Earth, fainteth not, nor is he weary? Our ſhort exiſtence may be contraſted with his living for ever. Immortal vigour with mortality, ſickneſs and decay. Subject ourſelves to change—he the one immutable Spirit, "the ſame yeſterday, to-day and for ever."

The intellectual powers of this "Great God" we muſt always contemplate with diffidence and

admiration. What limits can be ſet to the perfection of intellect in that Being, whoſe almighty agency was prior to all Nature, the Author and Former of it, who moulded it into all its parts, affixed its boundaries, and gave it thoſe laws which govern it; but, does not intellect in the Deity extend to the utmoſt bounds of poſſibility, to all conceivable relations, forms, connections, and dependencies.

From the ſplendour of the Heavens above us, from their magnificence, and the conſtancy and regularity of their motions, from every thing we ſee on Earth below, the ſurvey of all his works, how admirable?

"—— Was every faultering tongue of Man
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice
And thee proclaim."

From thoſe excellencies in ourſelves which we eſteem amiable, and which in ſo ſuperior a degree we attribute to him, we ſurely learn much, although (vaſt as our capacities are) our reach into futurity, our comprehenſion and ideas of "infinity" muſt appear limited, indeed, and far too weak to take in ſo glorious and incomprehenſible an object, inſomuch, that we are perpetually ſilenced

ſilenced whenever we make our attempt, and are (as it were) annihilated before him. "Such, and ſuch only muſt be the view of our abſolute nothingneſs, when contraſted with his infinite greatneſs and excellence."

Notwithſtanding, although our inquiſitive ſearch may not make us knowing, it muſt make us modeſt. Repetition, ſurely, is both tireſome and diſguſting, yet, it is a ſubject I cannot leave—indulge me a little longer in this train of thought. We accuſtom ourſelves (for inſtance) to fix bounds to every thing; but, He is ſo immenſe the Heavens of Heavens cannot contain him. A Being that includes every thing, and from whom nothing is excluded.

Should a Soul, ſtarting beyond the bounds of creation, for millions of millions of years, continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace,* ſtill it would find itſelf within the arms and embrace of its Creator. Oh! the immenſity of that Being, be-

* Annihilation is the removal of a thing from ſpace and duration. Space and duration themſelves then cannot be annihilated—how can they be ſeparated from themſelves. In like manner we conceive of them as having no bounds, and thus acquire our idea of infinity; and having once conceived of infinity, we muſt conclude of its power as the ſeat of knowledge and rectitude.

fore whom this immeaſurable extent is but a point! ! Whoſe hand meteth it out with a ſpan!

"Thus there is no hiding from, or avoiding of his preſence. There is no end of his greatneſs!"

As to his other perfections, conceive, in like manner, of the Sovereign of the Univerſe, conſiſtently throughout as the moſt perfect of all characters—but, how ſhall we expreſs it! "It is infinite goodneſs guided by unerring wiſdom, and ſupported by Almighty power." In him, therefore, there can be no variableneſs or ſhadow of a change; for, throughout the wide extent of poſſible differences, in the nature of things there can be but one "Beſt,"* and that one Beſt will be perceived by infinite intelligence, and become the permanent election of infinite wiſdom and infinite goodneſs. His Omnipotence thus alſo has no bounds. After this manner we reaſon reſpecting his other perfections—"Uncontroulable power" (for inſtance) and inflexible "juſtice," tremendous attributes. "He is terrible, very great and marvellous is his

* Amongſt the poſſible ſchemes and plans of acting—among the many ways of ordering the ſeries of events, there is a *beſt*. The Deity acts only by this rule. Are not all ways equally known to him? Why ſhould he deviate from the *beſt?* Will he who poſſeſſes all moral excellence ever chuſe what is contrary to fit and true, and right and good?

power."

power." Perfect knowledge* muſt of neceſſity belong to him—if God be every where, every thing muſt be known to him. A Being always about us is intimately acquainted with us, our very thoughts are known to him, and that afar off—"ere they were my own." From inſtinct we cry out "God knows," for truly (as we ſhould expreſs it) he hears all we ſay, ſees all we do, knows what we think.

Do we not, under ſudden burſts, either of joy or ſorrow, take refuge in the boſom of Deity. Where elſe can we fly? By an involuntary act our hands are lifted up to Heaven. Our tearful eyes ſeek from thence a friend. Do not our wants themſelves lead us to him who provides, who careth for us? Oh! Thou one Supreme Almighty Being, oppoſed to *thee* all power is weakneſs! Upheld by *thee* weakneſs is ſtrength, irreſiſtible!

Though ourſelves ſo much ſubject to change, immutability we inſtantly aſcribe to God—for as he cannot err, therefore he changeth not.

* A knowledge which ſees through every thing though never ſo ſecret, pierces through our very thoughts, and thoſe barely conceived, and even afar off, juſt as light through air, and with infinitely greater facility. His omnipreſence and ubiquity often implies, that his power and knowledge extend every where. How natural a figure, and how happily expreſſed—"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

Awful, incomprehenſible, and full of majeſty are the repreſentations made of this "Supreme Lord of all."

His purity forbids all approach. The moſt ſubtle æther or the brighteſt light (the uſual emblems of his preſence) is no image of his ſpirituality. No Man hath ſeen him! No Man can ſee him and live! The affrighted Iſraelite, at the foot of Mount Sinai, once ſaw his God deſcend in a glory, when, all terrific and full of majeſty, the Mount appeared encompaſſed with blackneſs, and darkneſs, and tempeſt. Once he heared the awful voice of God, but he would not again witneſs the convulſions of Nature, or approach the ſolemnities exhibited on that Mount, on the further promulgation of the moral law, leſt (ſays he) I die.

In a philoſophic view alſo, Heaven, Earth and Sea proclaim the auguſt preſence of this great God. The wonders of the deep add a new proof of his agency and ſuperintending Providence, how admirable! Its awful ſound is, "the voice of God." Its vaſtneſs, variety of its changes, its numerous inhabitants and ample proviſion made for them, loudly proclaim the wiſdom and goodneſs of its Former.

"The hand that made me is Divine."

By

By the ebb and flow of the tide, he ſhutteth it up as it were with doors. Its flux and reflux, what a firm barrier. A wall of defence, how ſimple! a little ſand, now all-ſufficient!

"Hitherto, but no further! Here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed!"

A late admired Author on this ſubject writes thus:—"Were we indulged in our wiſhes, what further diſplay of his exiſtence? what proof would ſatisfy us? Suppoſe him to aſſume a human form, ſhould we not ſay he was a Man? If God would be pleaſed (ſays Porphyry) to make himſelf viſible to Men, he would chuſe Light for his Body and Truth for his Soul. But—inveſted in an unknown and celeſtial form, could we ſee him and live? A further diſplay of his works, inſtead of giving us a clearer view of him, would confound our feeble organs. Fix yourſelf in any point of the Heavens, and obſerve the Earth's diurnal motion, the rapid whirl of rivers, oceans, kingdoms, with a velocity thrice as great as that of a cannon ball. Or—take a view of its annual circle round the Sun, a ſwiftneſs ſeventy-five times quicker ſtill. Could you ſee all this without horror, wildneſs, and total deſpondency. Look next into your own frame, the blood in circulation, the nerves in action, ſecretions of humours, tubes, veins, arteries, pumps, currents,

currents, pivots, durſt you make one ſingle movement, leſt you ſnap ſome fibre, break ſome ſpring, confuſe or deſtroy the proceſs.

Was he to act on our minds, by communicating intelligence without the intermediate means, would not ſuch agitations deprive us of reaſon, perhaps of life?

How kindly then are all things ordered, the diſtance how wiſely proportioned between Man and his Maker, near enough to conceive ſomething of his infinite perfections, while yet, not ſo near as to be annihilated by their luſtre. Does he not, under the form of Matter, veil his intelligence from us, and accommodate it to us? Does he not, with reſpect to the movements of the material world, as well as thoſe which take place in ourſelves, embolden us with confidence, when we ſee the wiſe proviſion he has made for the ſafety of both, and by aſſuming the direction himſelf, ſuperintending and upholding them himſelf?

From ſuch conſiderations as theſe, acquired from reaſon and philoſophy, let us ſum up the proofs by repeating the arguments already enforced, from the book of Nature ſo well underſtood by all—from the works of this "Great God," which ſpeak to us with ten thouſand tongues, or aloud,

aloud, or in ſecret whiſpers, announcing "GOD IS HERE." *

The highly extended dome above us conveys to me ideas of immenſity, and ſo again the magnificence of the ocean. Whereſoever we turn our eyes, we read our daily duties, and feel excitements to gratitude. The Earth is full of his goodneſs. The fruit ſuſpended on every bough ſhews his providential care and love for me. The revolutions of the Seaſons, all of them, exhibit order, harmony, foreſight, and the contrivance of a ſkilful artiſt. The grandeur with which our foreſts abound, the ſoft verdure, the plant, the flower, each, in a ſtill voice ſpeak of him. A ſtep higher, and you diſcover more and more of intellect—examples are given us from the Brute creation, every creeping thing, every fiſh that ſwims, and bird which flies. From its habits, make, and intelligence—from the ſupply of all its wants it muſt have a Former and Provider. Some knowledge of a God you gain from all; but, do you acquire leſs of proof from the elements themſelves? The air you breathe † is his wiſe proviſion. The forked lightnings, what diſplays of Majeſty! and his voice is in the thun-

* *Deus adeſt.* Inſcribed by Linnæus over his ſtudy door.

† The Atmoſphere (a yielding and expanſive fluid) by its attractive energy, ſurrounds every creature, preſerves the texture of our bodies and animal life throughout.

der!!

der!! Trace him next from the Senſes of the Soul,* from what paſſes within us, the light of Reaſon and Conſcience. Hath he left himſelf without a witneſs from ourſelves? from our own feelings called impulſe, and from the aſſent of all Men. Trace him from faithful records and hiſtorical facts. Cicero and Plutarch both affirm, that to their time no Nation, no People were known, among whom there were no traces of religion to be found. "Some illumination from the Deity himſelf lighteth every Man who cometh into the world." The hiſtory of the Jew will, to this day, inform you he is ſtill conforming to the law of Moſes, given 3000 years ago, and that he practiſes its rites, keeps the feaſt of the Paſſover. The ſeventh day of the week is by him ſtill held ſacred. The Patriarchs long before celebrated the creation of God, and the Jew commemorated (ever after) the preſervation of his tribes from the Plagues of Egypt. Do not we, as well as they, admit the certainty of the events? The weight of hiſtoric evidence does then prove the exiſtence of a God, his creation of a world, his deſtruction of it, except Noah and his family, his re-peopling it from their deſcendants, and the Jewiſh Theocracy. Add

* As light is not, properly ſpeaking, a ſubſtance, nor hearing a body, but affected by the modulations of air only, Plato calls Hearing and Seeing the Senſes of the Soul.

to

to theſe, from all we ſee of Nature or feel of Inſtinct, we are compelled (as it were) to form ſome ideas (however faint and obſcure) of the Being, Attributes and Perfections of Deity.*

* The life of Abraham, the choice of his poſterity, the revelation of his will to them, the miracles wrought in their favour, his protection and ſupport of them, are they not memorable facts in ancient hiſtory, as well as eternal monuments of divine grace and human ingratitude?

SECT.

SECT. III.

The Subject purſued—From the Name of God, and further from Ourſelves.

PROPERLY ſpeaking, the Deity can have no name or title of diſtinction ; for, to whom and to what can we liken him ?

Every epithet, therefore, we can give him, muſt be expreſſive only of his divine qualities, and theſe we ſeem to borrow ſolely from ourſelves, and aſcribe them to Deity as repreſentations of his auguſt and otherways incomprehenſible nature and perfections.

The name we aſcribe to him denotes a "Being" infinite, ſupreme, and abſolutely perfect. The "One" ſole object of our worſhip. The one only living, omniſcient and Almighty "God." But ! have we any notion of ſpiritual excellence, be it of whatever kind it may, except what we trace from the nature of ſelf-conſciouſneſs that "Thinking Being" which we call our Soul ?

The Heathen Nations called the "Supreme Being" *Beſt* and *Greateſt*—the expreſſion is juſt, and

and conveys noble and honourable ſentiments of God.

The Scriptures of the Old Teſtament ſtile him —"The King Eternal, Immortal and Inviſible," and the title is ſublime and magnificent; but, well knowing how fruitleſs the attempt would be to define him further, they ſimply tell us—"He is who He is—His name Eternal—Heaven his throne—The Univerſe his habitation."

The awful voice of God (ſpeaking of himſelf) declares (with high pre-eminence) "I am." I am the firſt and the laſt. "I am God." The Being who alone exiſts in effulgent glory, perpetuity, and independence—every other exiſtence vaniſhes before me.

The Hebrews conſidered the auguſt name "Jehovah" in ſo ſacred a light, that they never pronounced it, and uſed the word Eloim, Lord, Maſter, inſtead of it.

It was, indeed, a name ſo ſublime, ineffable and incommunicable, it ranked the firſt among their profoundeſt myſteries.

Jehovah is a name of infinite perfection—it implies ſovereignty and authority. More expreſsly it

is

is defined, "The thought of God." A light to which no Man can approach, "ſeeing it is hid from the eyes of all living." This adorable name includes all things—At the utterance of it Heaven and Earth are ſaid to tremble, and the Angels to hide themſelves.*

But, would it not be wiſdom to employ our intellectual powers on inquiries more on a level with our capacities; and, ſeeing we cannot think of God ſo highly as he is, we muſt only think of him as highly as we can, and conceive of him as of a Being infinitely higher than our ſublimeſt thoughts can reach; for, what does all deſcription, howſoever lofty and ſublime, teach us, but only reverentially to adore him. So far above our comprehenſion, it conveys to us little knowledge, a very faint or no reſemblance of him.

We poſſeſs no faculties whereby we could, without a Revelation, acquaint ourſelves more with this "Great God."

* It was called "Tetragammaton," or the name of four letters, and theſe letters are Jod, He, Vau, He, the proper pronunciation of which, from long diſuſe, is ſaid to be no longer known to the Jew himſelf.

Joſephus ſhews his veneration for it, by calling it "the name which his religion forbad him to mention."

Our

Our outward ſenſes alone are too groſs to apprehend him; but, has not the Creator of the mind neceſſarily a free acceſs to it at all times, in all places? By his ſecret influence on our hearts, by the virtuous diſpoſitions he raiſes in us, and the inward ſerenity and ſtill voice of reaſon he cauſes us to hear, we ſurely may "taſte and ſee that the Lord is gracious."

Let us make a further attempt, however feeble, and purſue the ſubject from ourſelves. From our bodily make and frame, and from our intellectual powers. For our encouragement, Fenelon, the Archbiſhop of Cambray (in his prayer to God) ſays, "Thoſe can never fail to find *thee* who ſeek for *thee* within themſelves." And when writing on the Being of a God, he ſays, "Life would be pure and bliſsful, did we but ſeek God our Maker from within ourſelves. O God! thou art too much within ourſelves, for there we never chooſe to look! Diffuſing thyſelf throughout infinite ſpace, thou art too magnificent! Thou remaineſt a God unknown! For, loſing ourſelves, we looſe ſight of thee!"

An excellent precept, however, and one much admired by the Heathen Philoſopher was, "Know thyſelf." *

* "Noſce Teipſum"——Anno Mundi 8330. THALES, the Meleſian, is ſaid to have delivered this Precept, and it was

The ſearch cannot fail to lead us to ſome knowledge of him who made us.

The firſt Phyſician, both at "Athens" and in "Rome" (when Greece and Rome were in all their glory) was converted from Atheiſm by his own diſſections. Although his Subjects were principally from the Brute,* "Galen" could not but own a "Supreme Being" from this his hand-work. And when he publiſhed his book of Anatomy, he prefaced it by ſaying—"I compoſe a hymn of praiſe to the Maker of my frame, and am perſuaded, that a grateful acknowledgment of his wiſdom, power, and goodneſs herein, is more agreeable to him than the ſacrifice of hecatombs, or the moſt coſtly incenſe."

wrote in golden letters over the door of the Temple at Delphos. For its wiſdom it was ſaid to have been uttered by Apollo himſelf, becauſe (ſays Cicero) "it has ſuch a weight of Senſe and Wiſdom in it as appears too great to be attributed to mortal Man."

"Cujus præcepti tanta vis, tanta ſententia eſt, ut ea non Homini cuipiam, ſed Delphico Deo tribueretur."——Cicero de Legib. cap. i.

Quod præceptum, quià majus erat, quam, ut ab Homine videretur, id-circo aſſignatum eſt Deo: Jubet igitur "Pythius Apollo," noſcere Nosmet Ipsos.———Cicero de Finibus, lib. v.

* Anno Romæ, 131.

Ever

Ever after, each public lecture of this celebrated Profeſſor became a devotional hymn, and to his Creator's praiſe.

The Jewiſh Prince, with energy and devout affections, avails himſelf of this mode of proving the exiſtence of a God, and ſeeking him out. He refers us to two of our nobleſt organs, "Sight and Hearing," becauſe the grand inlets to our firſt pleaſures and higheſt gratifications.*

Conforming to the ſublime and exalted ideas of the Eaſt, the Royal Pſalmiſt perſonifies the Deity, and cauſes him to make a ſolemn appeal, ſtrikingly impreſſive of his omnipreſence and knowledge.

"I FORMED THE EYE—SHALL NOT I SEE?
"I PLANTED THE EAR—SHALL NOT I HEAR?
"I GAVE MAN KNOWLEDGE—SHALL NOT I KNOW?"

* He ſeems to think, that Viſion, as it is affected by Light, and Hearing only, by the infinite modulations of air---theſe two ſhould, and do take the lead among all the Senſes. Neither Light nor Air are of themſelves ſubſtance---whereas Smell, Taſte, Feeling, affect us either by effluvia from bodies, or from fluidity, or from heat and cold, ſoftneſs or ſolidity. Sight and Hearing he foreſaw involved us in no connection with Matter whatever. The Soul, indeed, may be ſaid to hear and ſee by means of all the Senſes, yet Viſion and Hearing are the immediate organs of intelligence, and for this reaſon, Plato, by way of eminence, calls theſe two "the Senſes of the Soul."

Purſuing the ſubject, may we not make our attempt further, and trace out this "Great God" from what we find in ourſelves—thus, by turning our thoughts inward to what paſſes there, let us examine and hold up to view our intellectual faculties. From the organs of our outward ſenſes, may we not go a ſtep higher and trace him in the Soul, that ray of divinity within us—enquire after what manner it is thus ennobled and conjoined to Deity, as there alone we may be ſaid to bear any reſemblance at all.

The Delphic Oracle (explaining and enforcing this knowledge of ourſelves) declared, "the Mind of Man ought to feel, after what manner it was united with the Divinity."

With great force of argument, "Locke" expatiates on this proof of the exiſtence of a God from ourſelves.

"As long (ſays he) as we carry ourſelves about us, God hath not left himſelf without a witneſs. He hath given us Senſe, Perception, Reaſon, by which we may clearly trace him out.

We know we exiſt ourſelves—there muſt be a ſomething which produced me—purſue the enquiry,

quiry, you go on to trace back that Being from Eternity.

There muſt be a ſomething, ſince what had not an Eternity, had a beginning; and what had a beginning muſt have been produced by ſomething elſe.*

The powers this Being has given me, it muſt itſelf poſſeſs. This Eternal Being, therefore, muſt be powerful.

Again—Man finds in himſelf Perception and Knowledge. This Eternal Powerful Being muſt therefore be Intelligent.†

* Every thing moved, muſt of neceſſity be moved by ſome other, and that muſt be moved by either another or not another thing.

Should it be moved by that which is moved by another, we muſt of courſe come to ſome prime mover that is not moved by another—now, what moveth and is not moved by another, cannot proceed back for ever.

ARISTOTLE, Lib. viii. chap. 5.

† "Eternal" we explain by conceiving of his power and knowledge as extending to all times. All time is therefore equally preſent to him, though in a manner, of which we cannot form the leaſt conception; ſo likewiſe his ubiquity or omnipreſence is underſtood, for we diſcover no relation which ſpace or place bear to the Divine exiſtence.

There was then a time when there was no knowing Being—or elſe there has been a knowing Being from Eternity.

Thus our Reaſon leads us to the knowledge of this " Eternal, Powerful and Omniſcient God."

SECT.

SECT. IV.

Further attempts—The Supreme Being the Soul of the Univerſe—In like manner as you conceive of a Human Governor.

POOR and humiliating, indeed, muſt all our Searches and Reſearches be, whenever made on a ſubject ſo vaſt and incomprehenſible as this Great God. Do not our Souls ſtand in awe before him, loſt in ſuch tranſcendent greatneſs? But this gloom, however thick and impervious, may in ſome ſmall degree be diſperſed, and ſome few glimmerings of light thrown on a ſubject of ſuch immenſity, by conceiving of him thus—

What Intellect is, in its influence and principle, with reſpect to our bodies—ſuch may the "Great God" be with reſpect to the Univerſe—its intellectual light and influential principle, its Soul. And—may not infinite ſpace be the organ of Omniſcience, the ſphere of action and ſenſorium of Deity.*

* Deus, in ſpatio infinito, tanquam in ſenſorio ſuo, res intimè cernit.——NEWTON's Principia.

The idea implies an acknowledgment of the Divine preſence throughout all nature, intelligent and active, uniting the whole into one ſyſtem, preſiding over it, and as one of its parts intereſted in it. A Spirit ſympathizing, intelligent, caring for all its concerns, and bringing about its general good. To elude the ſight of that Being, to whom darkneſs is no covering, how impoſſible! Night, it ſhineth as the Day—Darkneſs is light—Diſtance, of what avail!

The orders of this "Great God" (be they what they may) muſt be executed as inſtantaneouſly as they are willed. So alſo muſt we conceive of his works. The tranſition of a nothing into ſome form or being, animate or inanimate, is a creation admitting of no intervening ſucceſſion.

In the Univerſe as in the human brain, the power reſides *in* and animates *that* on which it acts. The cauſe of exertion arrives, inſtantly it takes place, and the effect enſues.

"Let there be light and there was light," well expreſſes this philoſophical truth, and exhibits the Divine will in its inſtantaneous operation.*

Properly

* Although the velocity of light exceeds the narrow bounds of our ideas, its rapidity in paſſing from the Sun being nearly two

Properly ſpeaking, indeed, the Material World is only the ſubject of his Government; not his body but his creature. The Deity preſides over it and acts on it according to his will. It can never act on him, or produce in him any alteration whatever. Sir Iſaac Newton expreſſes it thus—"The Deity imports the dominion of a ſpiritual Being over the World, not as his own body, but as his ſervant, as one entirely ſubject to his government."

His mode of acting, his plan of conducting the affairs of the Univerſe, like himſelf, muſt needs be incomprehenſible to finite underſtandings, and far beyond the utmoſt ſtretch of human imagination. Our ideas of beauty, order and ſimplicity, muſt differ from his—"Our thoughts are not like his thoughts, nor are our ways his." But, proceeding in our enquiry, the attempt may perhaps be better underſtood, by attending to what every day paſſes in common life.

Would it not therefore be wiſdom to employ our intellectual powers in a manner more on a level with our capacities. Our feeble minds are forced to have recourſe to ſtill more ſenſible repre-

two hundred thouſand miles in the ſpace only of one ſecond of time; yet, the expreſſion, "Let there be light and there was light," far more happily deſcribes the inſtantaneous operation of Deity.

ſentations,

ſentations, and theſe are the ſubject of the next Section which conclude my Eſſays.

Conceive (for inſtance) of this "Great God" as the ſuperintendant of the Univerſe, differing in infinity of wiſdom only and magnitude of attributes from a human Governor—thus exerciſing dominion over all created Beings, as their Sovereign and Lord.

This relative view of the Deity brings us by far the neareſt to him, and beſt explains his character with regard to us, and our alliance and connections with him. With what diffidence, yet with what delight, do I glory in the contemplation?

As one of his offspring I look up to him, as a child to a parent. A friend always with me, emboldens me by his preſence. Under difficulties I apply to him. To his impartial judgment I ſubmit.

This view of the "Supreme Being" has been my comfort through a long exiſtence, now in its wane and about to cloſe—but, whatſoever its deſtiny, and whereſoever my Spirit may reſide, ſtill the ſentiment conſoles me—"God is there."

SECT.

SECT. V.

The Subject concluded.

THE omnipreſence of the Deity, and the relative view which we, as his offspring, bear to him, were the ſentiments with which I cloſed my laſt Section.

Fain would I impreſs the idea as the leading feature introductory to the preſent. This ſentiment is, in truth, the firſt moving ſpring in the heart of Man, a ſanctuary under trials and ſufferings, and, what moſt enſures him—

"Comfort thro' life, and courage when he dies."

See but its influence on temper, on morals, on diſpoſition and manners—what a colouring it gives to character. The true ſource of inward ſatisfaction, tranquillity and enjoyment, throughout life—throughout eternity. In ſo auguſt a preſence, diſtinctions between man and man are loſt, reduced to one and the ſame level. In the ſentiment of Deity, every one feels equal protection, confidence, ſecurity. Without it, we make no further advances to the Divine nature, no nearer reſemblance to our God.

God. No more do we admire his wiſdom in creation, nor feel his goodneſs in the ample proviſion he has made; but, do not ſuch views kindle in our breaſts the moſt amiable affections, and light up the Soul with all its powers? In the ſphere of life allotted us, without our hopes of futurity, without this ſentiment of Deity, our conſequence would be wholly loſt, and our reliſh for life itſelf of how little eſtimation!

Under terror and ſurprize you look up to God. Under alarm and danger to him you fly. While baſking in the ſunſhine of greatneſs, how reſtleſs and feeble is life! Although fleeting, yet is it tedious and unenjoyed; but viewed under the narroweſt and moſt contracted ſphere, when paſſed under the eye, in the preſence of Deity, all is chearfulneſs, hope, truſt, and enjoyment.

From a ſurvey of his Immenſity and Omnipreſence, we are naturally led to recognize his other attributes, ſeeing many of them alſo, as peculiarly connected with ourſelves.

The contemplation of infinite power, knowledge and goodneſs, do all of them inſpire us with awe and love, and confidence in this Supreme Almighty Parent of the Univerſe. To theſe add a few of his other excellencies, his purity, juſtice, truth and mercy.

mercy. Unite them with our conceptions and ideas of him under the venerable characters of Father, Ruler and Judge. Conceive then of the world we live in, as of one vaſt family, and of the Supreme Being, as of a wiſe manager, a liberal provider, and affectionate Parent. Do we not feel our minds raiſed to the higheſt pitch of admiration and gratitude, to this beneficent and Almighty Giver, the inexhauſtible ſource of perfection, life, and happineſs? Under a ſenſe of our wants and dependence—under the impulſe of duty and filial love, who of us but has taſted the exalted pleaſures of devotion accompanying his meditations—and who has not expreſſed it in ſome ſecret ejaculation, or more open and explicit praiſe?

Is not the affection and reverence of a Son for an indulgent Parent feelingly underſtood, and how enjoyed!

To purſue the enquiry in a relative view, muſt yield us the higheſt delight and ſatisfaction.

To make uſe of the words of a late ingenious writer—"After what manner ſoever (ſays he) you conceive of Deity, the idea is compoſed of the richeſt materials and embraces in the character of a beneficent Parent and almighty Ruler, all that is venerable in wiſdom, all that is awful in authority, all that is tenderly impreſſive in goodneſs."

There

There is a ſenſe, when this "Great Being" is approachable by us, and moreover, when we draw nigh to him, he is ſaid to be drawing near to us. "More and more" is not an unapt motto for the mind of Man devoutly occupied on ſuch a ſearch. Who is not charmed with the contemplation of infinite perfection; but—to form a union with it, and one which death doth not deſtroy, tranſports us far beyond ourſelves? This view of the ſubject, under the pleaſing line of domeſtic intercourſe, ſo well underſtood by us all, introduces us (as it were) into his family—we are his children indeed. Acknowledged as ſons, we become heirs of glory—of immortality. Such proſpects and well-founded expectations, are ſo like the happineſs of Heaven as to differ from it only in degree.

From meditations on the Supreme Being, habitually and devoutly entered into, the Soul acquires more and more of likeneſs to the ſublime object itſelf. The Soul becomes what it contemplates. "When we ſee him as he is, then are we, indeed, ſaid to be like him."

Thus too, by recognizing his attributes, we may be ſaid, in ſome meaſure, to converſe with our Maker. From an attentive examination of his works, and making them our ſtudy, we acquaint ourſelves with his plans, grow familiar with his conceptions, and chearfully conform to his appointments. And moreover,

moreover, throughout the hidden tract and range of futurity alſo, ſomewhere or other, who of us has not indulged in the ſprightly ſallies of imagination and been enraptured with its powers?

Hitherto we had chiefly been conſidered as the ſubjects of this "Great God." We ſtand much more nearly related. As a Parent he upholds and protects us, as our Counſellor he adviſes with us, and he is our Friend.

This laſt endearing and highly exalted alliance, God himſelf impreſſed on the mind of the venerable Patriarch—

"Abraham my Friend,"

How ſuperior to all that Flattery, Gratitude, or Cuſtom could beſtow!

While with confidence we lay our claim to this friendſhip and alliance with him, do not our hearts overflow with the ſentiments of affection and gratitude? "How wiſely (ſays a late pious Author) does our Divine Maſter call back to our remembrance childhood with all its wants, to enforce the obligations and duties of relative life!

Who can pronounce "Our Father" without recognizing the Parent with all its affectionate ties? Is the "Supreme Being" ſcarce ever ſpoken of by him

him under any other character but that of a Father? Again and again he exhibits the loving kindneſs of Deity under the endearing character of Father—and why? To remind us children of that tenderneſs, patience, forbearance and forgiveneſs, which we, helpleſs, expoſed, perverſe and ignorant creatures, ſtand in need of. To remind us, by the vigilance of an earthly Parent on whom we rely for protection, for ſympathy and a ſupply of our wants. While feeling the preſſure of them moſt, while thus drawn with the bands of humanity and the cords of affection, then it is, the idea is beſt conceived, the filial and parental tie beſt known and felt."

The whole analogy of nature leads us from the conſideration of the infinite power, goodneſs, and knowledge of the Supreme Being, our Creator, to regard him alſo in the venerable character of "Father."

Fain would "Paul," in his celebrated ſpeech before the Athenian Nobles, (when convened to the Areopagus) fain would Paul have convinced them, that "We his offspring are."*

"Foraſmuch (ſays he) as "we are the offspring of God," we ſhould not affront the Father of our

* Paul's quotation from Aratus, "We his offspring are."

Spirits

Spirits (who is himſelf the original and pure Spirit from whom all their excellence is derived) to imagine the Godhead like unto gold, or ſilver, or ſtone, "the work of Man's deviſe." We intelligent creatures, conſcious of intellectual light, of ſelf-determining powers, and in the poſſeſſion of noble affections, not terminating on ſenſible objects but ſpiritual, on virtue only and on moral excellence!"

When we take a view of the "Supreme Being" as our Maker, and under the relative tie of a Father who is wiſhing and deſigning the happineſs of his child, it is then our warmeſt affections to him are excited, together with reſignation, confidence, gratitude, piety, devotion. Theſe all naturally take their firſt riſe, and owe their influence to ſuch relationſhip. Such ſerious rational views of the "Great God," intimately unite with the intereſting and affectionate feelings, which mutually ſubſiſt betwixt the parent and the child.

The religion of Chriſt, his precepts and doctrine —the faith this enlightened Apoſtle taught, has, in a manner humanized the idea of the Divinity—it has brought it home to us, or rather, "we at home with him." Am I deſerted and forlorn, a helpleſs orphan—"He is the Father of the Fatherleſs!" Have I loſt the ſocial friend of early life, he is

better to me than a brother. "Thou art the huſband of the widow, and the ſtranger's friend, Oh! my God!"

Our Saviour, who beſt knew him, enforces this idea, and directs us under a relative view, always to look up to this ſupreme Lord of all, as his heavenly Father and our's. When about to leave his diſciples, for their conſolation, he tells them, he was only going to his Father and their Father, to his God and their God.

In the ſtrongeſt and moſt unequivocal language he impreſſes the idea of parental affection, the pity and loving-kindneſs of a Father throughout all his diſcourſes. He invites us with filial love and confidence to approach him, and always, as children to a Parent.

Viewed under a character we ſo fully comprehend, of what infinite advantage to us are the perfections of this "Great God!". While with filial reverence and admiration we thus meditate upon them, we feel our own happy intereſt in them all.

How are we benefited by his knowledge and omnipreſence—a wiſe and affectionate Parent, always with us, will provide for our wants—guide, direct and manage our concerns, in order to make

us

us happy! Thus his preſence, omniſcience, and even abſolute power, when engaged for the purpoſe of upholding and protecting us, inſpire us with joy.

Although he is "Almighty," it is the irreſiſtible power of one "who careth for us," and who muſt befriend us—becauſe he is our "Father."

He made me weak, and frail, and mortal, and choſe I ſhould employ my faculties (the talents which he gave me) in his preſence, under his eye, to encourage, enlighten and aſſiſt me. Though of myſelf weak and dependent, yet thus am I ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

Though on a bed of ſickneſs and languor, a Parent ſo compaſſionate and kind will not leave me nor forſake me. "He maketh all my bed in my ſickneſs, numbereth my groans, and he putteth my tears into his bottle." Every pang I feel and ſuffer, on account of duty here, will be placed to my credit and encreaſe my happineſs hereafter. Infinite power, knowledge, and goodneſs, muſt make our kind and moſt merciful Father both able and willing to do all this. It does, therefore, actually take place, though we cannot ſee it.

Though in ſolitude and alone, yet am I not alone, for my Father, he is always with me.

As one of his family I am emboldened by his preſence, and his perfections (thus employed) I could almoſt call my own. Am I ignorant, he is infinitely wiſe—am I in want, my Father he poſſeſſes all things—am I helpleſs, he is Almighty. A Parent and a Friend ſo warmly intereſted, he bears me always in his heart.

How delightful the thought, that there is a Being above us, powerful and wiſe, who intereſts itſelf in our affairs! He who made the Univerſe condeſcends to ſtile himſelf the Father of us all—attends our concerns, ſupplies our wants, partakes our ſorrows, pitieth our failings, recovers our backſlidings. Under trials he upholds us, in ſickneſs and even to old age—our journey ended, he awaits our arrival; and, with a Parent's joy (who has long counted the hours of abſence) he, at death, receives us home—an abode is aſſigned us in our heavenly Father's houſe—our everlaſting home.

Without a guide, how ſhould we bear the ſurprize of a world altogether new—an introduction to Beings with whoſe perſons, cuſtoms, manners and dreſs, we are ſtrangers?

Our

Our notions may, indeed, be carried too far reſpecting the difference between what we now are, and what, in the next ſtage of our being, we ſhall be—in ſome way, ſomething of this will be the caſe. Let us breathe out our earneſt wiſhes, and heave our breaſts in aſpirations to God—that our virtuous attachments, our friendſhips, here begun, might be perpetuated there, and we re-united, in far happier regions, to thoſe we loved and honoured here.

When human means, when all and every help has failed, and exhauſted Nature dies, our guardian Angel will receive our Spirit, enable us to ſuſtain the opening ſplendour of the world we go to, and welcome us to glory. But, let us remember the promiſes of the Goſpel, as well as its threatenings, are aſſigned to characters—are they not kind of contracts, and made to us conditionally? At death, the virtuous only, and thoſe received as ſuch, enter on a ſtation of higher dignity—they only are progreſſively to advance, and for ever and for ever, in the ſcale of intellectual happineſs; while the impenitent and wicked, he is then ſummoned to ſurrender himſelf up, naked and unembodied (tremendous thought) at the bar of that God he has offended, and who is infinite in power to puniſh.

He

He who holds the key of this invifible world opens to us this intereſting truth. How awfully alarming to the one, but uſpeakably joyous to the other! The vail is caſt aſide—Our conſciouſneſs, will it be taken from us? The ſcenes we have paſſed, will they not afreſh be preſented to our view? To his diſciples and followers he gives the promiſe of a body unfading, incorruptible, eternal in the Heavens.

Would not an habitual looking to our journey's end, and arrival at home, give a vaſt compaſs to our thoughts, and dignity to our lives and actions? A probable means of leſſening the troubles of life and ennobling all its pleaſures.

As of a home, with every part of which he was familiarly acquainted, he further tells us, there are apartments and accommodations for you all, ſuited to beings who here appear to differ in excellence of character in knowledge and virtue, adapted to a multiplicity of orders of happy Spirits, who, even there, may differ in degrees of glory and perfection, while yet, the happineſs of each will equal his ampleſt wiſh and be brought down to a level with his capacity and feelings, to ſuch enjoyments as he prizes moſt.

"In

" In my Father's houſe there are many " Manſions"—if it were not ſo I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, after which, I will come again and fetch you home. The houſe you know, and the way you know—where I am, there ſhall ye be alſo."

A dialect truly domeſtic, and how tenderly affectionate ! " My little children." The idea is of a Mother comforting and expoſtulating with her child on leaving it—the child is in tears—ſhe ſoothes it. I am going to make ready a place for you—(yet, ſeeing it in tears, ſhe adds) I am coming again, and then you ſhall go along with me —(ſtill unappeaſed)—why (ſays ſhe) where I am going you know, and the way you know, and the houſe you know—if need be, you can but come to me.

How ſimple, yet majeſtic—how wonderful, yet eaſily underſtood, is this view of the " Supreme Being," under the amiable and venerable character of a " Father !"

What tender anxieties, endearing relations, and intereſting diſtinctions, meet in the honourable appellation of a Father ?

It is not in the power of language to expreſs the full force of the idea. But—the ſeentiment is felt by a Parent entwining round his very heart. Aſk a child what was its firſt attachment, what made the earlieſt, moſt diſtinct, and indelible impreſſions on its feelings?

"The ſoothing fondneſs and wiſe inſtructions of a PARENT."

T. Gillet, Printer, Saliſbury Square.

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